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MEN OF THE WORLD, MID HUM AND STIR, RING OF ANVIL AND FRET OF LOOM,
BUILD FOR YOUR THOUGHT A THOROUGHFARE, KEEP FOR YOUR SOUL A SILENT ROOM.

THE POETRY REVIEW

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THE EARLY INFLUENCES OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IT is pleasant to linger over the happy childhood of Wordsworth, to picture him playing with his brothers and sister in the garden of the old manor at Cockermouth, knowing neither the ills of poverty nor the discontent of riches. The gentle mother gave her children their moral training in the somewhat narrow piety of the time; not, be it remembered, in the code of the Victorian age, for that was of a later date.

Her simple rule of conduct made a lasting impression on the poet's passionate nature; he gave her some uneasiness, and had more than his share of admonition, but though he was only eight years old when she died, her influence became stronger as he was able to realise the power of a mother's love. The father, a lawyer, had little leisure to devote to his children, and so they were more than ever left to themselves.

It was at this period there began that sweet sister's influence which was the great inspiration of his life. Dorothy played with her brothers, and shared their outdoor sports, but with a difference. William was quick to notice and imitate, and, through her, he learnt to love and respect all creatures.

This was the first phase in his education. The second began when he and his brother Richard were sent to school at Hawkshead. Here, in a humble cottage kept by a kindly dame Tyson, the brothers lived with a few other pupils, and went daily to the school. Released from work, the boys made their own amusements; climbing and boating in the summer, and, in the frosty winter, skating on the lake; spending the long evenings playing whist, and loo, with cards so tattered that they formed a source of never ending jest. We hear of none of the miseries so often connected with the early life of poets; Wordsworth was surrounded with everything that was congenial to the lover of Nature. This happy period lasted till, at the age of seventeen, with high hopes, he entered St. John's College, Cambridge.

The child poet was at this period storing up knowledge for future use. He saw beauty in the common objects around him, and these early impressions, always so vivid and enduring, bore fruit, when his maturer intelligence was able to give them adequate expression. Thus he tells us in the Prelude:

> I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
> Old as creation, drinking in a pure
> Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
> Of curling mist, or from the level path
> Of waters coloured by impending clouds.

And again, in the same poem he gives us a description of skating on a winter evening:

> . . . . . I wheeled about
> Proud and exultant like an untried horse
> That cares not for his home. All shod
> With steel we hissed along the polished ice in games
> Confederate, imitative of the chase
> And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn
> The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.

Of his sister's influence, of which we have already spoken, he gives a delightful picture in *The Sparrow's Nest*, the nest they visited together:

> The blessing of my later years
> Was with me when a boy;
> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears:
> And humble cares, and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
> And love, and thought, and joy.

And in the *Butterfly*:

> Oh pleasant, pleasant were the days,
> The time when, in our childish plays,
> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly.
> A very hunter did I rush
> Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
> I followed on from brake to bush.
> But she, God love her, feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings.

To this period also, though the poems were written at a much later date, belong the somewhat shadowy characters of "Lucy" and the Boy. In the 'eighties, the five poems to Lucy were so popular that they were included in almost every child's education, and they are now by many considered perfect of their kind.

They were composed during a tour in Germany, and it is strongly to be suspected that the boyish passion was revived in order to dispel another vision, more real, and perhaps too lively, to be pleasant. However, his youthful fancy makes a charming picture. We see him winding his way, sometimes on horse back, and sometimes on foot, up the steep mountain path, and spending the summer evenings in the company of this simple cottage maiden:

> And hers shall be the breathing balm,
> And hers the silence and the calm
> Of mute insensate things.
> The floating clouds their state shall lend
> To her; for her the willow bend;
> Nor even shall she fail to see
> Even in the motions of the storm
> Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
> By silent sympathy.

The descriptive verses on *The Boy* are so beautiful that they need no comment. We see him, and know him in the few short lines of dedication in the Prelude:

> There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And Islands of Winander! many a time
> At evening, when the earlier stars began
> To move along the edges of the hills,
> Rising, or setting, would he stand alone,
> Beneath the tree, or by the glimmering lake;
> And there with fingers interwoven, both hands
> Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he as through an instrument
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
> That they might answer him. And they
> Would shout across the watery vale, and shout again
> Responsive to his call . . . . . .
> This boy was taken from his mates and died

In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the Churchyard hangs
Upon the slope above the village school;
And through the Churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half hour together I have stood
Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies.

* * *

And now, our poet, the raw country lad, inexperienced in worldly ways, was suddenly thrown among the young men of fashion. He felt odd, and out of place in his country clothes. This, however, was soon remedied; silken hose, and powdered hair, to say nothing of the dressing gown of which he was extremely proud, put him on a level with his fellows. But, with the cast-off clothing, he also cast aside the old innocent life. How could it be otherwise? Pleasure became his ruling passion, and to use his own words, quoted from the *Castle of Indolence*, he spent his time in "good-natured lounging." Cambridge was then a very different place from the university of the present day; fellows and tutors were not particularly interested in budding genius, nor did Wordsworth give them reason to believe he had that within him.

Even in these first trying months he was not without his good influences. The shade of Newton made him pause. The example of Milton turned his thoughts to grave things; and though he refused the discipline of uncongenial works, he studied Italian, and read the classics in that language, and in his own.

Wordsworth left the University without having distinguished himself in any way. His productions at this time are so slight, and of so little merit, that they are not worth mentioning. Fortunately, his impressions of Cambridge remain to us in the Prelude.

Unlike his brothers in art, often most prolific between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, he found no outlet for his artistic expression.

His father having died during his schooldays, he had been left to the guardianship of his uncles, and they, not

unnaturally, were anxious that he should settle down to some profession. But he was averse to the monotony of a business life, so he followed his inclination, which was to see London before deciding on a career.

Now began the great adventure. Wordsworth entered the city as a sightseer, eager for every fresh impression, and longing to see for himself Vauxhall, Ranelagh with its gorgeous ladies, St. Paul's, Westminster, the Giants of Guildhall, the Tower ; wonders that his imagination had made more wonderful. The lights, the people hastening to and fro, the noise, the shops, the rare shows, presented a strange world to the country lad after the quiet hills of Cumberland. And then the theatre, with the immortal Siddons on the stage, and, more wonderful and awe-inspiring, the debates in the House of Commons. How his heart beat when the great Burke stood up and overpowered the House with his mighty eloquence. He heard the famous preachers of the day, went to the Law Courts, and wondered at the confusion of St. Bartholomew's fair. Has any other poet left us a more lively and wonderful description of London, the city as it was in 1790 ? The picture was stored in a recess of his memory, and did not see the light of day till nine years later, though, as he himself puts it, " The mighty concourse I surveyed with no unthinking mind."

* * *

Once again Wordsworth was faced with the necessity of making a decision, again his uncles urged him to start a career, and again his disinclination to do so conquered, and he determined to return to France, where he had formerly spent a happy vacation with a friend. It was during that first visit that France was entering into what he and many others thought to be an ideal state. He had seen the people playing with the notions of Liberty and Equality as he tramped with his companion through the rich country of Burgundy ; they saw the first signs of that liberty, under the attractive guise of merrymaking and good-fellowship. They were welcomed and honoured as Englishmen, and they entered with youthful ardour into the spirit of reform.

Now, a year and a half later, all had changed; Liberty had become Licence, and terror and death followed in its train. He settled in lodgings at Orleans in December, 1801. There he met men of various opinions, but inclined to the Revolutionary party, being chiefly influenced by a man of exceptional character, Beaupuy, who, himself an aristocrat, had sacrificed his position and fortune to the cause of Liberty.

We now come to the most romantic period of Wordsworth's life, and, in spite of the light lately thrown on it by Leguis, still shrouded in mystery. Marie Anne Vallon, or "Annette," as she was called, was the heroine of this romance. The all-absorbing delight of mutual love banished for a time the stern realities around them. Those balmy days began when life seemed a perfect heaven. They lingered on the banks of the Loire, or in the adjacent woods; and the poet, his passionate nature knowing no control, became her lover. Perhaps a certain element of caution, or the dislike of making a decision, prevented Wordsworth from going through the marriage service; but so it was, the marriage rite was never performed, and when the birth of their child became imminent, and the fact was disclosed to the indignant parents, Annette was spirited away by night.

Next morning the unhappy lover found this bird had flown. Then came the ardent search, the discovery of Annette's retreat, and the stolen and rapturous meeting by night. It is at this period that Wordsworth's actions are unaccountable. We are bound to conclude from his own poems that he desired an honourable wedlock. We know that he feared to acknowledge the true state of the case to his uncles; but it is more than probable that the chief barrier came from Annette's relations.

The friendly attitude towards England at this time had given place to suspicion. Annette's relations, probably influenced by the wave of hatred and distrust, and with the added shame, when they discovered that Annette was about to become a mother, vented their fury on the luckless foreigner. He was treated with extreme harshness,

and it is even to be inferred that some pledge of separation was wrung from him by the law. Annette retired to the obscurity of a convent, and Wordsworth left for Paris.

Here, only one short month before, the September massacres had taken place. The King and Queen were imprisoned, and the city reeked in blood. Equally terrible was Wordsworth's own remorse. It was here that he received the news of the birth of his daughter, and it was shortly after this event that, at the urgent request of those at home, he left Paris, and returned to England. He was at first able to keep in touch with those he loved in France. Constant letters passed between the lovers; hers overflowing with love and pride in the baby Caroline, and for her "Williams," as she called him. Wordsworth's letters are not extant, but it is to be hoped they gave some comfort to the poor forsaken woman. His misery can hardly be described, and to it was now added anxiety for the very life of those he had left in France.

The political attitude in England caused him much indignation; and so overwhelming was the outlook, for France, the country he loved, and for his own future, that had it not been for his devoted sister, who came to him in his need, he might have lost his reason.

However much as he wished to return to Annette, it was now impossible, as France had become an enemy country. Probably at the instigation of that wise sister, he started on a walking tour and began to turn his thoughts to the great work of his life. What of Annette and her story? Does she not deserve a large share of pity and admiration? Though in the early days of the Revolution she may have had leanings towards the political opinions of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the extreme measures of the Revolutionary party had entirely changed her outlook, and she became an ardent Royalist. By her courage and unselfishness she was of great use to the persecuted party, and the help she gave to the refugees, at the risk of her life, won the gratitude of many a noble family. It was greatly to her credit that, instead of sinking under the grief of "William's" absence, she managed to make a place for herself in the world, and

we may be sure that, however hard the times, her little Caroline never went without the necessaries of life. A brighter day was to dawn for Annette. After the Terror, when it was possible to return to more normal conditions, she mixed in a society considerably above her station, and finally, when the day came for Caroline's marriage with Jean Baptiste Martin Baudouin (1816), the ceremony was performed with a flourish of trumpets. Annette must have felt no small satisfaction in giving Wordsworth an account of the distinguished assembly at the wedding.

We catch one or two glimpses of her in his later life, but though they continued to correspond, she no longer held the first place in his heart. She died in Paris in the year 1841.

It is easy to read between the lines in the light now thrown on Wordsworth's early romance. The poems written on his return from France are interwoven with his own story; they are the outpouring of a stricken heart. Even the healing touch of nature cannot dim the vision of the forsaken woman and the guilty father.

Perhaps the most poignant is the description of Martha Ray in *The Thorn*. She sits by the old tree, close by is a tiny grave. She cries, "Oh! woe is me" (Stephen the faithless lover has left her). "Oh! guilty father, would that death had saved him from that breach of faith."

Again, in *Her Eyes Were Wild*, the poor distracted woman uses almost the words of Annette's letter, when she says that grief had taken away her beauty:

> My beauty, little child, is flown,
> But thou wilt live with me in love,
> And what if my poor cheek is brown?
> 'Tis well for me thou canst not see
> How pale and wan it else would be.

Wordsworth had intended to tell his story in the Prelude at the period when the romance really happened. He pauses at the end of Book IX. and introduces the tale of Vaudricourt and Julia. It was doubtless on account of the confusion of this episode that, by the advice of friends, it was excluded from the poem.

Reading it in the light of to-day, it is not difficult to separate the true from the false. What can be more convincing and beautiful than the description of his love:

> . . . . . his present mind
> Was under fascination: he beheld
> A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
> Arabian fiction never filled the world
> With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
> Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring.
> Life turned the meanest of her implements,
> Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
> The house she dwelt in was a sacred shrine;
> Her chamber windows did surpass in glory
> The portals of the dawn; all paradise
> Could by the simple opening of a door
> Let itself in upon him;—pathways, walks,
> Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank
> Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
> Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
> To its dull round of ordinary cares;
> A man too happy for mortality!
> So passed the time, till whether through effect
> Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
> Virtuous restraint—oh speak it, think it not!
> Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who saw
> So many bars between his present state
> And the dear haven where he wished to be
> In honourable wedlock with his Love,
> Was in his judgment tempted to decline
> To perilous weakness, and entrust his cause
> To nature for a happy end of all;
> Deem rather that by such fond hope, the Youth was swayed
> And bear with their transgression, when I add
> That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
> Carried about her for a secret grief
> The promise of a mother.

And here again is the ring of sincerity in the description of the stolen interview, so like the meeting of Romeo and Juliet:

> Through all her courts the vacant city slept, the busy winds
> That keep no certain intervals of rest

Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires; that like the mysterious pulses beat
Aloft; momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

And so the poem culminates in the cry of anguish towards the conclusion, "Theirs be the blame that caused the woe, not mine."

It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the poet's achievements or to comment on them. We have traced his development through childhood and schooldays, through the widening outlook of collegiate life, and finally through the one short year in France, which embraced a lifetime of experience.

It was after this year, when he returned to England, that the depth of anguish and remorse forced him to turn again to Nature for healing, and consolation, and it is this very element of consolation and refreshment that constitutes one of the greatest charms of his poetry.

ANNA N. KNIGHT.

FREEDOM

FREEDOM I begged. Love heard and set me free.
With quiet skill he loosed each slender chain,
Fetters of pity, passionate joy and pain—
All that had bound him in the past to me.

Exultantly, without one backward look,
Without one farewell word to weeping Love,
My new enfranchised way I sought to prove,
But fettered still was every step I took.

Blind, blind was I, that I could not foretell
How, freed from Love, I fettered still must be—
Bound by the subtle links of Memory,
Gossamer-like, yet indissoluble.

HILDA HART.

MARY COLERIDGE

IF there is a glory in bearing a great name, there is also an embarrassment; degeneracy is so keenly spied. Especially is this so when one follows, if with feebler pace, the path of a renowned namesake. A Shakespeare pursuing a blameless career as bank clerk would escape with merely a casual jesting; but if he had a taste and talent for playwriting, he would have a burden of association very heavy to carry.

It was something of this feeling that made Mary Coleridge so inflexible in publishing her verse under a *nom de plume*. But her timidity was, if natural, unnecessary. Reading her work, we realise that here we have a poet not only skilful enough worthily to maintain a great name, but possessed of a vision like that of Samuel Coleridge himself. Her genius is inferior in quantity to that of her great kinsman; in kind, however, it has affinity and harmony with his.

Her skill is shown not by intricacy of metre or diction but by a happy simplicity. Hers is that exquisite taste that can create beauty with slight materials, showing no sign of toil, but giving an illusion of ease. She has the double talent of selection and suggestion that we find at its highest development in the greatest poets. Naturally, thus, she understands the art of the catalogue. Is not this a happy touching on the treasures to be found in Austin Dobson?

> The faded perfume of forgotten years,
> The scent of withered rose leaves sweetly faint,
> Old world imaginations, fancies quaint,
> And fun just dancing on the edge of tears.

That fourth line especially is like a flash of light. Fairy charm is in her lines on *St. Andrews at Night:*

> When the sun was going down,
> There arose a fairy town,

that seemed to "suffer a sea-change, Into something rich and strange."

Again, in poems like *The Deserted House*, the very meagreness of diction conveys most potently the sense of chill desolation.

The same qualities she maintains telling a tale—or rather, she does not so much narrate, as most wondrously suggest one. There is no narrative in *Whither Away?* or in *Jealousy*—only in each case a brief dialogue between man and woman; but behind stretches boundless tragedy. When, however, she does choose directly to tell a tale, she has the same power of suggestion of creation of atmosphere. We have it in *Wilderspin* with its Rossetti-like verse ending—

> Mary and the Saints deliver
> My soul from the nethermost hell—

in *The King's Guard* and *The Witch*, through which the horns of elfland blow with delicate menace.

Passing from atmosphere to subject we find always consistency of development. It has often been noted that the poems that are simplest—perhaps barest in style, are by no means those that are most obvious in thought. This may be illustrated in Mary Coleridge. None of her poems are long, none intricate in metre or elaborate in diction; but the few simple lines are surcharged with a significance that could not otherwise be expressed. Hers is that type of poetry that cannot be paraphrased—if, indeed, any poetry can—scarcely even explained. It must be comprehended emotionally.

Touched with sadness, it is never passionate, or abandoned, but plangent in its wistfulness for all the loneliness of life, its haunting memories, its shattered dreams, its unfulfilled desires. Briefly and poignantly can she express the desolation of remembrance:

> Some hang above the tombs,
> Some weep in empty rooms,
> I, when the iris blooms,
> Remember.
> I, when the cyclamen
> Opens her buds again,
> Rejoice a moment, then
> Remember.

She tells, too, of its glory :

O tell me not that years will give
Oblivion as they fly ;
The hope whereby alone I live
Is one with memory—

or in that other :

I shall forget you, O my dead,
I shall forget you !
You will not care.
Less visible than air,
You are where no forgetfulness may fret you.
But I, how shall I bear
Visible earth, my dead, when I forget you !

For her, as for every sensitive soul, whether or not it is capable of artistic self-expression, earth, with its peopling of men and affairs, is insufficient. Around and about throng, impalpably, memories, dreams, and desires. And so she feels, as only a poet could, the sadness of the autumnal passing of all these fine emotions that mean life :

O that we need not suffer
The dying of hopes and fears,
And knew no autumn between
The summer and winter of years.

Of the stuff of her work, then, as of that of all poets, it may be said " *Sunt lacrimae rerum.*" We may finish the line " *et mentem mortalia tangunt,*" but it does not sum up all her emotions. If she feel " the sense of tears in human things," she knows also the strangeness and dread that lie outside these mortalities. It is fitly so ; for the quality we first expect if she is to show herself truly akin to the author of *Christabel* is that of magic. In her verse, too, is the sense of " magic casements."

Much of it is, I have said, inexplicable intellectually ; only emotionally, instinctively, must it be realised. This is by no means due to obscurity of diction ; her style is crystal-clear. Rather is it produced by that " sense of the past " that informs the whole. She is, as we have seen, haunted by remembrance in its different aspects : this, I think, is a clue to the mystical side of her. Reading

her, we see dimly through the glass of poetic expression what she knows face to face. Secrets of a past so remote that it half slips the memory, yet clings to the subconsciousness, mysteries of a world we cannot see or understand, yet feel pressing about us, fragments of haunting airs that will not come back in full—of such is the stuff of many of her poems. The " magic casements " are most widely opened in that stanza :

> We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
> And the door stood open at our feast,
> When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,
> And a man with his back to the East.

It is indeed on " faery lands forlorn " that they give. Her narrative poems, too, are mostly of this order. It is in such work that we most clearly discover the art of suggestion. Definite facts would shatter the delicate jewel work. Selection and suggestion—these qualities so valuable in description or narration—are essential for the achievement of magic.

If, however, she is alert to the call of that spirit-world that is ever haunted by evil, she is no less open to the influence of the holier one of religion. The yearning of one whose love is stronger than her faith inspires the poem, beginning : " Depart from me, I know Thee not ! " with its ending : " I know Thee not ! Abide with me ! " Her gift of sympathy is very apt for religious poems. That on *Our Lady*, for instance, has something of the appeal of a carol :

> Mother of God ! No lady thou :
> Common woman of common earth !
> " Our Lady " ladies call thee now,
> But Christ was never of gentle birth ;
> A common man of the common earth.

The more developed and complicated poetry becomes the more points of resemblance do we find in individual poets. From time to time especially do we find an echo of the past. In this, too, Mary Coleridge resembles her kinsman. Much of her debt seems to be to the ballads ; while with writers like Lady Nairne, on whom these had

so fortunate an influence, she has much in common. She has something of the quality of those unknown singers of the country's folk-song—directness linked with suggestiveness, spirituality with that touch of the Macabre so often joined to it. Pre-Raphaelites like Rossetti and Morris have such a tone; them, too, she resembles in a vitality that shows her to have been no mere dreamer. She can be spirited and dashing. There is a gallant song about the Huguenots fighting by the sea, thrilled with joy at the unequal combat; the same exulting is in *At Dead of Night*, telling of "The seven that fought with four." She can revel, too, in the Renaissance type, who "fought for the glory of the fight," and appreciate that zest for good or evil that made life then so salt and keen.

Of her fellow-poets among women, she has affinities with different types, maintaining, however, originality of ensemble. There is a good deal in common between her and Christina Rossetti, alike in style and subject. Both have the fairy wand of magic. Alice Meynell, too, she rivals in purity of tone and in a certain unexpectedness of emotion; while with Emily Brontë—greatest of them all—in so many ways, she is fearless to explore strange fields of thought, and strong to bear loneliness.

But above all she is an original poet. She will never be among the supreme singers, but never among those for whom oblivion is the deserved and kindest fate. Like many another feminine genius—like Christina Rossetti and Alice Meynell in verse, and Jane Austen in prose—she is content with a comparatively small range; within it she works wisely and well. She touches with delicately caressing fingers the instruments both of natural beauty and of emotion. The airs she plays are Mozartian in clarity and in magic. *A Magic Flute* indeed we might call her poetry, not resonant in tone, slight and evanescent, yet clear and potent to charm and beguile.

Changing the metaphor we might describe it in her own phrases:

> As darting swallows skim across a pool,
> Whose tranquil depths reflect a tranquil sky,

So, o'er the depths of silence, dark and cool,
Our winged words dart playfully,
And seldom break
The quiet surface of the lake,
As they flit by.

But in that flitting moment we have seen reflected as in her poem *L 'Oiseau Bleu*, " a bird whose wings were palest blue," passing from the Never Never Land of beauty and magic.

M. C. LOCKHEAD.

CHINESE SLIPPERS

(" Du bist wie eine Blume.")

HAVE you seen
A dappled butterfly
Winging its saffron way
Across a sheen of purple sky
To greet a vivid day ?

Have you seen

A golden shaft of light
Piercing a lake of blue ?
Roses beneath the kiss of night
Flushed to a deeper hue ?

Have you seen

A tinkling emerald splash
Into a crystal pool,
And perfumed dust of petal-ash
Ghostly and grey and cool ?

I have seen

Enwoven dreams of rainbow mist
Broidered upon the shoon
Casing the feet of one I kissed
Last night, beneath the moon.

GWENDOLINE GOODWIN.

THE ABHANGA

THE MOST POPULAR FORM OF MARATHI POETRY

THOUGH Marathi literature has much in common with its sister vernaculars such as Gujarathi, Bengali and Hindi, all derived more or less from Sanskrit, this particular form of poetry is a feature of the Marathi only. A vast amount of lyric poetry has been written in this form. Dynandev, Namdev and other devotional poets like him, who have founded a new sect of what is known as Bhagawat Dharm, wrote and wrote vastly in this form some six hundred years back, and not only the special followers of this new sect, who can be counted by millions, but even others, both men and women, old and young, literate and illiterate, read and recite, sing and chant the Abhangas from the mouth of these devout leaders.

This form of poetry can be set to music at the will of the reciter ; and consequently was and is very much used on the public platform by professional kathekaris, a class of people who go from place to place and deliver moral and devout sermons illustrated by stories from the Great Puranas (old epics). The Abhangas are also used by individuals, for their prayers, for their devotion to God, for music, for musing, and even for passing their leisure time. Abhangas thus have always been popular ; but their success would not have been complete had not one of the greatest lyrical poets in Marathi taken to this form and written in it. Himself both a devotee and a kathekari, Tukaram gave out in his Kirtanas a number of these Abhangas, which by their special directness, homeliness, condensation, appropriateness, suggestiveness, and other virtues, appealed at once to the heart of both the masses and the classes, and since then have held their sway, which is unabated even after a lapse of about three hundred years. On the contrary, the older they grow, the chances are that the more they will be valued.

The metre used for the Abhangas is very simple. It is mostly in two forms, both having some rhyming. The more used of the two consists of four parts in a line, the

first three parts of which consist of six syllables and the fourth of four, and the second part and the third part rhyme. In the second metre each line consists of two rhyming parts, each of about eight syllables. There is no other complication in the composition of these metres, and the rhyming at times is neglected, though very rarely, which again adds to the simplicity of these metres.

An Abhanga may consist of from three to twenty of such lines, though more of them have from four to five lines. In the last line of every Abhanga we find the mention of the name of the poet. Mostly it is in the form ". . . says," though when from the content this is not possible the name is brought out in some different connection.

Abhanga literature is mostly lyrical. A very little of it consists of narrative, which in the first place is really so scanty as can be held to be negligible, and secondly it has never been a success in this form. Of the lyric, more is devotional and a part didactic. In both, the Abhangas shine with exceptionally rare lustre. The didactic portion is used as a help to devotional. In fact it can be said to be part of the devotional itself, because its purpose is ultimately to create devotion.

In the devotional we find a great deal of variety, some describing the different moods, others the various stages of hope and despair of the poet. The chief stages are: (1) Desire for it. (2) Devotion as the only means for gaining it. (3) Hope and despair in the process, and (4) realisation. Sometimes we find the poet craving for mercy and calling God to come and set him free; praying that he feels entirely helpless, without any shelter or support. He cannot understand for what fault of his he is being forgotten. How long is he to wait and pray? We see the poet's belief in poems like the following:—

"I only know, I only know, I only know my pleasure of devotion."
"I need no yog, no knowledge; special is my method."
Nama says, "I shall only sing your name and you will come and meet me."

And in another strain:—

"Why are you waiting more : Oh God, do run to help me.
Without you, my life is a torment : Oh God, do run to help me."
"I feel like a fish out of water, or a child separated from its mother."

Changed are the words when they thought they had had the realisation they had sought :—

"After all we have met each other : henceforth there will be no separation."
"All the troubles were only for this ; that the last day should be blessed.
Now have I got easy rest, my desires end completely."
"I am glad my efforts are successful, and so I sing praises of God."
Tuka says "I have got at last Mukti as bride.
Now let me enjoy honeymoon for some days."

In such and similar strains we find these poets describing their own state.

Didactic is really to help the devotional. It comes in the following forms : (1) describing the matchless life of a devotee ; (2) suggesting the ways and means to become a devotee ; though occasionally we find some Abhangas which may touch what we may call purely didactic, but such are exceptionally few.

"A devotee's existence is meant for the welfare of the world ; he will use his body in doing helpful acts. Pity on all beings is his principal interest in life, he does not care for his own body."

"He is the Blessed incarnate who experiences the devotional feeling. I do not like anyone else (without devotional feeling), may he be learned and wise."

"Being useful to others is the highest kind of merit ; doing harm to others is the highest kind of sin. No other merit and sin can come to this standard. Truth is highest of religions, Untruth the highest of bonds."

"Saintliness cannot be had in the market, nor can it be had in the Forest. It cannot be purchased by laying heaps of wealth ; it is not in the skies, it is not in the nether world." Tuka says, "It is with you ; you have not to go anywhere to search for it."

These and like these belong to the first class.

"Remove desire completely and then only be a Devotee, otherwise it is better that you lead a worldly life ; it is no use spoiling both. First be victorious (if you can) on your desire and then only think of renouncement."

" Speak out the Truth and you will get God. This is the cheapest of the means, but you neglect that."

" Bags of sugar on the backs of the bulls ; who, however, have ultimately to eat straw. Camels carry costly loads, but for themselves they get only thorns to eat. Useless is your occupation, which creates desire and whereby you prepare your own chains of bondage. He knows the taste who has realisation. Others toil for nothing."

" A diamond necklace round the neck of a crow,
Will it become as an ornament to it ?
Ointment of kasturi for an elephant,
What elephant can appreciate of it ?
A saying of truth and devotion to a crane
Means only an unnecessary trouble to it."
Tuka says, " similarly in the case of undevotional,
It is no use wasting effort."

Such will fall in the second class.

It is worth while noting a peculiarity of these Abhangas. In many of them we find that a number of parables are given in the first few lines, and the final truth, which sometimes may appear even as a deduction, is given in the last line. Sometimes the order is reversed. First is given the truth ; instances follow thus :—

" If a man is only wealthy, will he get God ?
However high the castor tree may grow, can it be sugar cane ?
An ass may run swiftly, how can it fetch the price of a horse ?"
Tuka says, " He alone is great, in whose mouth is God."

The narrative Abhangas are also a part of the devotional. In them we find described lives of saints, etc., taken mostly from puranas, and they are meant to satisfy the craving of the devotee for dramatic representation. Thus, on the one hand, the devotee can enjoy these stories in a lighter vein, and at the same time he can learn himself from the life of these former devotees lessons of piety and devotion to truth and renouncement of friendship and realisation. Thus in some we find limited dramatic imagination at play ; others, however, are very poor in the effect. On the whole, the narrative is not at all a success in this form.

We do not find any other subject treated in the Abhanga literature. No mundane love, historic romance, no

secular sentiments were considered worth its notice. It was meant only for the devotional, as if to serve as a specially wrought bond between man and God, between earth and heaven, between the seen and the unseen, the transitory and the eternal. Even a staunch agnostic, when he reads these Abhangas with the accompaniment of some sort of crude instrument, feels some sort of effect in him, so suggestive are they of something Divine, of something high and noble.

The metre, as has been said above, is simplicity in itself ; and though it may look paradoxical, that is the reason why this form of poetry is not much handled by novices. The metre being so very simple, anybody can compose in it, the result being that for the appreciation of a piece by the public a great intrinsic merit is required. There is no cloak or shelter here for an uninitiated ; undisguised, he has to show his real art, if at all he possesses any, and he undergoes a quick and very severe test. Consequently we find only great poets trying their hand in this form, those who have a real ring of devotion ; speaking from their heart of heart, for a communion of heart of heart. Only Tukaram is an exception. He has tried even didactic poetry in this form. But Tukaram was a real poet. His fancy is of the highest order. His poetic imagination brings together things poles asunder, and by their juxtaposition gives rise to images which are more felt than described. Homely but sweet in diction and condensed throughout, he paints with bold strokes, so rapidly, so vividly, and yet with so much suggestive richness that that told really bears a small share to the untold told. So peculiarly charming is his diction, so condensed, and, by the very nature of the metre in which he had to write, partly so musical—the three essential qualities of a good proverb—that many of his lines or portions of them have permanently enriched the Marathi language.

In the modern Marathi literature we do not find any poet using this form of poetry. As said above, Abhangas connote devotion at least by convention, and the present poets, perhaps finding all devotional themes already ex-

hausted, have taken to other subjects. These subjects are a result of the contact with the English literature, are new to the general populace. If, therefore, they were again clothed in the simple garb of an Abhanga, it is doubtful if they would be sufficiently effective. Some of them have, however, tried their hand in this form for pieces of devotional poetry; and in that they have been successful to a great extent. But after all their poetry in this form is very scanty, and we may safely say that this form is set aside by the present poets of Maharastra as unsuitable for their purpose.

To what should the Abhanga be compared in English? This is a question which the readers should be able to reply for themselves after reading the above description.

G. S. JOSHI.

TWO ABHANGAS.

By Tukaram, the Great Marathi Poet.

I

Wherever I go, you do accompany me,
You hold me in your hand and inspire confidence in me to walk.
In whatever I do, I feel your support,
You always have to carry a great burden in me.
I am capable of talking only trash, you refine and fashion it.
You have removed my shyness and made me bold.
All people to me have now become as guardians.
As relations, nay bosom friends.
Tuka says, "Now I play through fun,
For I feel your pleasure, within and without."

II

One who acts as he speaks,
I shall fall at his feet.
Shall sweep his courtyard with my own body,
Shall serve him in all ways.
In truth, I shall be his slave,
And shall stand before him hands folded.
(Because) says Tuka, (I consider) him God,
And am devoutly attached to his feet.

[An account of our contributor's tragic death in September last is supplied to us by his friend Principal Gokhale. During the last

week in August Mr. Joshi brought his wife and family to Karachi for the Ganpati festival, then being celebrated. During this time Mr. Joshi, enjoying the festival and other amusements, was seen to be specially hilarious and jolly. On the Tuesday, Anant-Chaturdasi Day, he got together a party of twenty-three men, women and children, for a trip to Manora, on the other side of Karachi harbour. After some sight-seeing in Manora they reached the breakwater at about 7.30 p.m., and, but for the fact that Mr. Gokhale's little daughter refused to be left behind without her mother, the whole party might have started to walk out towards the other end of the wall. As it was, five people started, including Mr. Joshi and his blind son, aged 12, wading through the water without their boots and coats. They had hardly gone twenty feet before the whole five were engulfed by a tremendous wave, which swept them all off their feet. Only a Mr. Gadre, who was a good swimmer, was saved after fifteen minutes, in spite of the efforts of a European officer of the Port Trust and a Mohammedan, who jumped in, with great danger to their own lives. Mr. Joshi's body was not found until 7 p.m. on the Friday.]

POETRY AS A PANACEA.

[A "Morning Post" Leader.]

IN a lecture on "Poetry and Personality," delivered before the Poetry Society, Mr. Dimsdale Stocker enunciated some interesting generalisations as to the relation of poetry to life. For the members of the Poetry Society, at least, poetry has a very real and direct relation to life, however it may be with the multitude. It is, indeed, the interpreter, "the fountain-light of all our day, the master-light of all our seeing." Happily, there is evidence that never before was the appeal of poetry so widespread as in this, in some respects, rather cynical age. The output of poetry, even in anthologies, does not yet rival the mass production of Ford cars; but it is ample and steady; proving that the demand is real and effective, as the economists call it.

But it may be doubted whether the value of poetry to those who get most satisfaction from it is, as Mr. Stocker asserts, that it "enables us to find our centre." Rather its value is that it helps the reader to forget his centre, which is necessarily fixed in the benumbing round. In this age, much more than in Wordsworth's, it may be said with truth:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

The service that poetry renders is to readjust our values—to help to distinguish between the things that are best worth caring for and the things that are least worth caring for—and, above all, to make us feel more delicately. To read fine poetry has the effect on the spirit of gazing at the steadfast stars, so infinitely remote from our littlenesses, our eddy of purposeless dust.

But the trouble with most readers is to distinguish between poetry and poetry. Too many persons are like Jim Pinkerton, who, it may be remembered, consoled himself in affliction with "the plays of Shakespeare and the domestic dramas of the Rev. E. P. Roe." And here the true function of the anthology is to be found. Mr. Stocker is of opinion that "unfortunately anthologies too often contain the wrong poems"; and the criticism is just of anthologies as they used to be compiled. School children, for example, used to suffer all their lives from the imperfections of the current anthologies, by associating poetry with what was commonplace and even banal. But surely we have changed all that, and to-day the difficulty is not to find a good anthology, but to choose between many, all excellent.

Yet even to-day there are those to whom poetry is nothing but an eccentricity—an absurd thing which has no significance, and which exists only as an idle exercise, comparable to an acrostic or a jig-saw puzzle. But the number of the poetry-blind is diminishing every day; for it is a curious and encouraging observation that our modern youth, which is in some ways so ruthlessly matter of fact, has a ready ear for noble numbers.

* * *

We are indebted to Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., for a series of 16 pages demy 8vo pamphlets, each devoted to a selection of poems by one poet, new or old. In these "Augustan Books of Poetry" we have already R. Bridges, E. Blunden, R. Brooke, G. K. Chesterton, J. C. Squires, John Freeman among the moderns; Keats, Shelley, Marvell, Blake, among the Immortals—judicious selections in each case that indicate the general style and quality of each man's work and in some instances provide as much as the general reader in poetry will wish to know.

A PLEA FOR A STANDARD OF APPRECIATION IN THE SPEAKING OF VERSE

1. MONOTONOUS VOICES.

A MONOTONOUS and uncultivated voice is an outward and audible sign of the lack of development of the speech centre of the brain.

It was pointed out two hundred years ago that there were two classes of the community distinguished by monotonous voices: "the deaf and the literary bookworm." It has been noted in recent years that we must add to that list the stammerer, the epileptic, and the mentally deficient. A discussion of the causes operating in the latter group would lead us too far afield for the scope of this article. It must suffice to state that in remedial speech work the restoration of melody in speech is recognised as a most important element in the psycho-physical cure.

With regard to the deaf, the cause of monotony is obvious. The auditory area of the brain, the receiving station for all sounds from the outside world and the guide to appreciation of sound, is atrophied from lack of use. The reason for the monotony of the bookworm is not quite so obvious; there is, however, a scientific explanation which has a direct bearing upon our subject.

For many years our educational system entirely ignored the fact that any training in the speaking of English was necessary, and as this subject had not been recognised as a legitimate branch of education, the educationist and the student of literature has reached a stage where the fact that literature is fundamentally dependent upon the beauty and vitality of the spoken language has become obscured. In the silent study of the printed page readers establish a short circuit between the visual area of the brain and the auditory area, and thus the sounds of words are more or less imagined. These auditory mental images are, however, very faint impressions of real sounds, lacking vividness and tone; and as our speech is governed by our own motor memories, a close student of books who does not take any steps to de-

velop also the speech centre of the brain is likely not only to have a monotonous voice but positively to prefer a monotonous and unemotional tone when listening to the reading or recitation of others. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the complete obscuring of fundamental values in language and literature and of psychological facts in regard to this subject is contained in the advice that the speaker of verse should become a kind of " audible type."

2. SENSORY APPRECIATION.

It is not often realised that what seems " right " or " best " to us in our judgment of an art in connection with which we have had no special training is inevitably that which is most " familiar " to us. Consequently, the expression of our opinion or of our taste is not a judgment in any sense of the word and is quite valueless as a contribution toward a standard of artistic achievement. " We have to recognise that our sensory peculiarities are the foundations of what we think of as our opinions, and that in fact nine out of ten of the opinions we form are rather the result of what we feel than what we think." *

How, then, are we to develop a reliable standard of appreciation and judgment in the speaking of verse ? We realise that visual appreciation cannot develop this because, as we have seen, the student of literature who cannot read poetry well has not developed his sense of sound in connection with literature. A sense of sound can be trained in this art, as in music, only by exercise. It has been demonstrated by physiological psychologists that exercise of the psycho-physical processes connected with the activity of a sense organ has the same kind of educative value as exercise of the muscles. This exercise means, in art, the acquisition of a technique. " Technique means, primarily, the muscular control which enables the creator to create exactly what he wants : draw the right line, sing the right note, and so forth. But, secondarily, it is a training not of the muscles but of the eye and ear, or more precisely of the imagination, by which we become able to discriminate

* *Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual.* J. Matthias Alexander.

shades of form and sound which previously we had not observed to be distinct." *

It is sometimes urged that, though this may be true of music, painting and all other arts, interpretative speech is an exception, because words are so familiar a means of expression. This, however, makes no difference to the principle ; it merely increases some difficulties. It means that faulty sensory appreciation is more likely to occur in this art than in any other, and that a standard of judgment is only possible when one has, by training the sense of sound in connection with literature, escaped from a blind dependence on personal feeling. This involves many years of personal and critical work. The trouble is that it is impossible to tabulate this knowledge or write it down in a book. You cannot write a sense of sound ; and it is extremely difficult to make it clear to others that they lack it, because the very means by which they could appreciate that fact is defective.

It should be clear, however, that literary appreciation alone does not imply a trained critical judgment of oral interpretation. An untrained voice is, as I have suggested, in itself proof of an untrained speech-centre of the brain. Psychological facts furnish us with yet more definite evidence against this assumption, for we know that memory-images of sound, present through sympathetic reaction to a visual stimulus, lack the vividness of an actual sensation and, consequently, that a constant reliance upon memory-images of sound aroused through the eye does not develop appreciation of sound in speech.† And, thirdly, a philosophy of art teaches us that study in any art is " an activity whose essence is concentration on the technical element in that art." ‡ A critic or judge of music is required to have studied his art through the exercise involved in acquiring a technique and, in addition, through the culture acquired by a wide knowledge of music, gained principally through ear-training. The judge of oral interpretation of verse needs the same equipment.

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* *Outlines of a Philosophy of Art.* Collingwood.

† Compare *Physiological Psychology,* pp. 82 and 83. McDougall.

‡ *A Philosophy of Art.* Collingwood.

III. THE POET AS AN AUTHORITY.

It has been suggested that the poet is the sole authority in the speaking of verse. There is no doubt that there is a pleasure of a unique character in hearing a poet read his own verse, but this pleasure is not due to the excellence of his reading. It is due to a combination of psychological factors: curiosity, hero-worship, and positive self-feeling flattered by any contact with the great or famous. There are other feelings also which probably go to swell the audience and create the atmosphere in which a poet reads. But is a poet *as* a poet an authority on the speaking of verse? If one poet, because he is a poet, is an authority, then it follows that all poets, because they are poets, must also be authorities. That seems to lead us into a difficulty, because it is a well-known fact that poets hold very diverse ideas on the speaking of verse. It would follow from this that the dramatist is the final authority on acting, and the musical composer on musical interpretation. Another question—is a poet the authority on his own verse only, or is he, as a poet, an authority on the works of other poets? This question presents problems which would not only add to the confusion on earth but might well cause altercation in the courts of Heaven! In actual fact, we find that in the past poets have not professed either knowledge or authority on the subject.

Goldsmith, a poet and dramatist, was a notoriously bad reader, and frankly acknowledged that he could neither read his own works nor punctuate them. De Quincey tells us that Coleridge had neither the voice nor the training to read well. Emerson gives us a vivid description of Wordsworth reciting his own poems in his garden at Rydal Mount, and the effect was evidently extremely monotonous.

I recently asked a poet why it is that some poets in reading their own verse seem to emphasise so much the metre and the rhymed words. He replied, "I think it is because those are the elements in writing poetry which give the most trouble." That answer is very illuminating. It received emphasis from a remark made by Mr. Masefield

to a competitor at the Oxford Recitations. "If you knew how much trouble it often is to a poet to find a rhyme you would not forget to emphasise it." Yet metre is not rhythm, and a rhyme is surely less than an image or a thought. It is easy to see, however, that the elements upon which the conscious mind of the poet has to work become to him very important, perhaps cause the imaginative vision which has come intuitively to seem of less relative value. For in so far as a poet or composer is inspired, is he not the passive mouthpiece of a force working upon or through his imagination? It is surely the value of the imaginative thought expressed rhythmically, and not the mere metre and rhyme, wherein lies the spirit of poetry.

The question of whether a poet should be expected to be an authority in an art which belongs to the spoken word is not a new one, for Aristotle states in regard to Diction: "One branch of the enquiry treats of the modes of utterance. But this province of knowledge belongs to the Art of Delivery and to the masters of that science. . . . To know or not to know these things involves no serious censure upon the poet's art. . . . We may, therefore, pass this over as an enquiry that belongs to another art, not to poetry."

IV. THE OXFORD RECITATIONS.

In the Oxford Recitations, interest has been focused on a movement which has been steadily growing for years, nurtured by the untiring work of not a few devoted teachers. Actually, the inauguration of the Poetry Society in 1909 was the first step towards giving direction and recognition to this work, to insist on a literary standard in verse speaking, and by means of examinations to educate students and the public in the attainment of a high degree of performance and appreciation.

In spite of the social success which attends the Oxford Recitations there are, however, elements which do not make for progress. Let me mention some of them.

First: frequently 100 per cent. marks are awarded to a competitor. Now the skilled artist knows that he has never finished perfecting his technique. If for a moment

he thought he had, it would mean his imaginative vision had perished and he would thereupon cease to be an artist. Marks of 100 per cent. means perfection in the opinion of the judges, or they have no meaning at all. This is bound to have an important psychological effect upon a young student. It is hard for anyone to resist the invitation to think himself perfect—especially hard for the young and inexperienced. Thus, self-satisfaction and low idealism is encouraged in the mind of the competitor. I myself have heard, in different parts of the country, the effect of such marking; the student having attained "perfection" thinks there is no longer need to strive towards a higher goal. The fact that the judges have low ideals would, of course, be repudiated by them, but full marks speak for themselves. We may be quite sure that the apparent low idealism is not conscious; the explanation appears to be that, although the judges have a standard of literary values, they have not developed a standard of judgment through oral appreciation.

Secondly: there was a marked divergence in the views expressed by different judges in regard to the same poem. In adjudicating on the sonnet "Let me not to the marriage of true minds," one judge asked for a note of exultant conviction in the emotional tone colour of the speaker's voice and that the imagery of the poem should strike the minds of the hearers as a flash of light. Another asked for a detached and unemotional tone; in fact, for "audible type." He gave as his rule "Take care of the sounds and the sense will take care of itself."

In practice this last means purely mechanical work. It requires neither thought nor feeling in the speaker. This method is entirely superficial, whether applied to music or poetry; it is not interpretation, and it certainly is not artistry. It is not likely to awaken a love of poetry either in the speaker or the listener; it makes little or no appeal to the imagination.

The wide divergence among the judges of the whole conception of interpretative art as applied to verse speaking naturally caused considerable dismay and confusion in the minds of competitors and audience alike.

Thirdly: as an instance of the way judgment went, I may give an instance of a student, a girl of about 17, who, being very busy with examination work at school, learnt only one test piece in each group. Having little time for study and practice, she thought she could not hope to pass into the second stage of each section, for which another piece was required. However, she found great favour and on one occasion at least was awarded 100 marks. She learned her second pieces in great haste and spoke them in public within twenty-four hours and again came to the front in the final classes. This competitor is a student of very great promise, excellently trained and with the first stage of her technique wonderfully well advanced; the second stage, the training of the imagination, has only just begun to develop. The work shown was a student's technical exercise, and as such was admirable; as an artist attempting to express beauty it was immature.

Perhaps, however, the most obvious weakness of the Oxford Recitations was that the judges, for the most part, and in all the final stages, contented themselves with the selection of winners. Thus the competitive spirit was encouraged and very little was done to teach competitors or audience what we must look for in the interpretation of poetry. We have a right to expect guidance from critics and judges; it was with a great desire to learn, to see and realise a higher standard that many interested in this subject went to Oxford.

In contrast with this kind of judging we have only to compare the work of the Musical Competition Festivals. There the emphasis placed upon the educative value of adjudication is most inspiring. By this means audiences and artists are being trained all over the country to appreciate the best both in music and poetry, and the standard of performance is rising in a manner little short of marvellous.

V. TASTE AND JUDGMENT.

Unfortunately an adjudication which is not based upon practical knowledge, a developed technique, and a trained sensory appreciation, becomes a mere matter of personal

taste. It is then an arbitrary decision on which no discussion is possible and for which no reason can be given.

I have in this article endeavoured to show the difference between taste and judgment. If the speaking of verse is an art, I submit it is subject to the same law which governs all art, the law by which that which is of the spirit is apprehended by the artist and is revealed through line and colour and sound through the senses to the spirit of the audience. It has been by learning the law and by conformity to the law that man has obtained power in the world of natural science and in life generally, and it is only by recognition of law and conformity to it that man can be truly free in any form of expression.

The Oxford Recitations were not, however, entirely disappointing. There was evidence of a great advance in knowledge among the competitors of what is required in the speaking of poetry, and an almost entire absence of exhibitionary tricks of voice and gesture, which have so often paraded themselves under the shelter of the name of elocution.

Competitors assembled from all parts of the country, the large audiences and intense interest shown in listening to one competitor after another were all most wonderful indications of an awakening love of poetry and of a realisation that poetry is indeed written to be spoken and how carefully the way had been prepared for years before the Oxford meetings were thought of. Among those present there were some who should, if they go on working, attain beauty and power in speech. One was often conscious that "those to whom God had given voices He had not given brains, and those to whom He had given brains He had not given voices";* consequently, there were not many who achieved the unity which is beauty, the power which thrills the whole being. But there were one or two who touched the heights and made one realise once again that the speaking of poetry, like music, is a great interpretative art, and, like music, can lift one into altitudes above the earth.

LOUIE BAGLEY.

* Percy Scholes in *The Observer*.

SANCTUARY

THE Sanctuary
Where I can dream my dreams, and see the vision
Of earth's loveliness, and where derision
Will not frost my broken-hearted failures
With contempt ; here I can weave a mask
Of laughter for my lips, that none may ask
In idle curious questioning of Hope's despair.
And where I
Can love and laugh, and weep,
And one day, die.

My room holds outstretched arms to welcome me ;
The bed where I have lain
A thousand times, the counterpane
Of flowering chintz,
That zigzags down upon the floor,
My blush-rose dressing gown, lace foamed,
Splashes the glow of sunrise
On the ivory tinted door.
The fragrant welcome of the cool white sheets
That scent the air
With lavender and musk,
And there
The dusk
Of my unbraided hair
Riots across the pillows.

The cloud grey walls, uprising to the night,
All bid me welcome, as the sight
Of dear familiar things ;
The hush of angels' wings
Stirring the air in flight.

The wide flung casement, open to the skies ;
Over the hilltops of the world arise
The petalled stars, and full brimmed moon,
Treading majestic steps in lustred shoon ;
As dreams tread paths in aerial flight ;
The moon cascades and foams and ripples
Like waterfalls of light.

Reaching a laddered fairway down
The gloomed lanes of night.
The myriad stars abloom on dreamlit hills—
Sweet violets, pale hyacinths, and golden daffodils.
The moon spreads waves upon the polished floor,
Where Indian woven rugs, like shadows break
The gleaming surface of a twilit lake,
As clouds drift darkly o'er a moor.
Beauty hangs stars in every fold of night,
And Love is silver-fringed with hearts' delight.

Floating upon a marble sea, the rose pink ware ;
Swimming within a clear deep pool, I see
My sponge, and soap luxuriously
Spreading its sweet perfumery.
And there—
Leaning upon a slender carven shelf,
Are little china cups, and jugs of Delf.
Clinging to the cloud grey walls embracingly,
The pictured faces of my friends smile back at me :
A painted moor with racing steam,
Ripples the surface of my dream.

Geraniums and fuchsias,
In gay profusion riot
Upon my window sill.
And dear familiar books
My bookshelves fill
With hours of silken quiet.
Pens, pencils, papers, on the table spread
In glorious confusion.
And litter themselves invitingly
Beside my bed.
A teapot, cup and saucer, kettle,
Are whispering to me
A tale of far-off lands—
The lure of India and China
In incensed fragrancy.

. . . . .

My bed holds out its arms caressingly,
And beckons me to creep within its nest,
And sink my tired limbs
Upon that milk white breast.

EDITH M. WALKER.

DEVON LANES

TO be flung down through warm green tunnels
Of air that is scent!
To dive down through honeysuckle! Wildroses! Meadowsweet!
To plunge into clover! To laugh at the rent
That your fingers have made in waves of beanflowers that meet
Overhead, as you swim between
Foxglove reefs on a sea of quaking-grasses!
Down through the air that is an embroidery
Of sun through spun arches of green—
Where the poised dragonfly, that is your heart,
(Pulsing with long breaths of honey
From dark-cream blossoms) will dart
Down on shimmering wings through the swift
Warm rushing of air that is scent
Of meadowsweet, and clover, and tossed hay flowing;
Through the flung foam of honeysuckle drift,
To drown under a wind of beanflowers blowing!

MARION ALLISON.

EPITAPH

ALL loveliness she sought.
Disgrace, despair
Struggled to dim the courage of her eyes,
And Poverty, seeing her spirit flame,
Bruised her with deadly pain
Till Death the Healer came.

* * *

And now she sleeps, her calm brave face,
Small chin, grave lips and eyes a long, long space

So still.
—So still she lies
She cannot know this earth hath given
A sweeter bed to her beneath wide heaven,
She cannot know the rains will fill
Her folded hands and hair
With grass and cowslip fragrant there,
Nor can she hear
Increasing year by year
The brook that dusks and gleams past fern and firs.

Only long quietness and night are hers.

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

THE WIDOW

I HAVE two children sweeter far,
Than any dream's high fantasy ;
Their laughter fills my empty days,
My Mélisande, my Anthony.

With thick dark hair, wide eyes of grey,
White limbs, all willowy grace is she ;
Her lips, a fragrant rose in bud,
My Mélisande. But Anthony

Is straight and sturdy, hair of gold,
Eyes of a shining summer sea ;
(Like his who fell on Flanders' field,
My heart's beloved ; my Anthony)

Yes, from the daisied fields of Heaven,
Their laughter echoes down to me ;
Whose body never gave them birth ;
Sweet Mélisande, dear Anthony.

S. MARGUERITE GOODE.

AUTUMN SONG

(AFTER PAUL VERLAINE.)

THE long, drear sobs re-echo mournfully,
The shrieking, wailing woe that throbs and burns
Deep in the heart of Autumn's violins.
And in my wounded soul their sadness aches
With utter weariness and heavy pain. . . .
Soft through the darkness, sweet as any dream,
The hour chimes forth, and memory like a ghost
Comes from her grave of ancient, worn-out days. . . .
And in the silence, afterwards, I weep. . . .
I seem for ever tossed by an angry wind,
Hither and thither blowing endlessly.
From life to death, slowly and certainly,
Like a leaf, unseen, I flutter to the ground.

PHYLLIS HASTINGS.

THE VISITOR

ALL through the day's loud hurry
It calls and calls—
Faintly, far, like a whisper
Behind prison walls ;
Timidly stands at the threshold
Then flees before
Bolts, bars, locks that hold steadfast
The fortified door.

But when night melts day's tower
With a gesture, swift,
It comes like the moon's sudden beauty
When the clouds lift :
Is a glory that sweeps o'er the spirit,
A light in the mind ;
A wonder ; a radiance ; a glamour ;
A world undivined

That spreads in slow splendour
Its infinite wealth
The night through, until like a phantom
That comes by stealth,

Dawn looks in at the window
And all is past :
Bolts, bars, locks turned on the instant ;
The door closed fast.

D. F. RADFORD.

WINTER WAYS

AS when, in some drear woodland solitude,
A little, vagrant breeze goes rustling by—
Murmuring of May the fallen leaves among :

And Fancy, for a space, once more beholds
Spring's triumph ; or again is lifted high
Upon the rapture of the throstle's song . . .

So does some fleeting recollection stir,
To sudden whispering, the dead dreams that strew
The secret desolation of the heart :

And Memory wakes, softly, with all delight,
Enfolding the numb spirit, till anew
Hope walks with her upon the heights apart . . .

MARGARET WINEFRIDE SIMPSON.

ASPIRATION

I WOULD only pray
To God with the voice of the dawn-wind,
Hushed and holy,
Heavy with incense of may
From the great high altar of Spring ;
I would only sing
With the voice of a bird,
A brown bird lowly,
Twittering on its nest ;
And rest
Like a daisy of the sod
My roots in God.

E. JOYCE HARRISON.

THE MOUSE

A CLOCK near by rolled out grave orbs of sound,
Smoothly and slow, till each tone-bubble caught
The one eluding it and all were drowned
By the soft wall returning silence brought.

The man sat listening, beguiled by those
Queer tiny sounds a creeping mouse will make
When all is still in all the world it knows,
And it and death are the last things awake.

He heard with odd content its scamperings
Along the wainscot. Once he watched its eye
Stabbing the air with little beady stings,
A lively, intimate point of secrecy.

And now, grown confident, it roamed the room
With little gliding movements of unease ;
And in its nostrils, like a fragrant doom,
Hung the sweet pungent mystery of cheese.

But he who sat in stiff tense gratitude,
The ghosts of loneliness gone from his eyes,
The dreaded hammer in his heart subdued
And in his brain the uncertain mocking cries,

Knew not a rich and overpowering lure
Had called that hungry thing from the hollow wall;
He only knew that now he could endure
The soundless rushing of night's black waterfall.

His spirit held one fear, more feared than death :
He dreamed, on such a brooding night as this,
The world had died and he alone had breath
To shout the tidings from the dumb abyss.

That shy intruder was a living proof
The pleasant noise and bustle of life remained :
Voices and hurrying feet, loud wheel and hoof—
All those bright sounds for which his ear had strained.

A beating pulse it seemed in the dead core
Of night . . . His eyes shone quietly, the mask
That hides the troubled spirit dropped no more—
He sighed, and turned again towards his task.

The moments brushed soft wings against the house.
His pen raced on—when—darkly—something snapt
In the corner! Death shook the unwary mouse.
The man leapt up as if his soul were trapt!

The silence laughed—or was it his he heard
Deep in that consciousness where reason sinned?
The world lay mirrored in twin beads that stared
Like tiny pools swept by a secret wind.

CYRIL G. TAYLOR.

A STRATFORD SKETCH

WHEN lovers stroll towards Clopton Bridge
The drowsing houses wake,
And out of windows blank as doom
The bobbing night-caps shake.

And old heads that should be on pillow
Nod wisely, and old tongues—ah, well—
Go rat-a-tat in cracked, old skulls
Like muffled clappers in a bell.

But little do the lovers heed
Night's furtive gossip; hand in hand
They wander on past Clopton Bridge
In no known land, in no known land.

WADE OLIVER.

AN EPIGRAM

THE Noon is a scarlet flower,
The Night is a purple leaf,
The Morn is a cool white bud
Laid to the cheek of grief.

IRENE H. LEWIS.

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY—XII

SEVEN NEW BOOKS: I.

Margaret Widdemer, *Ballads and Lyrics* (Harcourt Brace and Co.).
Charles Hanson Towne, *Selected Poems* (Appleton, N.Y.).
Babette Deutsch, *Honey Out of the Rock* (Appleton, N.Y.).
Dr. Mary Brent Whiteside, *The Eternal Quest and other poems* (Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.).
Arthur Crew Inman, *Shadows of Men* (Macdonald, Ltd.).
Grace Hoffman White, *Wings to Dare* (Mosher Press).
Madeline Mason-Manheim, *Hill Fragments* (Cecil Palmer, London) (Brentano's, N.Y.).

IN her new book, *Ballads and Lyrics*, Miss Widdemer gives us over fifty lyrics and longer poems. (A review of Miss Widdemer's work is to be found in the fifth of the series of *Dynamics*.) *Fiddlers' Green*, the winner of THE POETRY REVIEW ballad prize, is among them, also other prize-winning poems, *The Little Carved Bowl* and *Hill Sunset*, winner of the Lyric West Lyric prize. The poems in this book retain her fine sense of social justice and her underlying sympathy. The prize poem follows:

THE BALLAD OF FIDDLERS' GREEN.

The path that runs to Paradise climbs up a stone-heaped hill,
And straight it is and briar-wound, and you may stumble still,

And you shall know the Elfland Road by tiny bells that sound
From where for aye the Faery Court ride gay with horse and hound,

And sweet and tall the lilies grow that you may surely tell
The singing and the sunny road that takes your feet to Hell;

But past the ferny Elfland Road, before the Dark Walls lean,
There winds a little wayward path that goes to Fiddlers' Green.

The souls that dwell in Paradise sing high for happiness,
The souls that walk in Hell they moan for anger and distress.

The souls ensnared in Faeryland, until the Judgment Day
With horse and hound and hawk-bell's sound they fleet the time away.

But they who dream on Fiddlers' Green think naught of joys or pains,
They only play their fiddles light, as once down earthly lanes.

O, they were those who loved an hour, and kissed and rode away,
Who though they saw their brothers weep could never cease to play.

Who gave no gold for any need—who could not stop to show
The path to any lost, they loved their own mad music so;

Who were not ever merciful; who were not ever wise,
Whose hearts were all too light for Hell, too hard for Paradise!

But when the bows went dancing high above the mocking strings
The grave forgot their worldliness, the good forgot their wings.

And all the world went footing it, the evil and the kind,
Until the fiddlers went their way without a look behind!

The winds that blow from Paradise bring sounds of feast and song,
The winds that blow from Hell are sharp and heavy-weighed with wrong,

The faery winds bring lilting light, with tinkling bells between,
And all the winds from every land blow over Fiddlers' Green:

And when they hear the Elfland bells, a little then they grieve
For the fair towers of Faeryland that they may not believe,

And when they hear the weeping wind that wails from out of Hell
They laugh because of agonies they have escaped so well,

But when the harps of Paradise strike loud upon their ear
They play their fiddles sweet and high that they may never hear.

O, still there play on Fiddlers' Green a many that we know—
We fare to Heaven or Hell, who loved their mocking music so;

And as we mount the stony hill or run the lilied way,
Still from their little wayward path, the mocking echoes play;

They were not ever merciful; they were not ever wise;
Their hearts were all too light for Hell, too hard for Paradise . . .

O, even from the gates of Heaven the blessed souls may lean
To hear the careless violins lilt up from Fiddlers' Green !

A sample of her deft portraiture is found in *Old Ballads :*

He knew no music ; but he liked to hear
Kind women's voices in a twilight sing,
And he would sit by firelight listening,
His thin face shaded, smiling where he leant
Faintly, his eyelids dropped, his grey head bent,
Building, perhaps the little daylight jest
By which the ones who loved him knew him best. . . .

But when one old unhurried song of death
Murmured along the unmoved singer's breath
Unchangedly and sweet and long of ending,
There was a lady came into the room
Out of her grave, we knew, smiling, and bending
Lightheart to him, as if she had no tomb,

Who knew him dark and proud and gladly gay . . .
And he was young again as she was young.

He said no word ; only if then was sung
" Loch Lomond," he slipped quietly away.

Words is very characteristic of Miss Widdemer :

There are lovely words :
One is Desolate :
It dresses out tired sorrows
In a golden state,
It lies like a rich veil
Over prone distress,
It fastens a gold mask
Over loneliness.

There are lovely words :
One is Merciful :
It is like brook water
Falling slow and cool,
It is like a cold hand
Over burning eyes,
It is like still music
Before the flute dies.

There are lovely words :
One is Dream :
It is like the moon-line
Laid on a black stream,
It is like tiny sails
Along an orchid sky,
It is all silver things
That do not die.

There are lovely words;
Peace, Regret, Delight,
One is like a white image
Against a velvet night,
One is like a slim girl
Shrouded and bowed,
One is like a leaping child
Laughing out loud.

Words are like bright butterflies
Above the wheat-yield ;
Words are like thick snow
Hiding a scarred field ;
Words are sweet to say
Softly underbreath. . . .
There are lovely words—
One is Death.

* * *

The *Selected Poems of Charles Hanson Towne* contain the poetry from Mr. Towne's previous books which he wishes to preserve together with several new pieces. The best of his City poems is here, *Manhattan*, his most famous poem, of which the late Wm. Dean Howells wrote :

"Let anyone tell us again that there is no inspiration in New York ! New York is full of inspiration ; and she was only waiting for a right poet to come and let us prove it by him. What I like in this poet—though it's only one of the things—is the beautiful courage in calling things by their names. Rightly seen, rightly known, all the facts of this brutally beautiful metropolis are the material of the loftiest rhyme. How charmingly simple and free the plan of his poem is ! A bit of soliloquy, a picture, a character, a flash of lyrical brightness, a cadence as of a far-heard tune—there

you have it all! It is a handful of verse, but every verse of the handful is a pearl. In this new poet of New York, this prophet of our City of Dis, we know the same touch of heart as in those elders who are always young; and his poem is full of the truth of his heart."

Mr. Towne, born in Louisville, Kentucky, is essentially a New Yorker, and has given an admiring public through the years some fifteen books. He was editor and manager of *McClure's Magazine* from 1915 to 1920, also former editor of *The Smart Set* and *The Designer*. A man of fine poetic taste, Mr. Towne says, apropos of his position in regard to *vers libre*, "It has not always been possible for me to shout the praises of *vers libre* . . . always I except Miss Amy Lowell, who is a real force in our literature."

Quoting from *Manhattan*:

> City I love—and hate!—how can I sing
> The miracle of your might in such a mood?
> How can I still the anger in my heart,
> To tell of your great beauty? How dispel
> The anguish I have known at your strong hands,
> To whisper of your wonder? O City, how
> Can I forget your loveliness, to sing
> E'en for one hour your terror and despair?
> Lo! I am of your children, and all day
> Behind your granite walls, hemmed in by stone,
> I struggle with my brothers, till my heart
> Grows sick with sighing. Like some stricken bird,
> Long since I beat upon my bars, and sought
> Blessed release; but now—I only wait,
> And dream, and hunger; and I sometimes think
> If one should come to set my spirit free,
> Would I go gladly?
>
> Nay, the chains are strong
> That bind me to these paves;
> * * *
> I saw the tired City fall in the arms of the Night,
> Like a beautiful weary woman, after the day's delight.
> * * *
> Change, change unceasing is the City's cry—
> * * *

And this graphic word-picture ends in one of Mr. Towne's sonnets :

When, sick of all the sorrow and distress
That flourished in the City like foul weeds,
I sought blue rivers and green, opulent meads,
And leagues of unregarded loneliness
Whereon no foot of man had seemed to press,
I did not know how great had been my needs,
How wise the woodland's gospels and her creeds,
How good her faith to one long comfortless.

But in the silence came a voice to me ;
In every wind it murmured, and I knew
It would not cease, though far my heart might roam.
It called me in the sunrise and the dew,
At noon and twilight, sadly, hungrily,
The jealous City, whispering always—" Home " !

One of Mr. Towne's favourite poems is *Of One Self-Slain :*

When he went blundering back to God
His songs half written, his work half done,
Who knows what paths his bruised feet trod
What hills of peace or pain he won ?

I hope God smiled, and took his hand
And said " Poor truant, passionate fool ! "
Life's book is hard to understand :
Why couldst thou not remain at school ?

A fine sonnet is *After Reading Keats :*

Down his great corridors of sumptuous sound
To-day I wandered once again. Each word
Seemed like the lyric rapture of a bird
Singing in Spring above the burgeoning ground.
O once again the old delight I found,
Once more the marvel of his voice I heard,
Until my spirit with new joy was stirred,
Hearing such music through his halls resound.

How beautiful thy palace, Poet blest !
That room wherein is set thy Grecian Urn,

Thy Nightingale that sings at set of sun
Out in thy garden where my tired feet turn;
And in one chamber, back from his long quest,
That passionate liver, young Endymion!

* * *

Miss Deutsch's title *Honey Out of the Rock* is suggestive, —"sun-warmed, translucent and golden—the veritable honey of Hymettus," says a well-known literary critic—and claims for it the following, "Her current runs swifter, but it runs deeper too; she has gained in energy and likewise in control: her technical workmanship is more flawless than ever," etc. Enviable praise! One opens the book of some 125 pages eagerly, to find the poems grouped in four divisions. The first *Wind and Iron*, the second *Time's Fuel*, the third *Sonnets*, the fourth *For Adam*.

The dedication "To A" is delightful and halts us:

. . . For you have come to be
To me a thousand gardens, shedding still
And still: geranium and pine and rose;
you are the rhythms and the resonance
of sounding wood, bold brasses and low strings;
you are the mood that autumn fires rouse;
you are the warmth of my walled house;
you are sea-sorrow and the sea-gull's wings;
and you are in the running of my blood. . . .

On *A Night of Rain* follows:

The rain drops through the dark, an invisible
Net of music, tangling your thought and my thought.
We beat against the scarcely palpable, wavering
Mesh in vain. Beloved, beloved, we are caught.
We must hold fast the unspoken, guarding the silence,
Hearing, blown to and fro over it, ever the sound
Of thinly woven silvers, hiding the morning,
Hiding our fear and our sorrow, keeping us bound.
Softly, steadily swings the intangible shuttle,
Weaving from you to me, from my heart to your heart again.
Whole as the wind is love, immaculate as music,
Love that is the lightnings, and the endlessness of rain.

Autumnal is a fine picture of "the sad grey weather," Portraits also beginning with:

Keen as the breath of frozen fjords
And poised
Like an adventurous ship with blond sails
flying—
Until you smiled with blue, lit eyes:
The Sun
Splintered upon an iceberg's flanks.

You are as restless as a startled leaf
Tossed in a gale.
Yet you have peace,
When the wind drops you,
Deep as a deep well, where over leaning stars
Stoop to another sky.

And also in *Words*, from which I give the first stanza:

Tossing old capes across old shoulders,
Sniffing the market's hardier herbs,
Men of Verons loiter and gossip,
Laugh and curse on the plaza's kerbs.

Vivid lines are to be found throughout the book. From the *Sonnets* I take *In August*, vivid and fine:

Heat urges secret odors from the grass.
Blunting the edge of silence, crickets shrill.
Wings veer, inane needles of light, and pass;
Laced pools: the warm wood-shadows ebb and fill.
The wind is casual, loitering to crush
The sun upon his palate and to draw
Pungence from pine, frank fragrances from brush,
Sucked up through thin grey boughs as through a straw.
Moss-green, fern-green, and leaf and meadow-green
Are broken by the bare, bone-coloured roads,
Less moved by stirring air than by unseen
Soft-footed ants and meditative toads.
Summer is passing, taking what she brings:
Green scents and sounds, and quick ephemeral wings.

The last poems in the volume *To Adam* are lively and lovely appreciations of her infant son.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

(*To be continued.*)

DELICATE SPIRITS AND A HUNCHBACK

SUPERFICIALLY it may appear that Critics and Christians have but one point in common: that of both commencing with the letter C. But, incontrovertably, they claim another point. The Christian is bidden not to harbour any respect of persons merely; the ring upon the finger is not to cause him one moment's deviation from the straight onward course. Even thus the Critic should have, if he be faithful, no mental bias in respect of names; the pen held in the mightiest hand must not influence his judgment. It would be a revealing experiment if publishers would, even for one short period, send out the copies for notice minus the author's name, and an appreciable time before the public received their volumes. Then would there be "wigs on the green" indeed. The fathering of books stand for so much, and at a famous name one tom-tom sounds and all the other tom-toms beat an echo. A reviewer is but human. He dare not, with the crabbed courage of Diogenes, bid Alexander stand out of his light. Thus, when a volume written by Thomas Hardy is in the hand, what memories are stirred at sight of that name—memories of the terrible insight fraught with tenderness that gave us *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, the wit, the freshness, the greatness and the stark realism of all the works from this Titan among minnows! Who could resist the reverential affection and respect with which we see this name? Nessus' shirt was not more difficult to tear from the flesh than is the mind's garment of reverence for the veteran author. And here in *Human Shows and Fantasies* (Macmillan) we find the love of the countryside and its sons of toil as evident as in the novels. *The Carrier*, the widowed man with the vacant seat beside him which he will let none occupy, is a pathetic story, but is perilously akin to mere prose:

> Used always to sit; but nobody does
> Since those long years ago.

This is hardly the workmanship we should expect from

a master of diction. Indeed, tales about rural folk, or tales of any sort of folk, seldom are poetically successful, unless such narrative verse is concerned with somewhat unreal romantic personages around whom the poet can weave the lovely reflections of his own mind, such as the Arthurian legends, or Byron's lay figures of Conrad and Zulcika and the rest, serving merely as material upon which the luxuriant imagination can embroider beautiful poesy. Collins' wayside tales are seldom more than stilted prose, Wordsworth's *Ruth* is fatiguing, and Tennyson's *Edwin and Angelina* almost drives the reader to take refuge in a public house, where, at least, the talk is real, if hideous, for even blatant ugliness is a relief after lisped puerilities. Mr. Hardy knows his villagers too well to paint them as anything but villagers, the consequence being that they droop into prosaicness. The *Turnip-Hoer* is not poetry. But *A Night of Questionings* is a great poem; its lines beat with the hollow boom of waves that surge relentlessly into deep hollow caves.

> On the eve of All Souls' Day
> I heard the dead men say
> Who lie by the tottering tower,
> . . . . .
> On the selfsame eve, too, said
> Those swayed in the sunk sea-bed
> To the selfsame wind as it played
> With the tide in the starless shade
> From Comorin to Horn,
> And round by Wrath forlorn . . .

Magic music is in these lines of beauty.

The *Spellbound Palace* is the spirit of that old red and grey building caught as faithfully as a painted picture would catch its visible aspect. And very true and delicate are the lines, "A Bird-Scene at a Rural Dwelling"; a few words suffice to reveal the vision of that "domicile of brown and green," and to bring to the ear the sounds and notes that surround it.

Human Shows and Fantasies boasts a sub-title, "Songs and Trifles"; if therefore the author affirms that some of

his verses are "trifles" who are we to gainsay him? Hear him:

> Any little old song
> Will do for me.
>
> . . . . .
>
> I only need the homeliest
> Of heart strings.

And his strings are heart strings, even if, sometimes, homely.

Printed with Mr. Kendon's volume of poems, *Arguments and Emblems* (John Lane) are certain remarks of Mr. J. Squire, concerning a former volume, *Poems and Sonnets*.

Mr. Squire writes thus of Frank Kendon: "He is an undemonstrative poet, but thoughtful, honest, full, and an admirable writer." What is this intended to convey? Poetry being the expression of the highest technique in writing, how can a poet fail to be "an admirable writer"? In what way is a poet "full," except after an unwise dinner? Mr. Squire continues by saying: "It is the work of an artist who never forgets his obligations or his muse even when his intellectual material is most difficult." What are the "obligations" of an artist? Is it an obligation for a poet to employ rhyme and rhythm? Then, of many poets, we can only say "it does not so appear." How are we to understand that Mr. Kendon is an artist who never "forgets" his "muse"? One would suppose that artists were continually forgetting their muse, leaving "her" behind like an umbrella or a razor, and making frantic enquiries at the Lost Property Office. Mr. Kendon's verse is of too sincere a quality to be presented by this high-sounding, but entirely ambiguous, language. *The Trumpet of the King*, the call to the poet, reveals the lonely path of such a one.

> O faint and challenging music, as I come
> At the bright call that breaks my heart to hear,
> I grow weary and sorrowful for home,
> Alone through spring, alone through all the year.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I come—in doubt whether the call in truth
> Is dream or music, though its thrilling clear

Broke in long waves of music throughout youth—
Alone through spring, alone through all the year.

There is an echo of that most exquisite poem by Francis Thompson, *The Mistress of Vision*, in Mr. Kendon's lines on the linnet :

He rocked and sang that twig upon,
. . . . .
A long trill ruffled down his throat
And up again. *I saw his song.*

Perhaps Mr. Kendon stays too long in entrancement over that overworked little creature, the lark. There should be a place in the poet's mind for the regal poising of the eagle, whose yellow eyes dare affront unblinkingly the sun.

Murder, a somewhat haunting poem, eludes greatness by a kind of nebulousness. The long poem, *Orpheus*, has a fine music of its own ; the magic echoes of the divine lute tremble through it all, but why, after the grey but vivid picture of sad Hades and the crowding spirits, why conclude with lines so lame as :

Orpheus lived long ago—
One dare not count the many springs there since have been.

It is as if the poet said " all this pother about nothing," and " there since have been " is jarring and involved.

Lovers of gentle thoughts and, for the most part, careful expression will find much to value and to remember in Ethel Glazebrook's *Lyrics of Life and Thought* (Macmillan). If the authoress does not attempt far excursions or wholly original flights into unknown spheres yet she leads the way along quiet paths where the light of religion gilds the yew-trees of life on either hand. The Sonnets on Dante are dignified and sonorous, *Incipit Vita Nova* being, perhaps, the most musical and thoughtful. The exigencies of rhyme seem, now and again, to compel a weak termination, as :

The Master's bidding sounds o'er grief and glee :
" Suffer the little ones to come to Me."

This is horrible ! and

in the purer air,
Where with the great Law Giver they may talk,
And learn the common good from what is rare,

is too entirely commonplace "talk" (which is inadmissable if the "Law Giver" is greater than Moses), but has, we suppose, to rhyme to "walk." A blue pencil and a stern hand would have pruned these tender poems into a more symmetrical beauty.

In Dumas' novel *Notre Dame* you could have passed from the incense-laden air and the beauty of the Cathedral, with but a few paces, to the dirty cell where the Hunchback squatted in all his physical hideousness. Even thus we pass from the kindly atmosphere of Thomas Hardy, the scented gardens of Frank Kendon and the cloistered light of Ethel Glazebrook into the "yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle o'er the window-panes" of T. S. Eliot. Here we fall into a world of whores and bestial men "pinned and riggling on the wall"; here the "winter evening settles down with smells of steaks in passageways and faint stale smells of beer"; here a poor fallen creature "clasped the yellow soles of feet in the palms of both soiled hands"; and lower yet to a denser sliminess—

The sleek Brazilian jaguar
Does not in its arboreal gloom
Distil so rank a feline smell
As Griskin in a drawing room.

But dare to venture further and see

Gesture of orang-outang
Rises from the sheets in steam.

A bath, please, a bath of clear, bright, cleansing water, lest this filth stick to us.

What the Thunder Said, Part V., is written throughout without punctuation, save for question marks. It is provided with copious notes, which do not, however, elucidate it greatly. The first stanza deals with the journey to Emmaus, but spreads out into incomprehensible meanderings in succeeding stanzas. There are lines in Italian and French, to conclude thus :

These fragments I have shored against my ruins.
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Dalta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih, shantih, shantih.

"Shantih" conveying peace, it *may* be so, but the only peace apparent to us is the silence after these cacophonies.

But even a greater horror to our minds is that at the end of a string of lines concerning a Miss Nancy Ellicott, and how she smoked "and her aunts were not quite sure how they felt about it," comes, without a hint of its being stolen, the great line from the finest sonnet Meredith ever wrote, one that few poets have ever equalled :

The army of unalterable law.

Meredith's sonnet concludes thus :—

He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched rank on rank
The army of unalterable law.

And T. S. Eliot appends this last line to his jingle on Nancy Ellicott! The Hunchback of Notre Dame capering about in the mantle of St. Joan would be less unseemly.

Tastes differ, so, if you choose, you can purchase this volume of T. S. Eliot's lines in a "large paper edition on hand-made paper" for twenty-five shillings. For our own part we should prefer to expend that sum on any mortal thing save and except these "Poems" by T. S. Eliot.

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * * *

The Edwin Markham Chapter of the Poetry Society—the first of the Centres of the Society in the United States, due to Mrs. Bartlett's active efforts, and honoured by personal association with the venerable poet who has come to be known as "the Dean of American Poetry"—is promoting a new verse contest, conducted by the honorary chairman, former United States Senator James D. Phelan, a distinguished gentleman devoted to the arts in many aspects as well as to poetry. Prizes are offered for the best group of 30 poems and for the best two single poems.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON'S BRIEF AND NEW POEMS

A FACET from the crystallised wisdom of the ages, a proverb, tells us that we must be thankful for small mercies; and so when we receive a very slender volume from Sir William Watson, described by himself as *Poems Brief and New* (Cape) we are grateful. But, notwithstanding his defence of brevity in a brief preface, we must claim the liberty to wish that the poems were more numerous and that some of them, at least, were longer.

Sir William quotes Sir Joshua Reynolds as saying of Bacon that "he studies brevity to excess, and, therefore, his meaning is sometimes doubtful." This is never the case in the poems of this present volume. Here we have the clarity of thought and the terse and perfect expression that we expect, and always get, from one who by virtue of the extent and quality of his poetic output must rank as the foremost of contemporary poets.

There is much in this book of brief poems that we can appreciate to the full—epigrams, lyrics of great charm and perfection, trenchant satires on certain aspects of modern poetry, containing home-truths most desirable to be uttered with authority. But one cannot say—and we are sure Sir William Watson would not wish us to say—that there is anything in this latest effort that out-tops the great achievement to be found in his collected poems. In the two verses of *In a Library*, there is a flash of the old literary criticism in verse and a happy line that will be as constantly quoted as Tennyson's synonym for champagne, "The foaming grape of Eastern France."

> "The bard of Power—the bard of Grace—
> Which shall be chief? Nay, why inquire?
> Here they have proud but equal place
> In the great peerage of the lyre.
>
> To him who sumptuous wine adores,
> No sovereign vintage comes amiss:
> With the same reverence he outpours
> The ruddy or the golden bliss."

Implicit in many of these verses there is still the same underlying vein of the reverent agnosticism which found its most eloquent expression in the poem *The Unknown God*. This is finely phrased in the brief lyric, *The Visitor Abhorred*.

" Unknowable Power is o'er me—
The Might of unknowable Mind ;
And Fathomless Time is before me,
And Fathomless Time is behind.

And I sit at the feast of Illusion
In the Palace of Baffled Quest,
Awaiting the loathed intrusion,
Of the silent Unbidden Guest,

Who passes the sleeping sentry,
And leaves him to slumber on—
And makes his triumphal entry,
And casts his dart, and is gone."

But one cannot help thinking that an agnosticism that leads to a view of Death as a " loathed intrusion " must exert a sterilising effect, and, indeed, repeated perusal of many of the poems in this volume leaves one with a sense of sadness, almost of hopelessness. The only *Intimation of Immortality* is tinged with a threat of the malign influence of surviving consciousness. This is a stanza (*The Tomb of the Mighty*) recalling the concentrated felicities of the *Epigrams* of earlier days.

" Disturb not— —thou wilt find him unforgiving—
The great and famed, in his sepulchral bed !
Thou mayst out-tire the malice of the living,
But not the vengeance of the implacable dead."

Sir Henry Newbolt's epigram *Mors Janua* arises unbidden to one's mind to cheer one by its optimistic promise.

" Pilgrim, no shrine is here, no prison, no inn :
Thy fear and they belief alike are fond :
Death is a gate, and holds no room within :
Pass— —to the road beyond."

THE PREMIUM'S EDITOR'S REPORT.

THE following members of our Fellowship are commended this month for work that is exceptionally fine among a big batch of MSS.: Mr. J. Anderson Stewart (*The Baby Who Did Not Cry in the Night*), Judith Brundrett Tweedale (*The Beech Leaves' Melody*), K. A. Munday, Margaret E. Cohen, Catherine Bridson, E. M. Frampton (*Traherne*), Ida Bradshaw, Mrs. Grace Hoffmann White, Mrs. G. A. Martin, Misses Corbett, E. Holdsworth, G. M. Marriage, M. Whitford, Doris Rymer (*Dusk*), Messrs. J. J. Vakill, John Cook, (*One Who Died*), F. Kemp (*Chant of the Rivers*), Misses E. M. Atkinson, Ida Hinde (*Joy*), Phyllis Hastings, Bertha Annakin, Mrs. J. Marion Soper (*Violets in January*), Mrs. Cossins, Mrs. E. H. Raspin, Mr. T. K. Advani, Misses Lucy G. Drabble, Dolly Scouloudi, Elizabeth F. Alden, and "C. L."

Highly commended (with book acknowledgments) are: Morwyth Rees (*Shadows*), Petronella O'Donnell, P. Joshua, S. Marguerite Goode, Gertrude Pitt, W. H. Coates (*Light*), and William Gilmour.

These are also highly commended: Dr. William Borrie (*Broadway*), Margaret Stephens (*But We Have Laughed*), Mrs. Henry Ward (*The Virgin with the Wave*), Florence Overton (*Answered*), Mabel Westby Nunn (*To Alice Meynell*), Misses Marjorie E. Procter and D. F. Radford; Mr. Ben Sowerby, whose name should also be added to our Highly Commended list of the last issue.

The money prize is divided, alas, amongst Harold Moorhouse, A. E. Mackay, and Elsa Brabant Parker. There are also welcome contributions from previous premium-winners, including Editha Jenkinson, Edith Walker, Eleanor B. Simeon, Nancy Pollok, and Vera I. Arlett.

Seven troubled contributors who wrote last month on *Night* are assured that my reference was to No. 8. Miss Drabble's commended entry is a translation which does not make me wish that she had done it in prose, a feeling which occurs to me when I contemplate Mr. Marsh's fearful operations on La Fontaine or Mr. Wright's on Ovid. Some others of the entries move me to reiterate my appeal to lovers of our language to act as its trustees. I am in no degree made penitent by my scientific correspondent who objects to the words "ignorant pedant." In a recent scientific paper of my own, the word "*disc*" occurred some twenty or thirty times. The editor altered each to "*disk*." In proofing I altered them all back again, but in the published copy you may find it each time mis-spelled. That is ignorant pedantry: such an ass would write *Skulla and Xarubdis*; Keats' poem would become *Endumion*, and fancy Keats' writing—at the dictation of his *Mouse*—"She kist the

sea-*numph's* cheek"! It was a scientist who only the other day told me that I must not write *and* after a semi-colon!

There are other mistakes, too, against which we must guard, though these are less vicious and hateful since they are not enunciated by self-appointed pedagogues. Consider the following: "Why am I *chided*?" Mr. J. R. Macdonald; "The story they had weaved," Mr. W. Harold Thomson; "I *seed* him," Witness at Marylebone Police Court (*Daily Sketch*, 13.11.25).

"Clomb" is gone, "Hove" is going; let us not lose "Chidden," "Saw" and "Woven." "Wove," too, we need if only as a variant on "love" and "above." I have mentioned this weakening of the language already in connection with "beseeched" only to be asked by a correspondent what was wrong with it. Of The *Star Threnody*, Miss D. F. Radford writes: "Of all the poems in the September number of The Poetry Review *Star Threnody* impressed me most. It has power—a power it owes, firstly, to the grandeur of the conception, and secondly to the brevity and simplicity of form in which it is expressed.

"'Ah-ee' (to my mind) gives to the last line but one a suspicion of straining after effect, quite alien to the tenour of the whole; but perhaps it should be read as emphasising the spirit of lament proper to a threnody.

"'Depthless' in the second line is exceedingly difficult to say."

Some other critics attach too much importance to the spelling "Ah-ee," though I agree with "Beech-Nut," who says why not "Aië"? To me, who have always preached that it is the aural image that matters, this spelling came as a shock; I must concede some importance now to the eye. But in that case, what constitutes "Beauty" in a word? I have tried, in order to banish bias due to meaning, to collect a few misprints from my *Manchester Guardian* and to study them quite dispassionately; here they are: (1) Woefg; (2) incogruity; (3) crysanthemums; (4) kinema; (5) Aftetr; (6) North-earnest; (7) precipitaton; (8) Iraq; (9) Mater; (10) Laides; (11) Ojy; (12) Contemputuously; (13) Desroy; (14) Iwreless; (15) Alf; (16) Themajority; (17) Amonopoly; (18) Fanby; (19) Conempt; (20) Spriit; (21) Riyon. But the disguise is too thin. (10) is a Franco-British pun, (15) is dialect, (11) is an anagram, (4) and (8) look dangerously like "ignorant pedantry," (20) would pass here as Dutch, (17) is a pure Greek negative; only (6) and (12) are worth preservation, and then not on account of their beauty, though (19) might pass as a synonym for "bought." So it is "as you were." Will someone tell me what makes a word pleasing to the eye?

As for the ear, I suppose that if ever there were an "English Association For The Speaking of Verse" it is the Poetry Society. Readers may judge therefore of our amusement at being invited to a meeting to *form* such a body. This dissipation of effort is a pity all the same, even if it gets no further than "the angle of Matthew Parker Street." We hold the same view of the Oxford Recitations.

Passengers on the P. and O. *Narkunda*, who took part in the contest, organised by our contributor, the Rev. F. Keeling Scott, of Cairo, for the best short poem on *Through My Porthole* will be interested to hear the result. Berths 421, 293, 389, 541, 273(a) and 32 are commended. The prize is awarded by Mr. Scott to Berth 278 for the following:

The narrow ring through which I saw the sky
Clouded and murky with old London's haze,
Through which the narrow waters flumed their ways,
Till Ocean met the Heavens westerly.

The narrow ring brings now before mine eye
The watery paths, unscarred by time and toil,
Where passed the prows of Tyre, and, fain for spoil,
Swift galleys barbarous from Barbary.

Time changes Man but little, not a whit
The Elements. They are as fierce to-day
As ever sank a trireme callously.
But sure it counts to Man that he has hit
Some means to counter Nature's wild affray,
And turn old risks towards security.

Will you please criticise that as our next exercise?

SOME NEW FELLOWSHIP VOLUMES.

Hugh Fleming is always interesting. In her new book (*Poems*, Heath Cranton), light verse, limericks, clipped catalogues and real poems come one after the other with such bright variety that one simply reads on to the end. In "Proof" she writes:

Sea grapes
In a crystal pool—
God is wise
And man's a fool.

There is real psychological analysis in that. A kindred poem is

Cosmos. Even in her catalogue verses, with their missing verbs and articles, there is a graceful aptness in description. Her work is musical, too, and it is rarely that we get such a sequence as " bees is bumbly " (*Summer*).

Miss Ann Hamilton (*A Jewelled Screen*, Jonathan Cape) is a satirist of unequal merit; her *Susie* is worth permanent preservation, while her *Fool and Poet* may be read in paraphrase in any junior students' magazine: but add to this that she is a poet, sensitive, eloquent and inspired; even in casual description the reader is aware of the aroma of " honeydew." *Ravello* is a beautiful thing and so is the sonnet on p. 29. That Miss Hamilton is a real poet is seen by the fact that poetry sometimes comes near to stifling her:

> How can I praise it when its light
> Is the fierce pen with which I write ?
> Back to the rose ! I cannot see
> When sunlight is so close to me.

Miss Margaret Stephens (*Poems*, Shakespeare Head Press) is simple and direct and in alignment with traditional religion. *Omnipresence* provides a welcome break:

> Through the joy that is born of striving
> And the love that has conquered Death,
> Through patience, hope and toiling
> The Lord God entereth.
> His voice is the voice of the lover,
> His laughter the laughter of men,
> In the rain he hath taken cover
> With the small tomtit and the wren.

Joseph Braddock (*Poems*, Selwyn and Blount) is too fine a poet to be contented with this volume. He has strength and music and a wonderful gift for enriching our vocabulary with new word-linkages. Yet every now and then he drops us in the trap of some odious little banality like the insertion of " it " when the subject has already been stated. *The Goldfish* is a fearful unconscious parody of *Hiawatha*; and why spell Heracles with a k ? Yet I shall always be glad to have read *On the Rookery Gardens* and *Farewell to Italy*.

The work of Marion Couthouy Smith (*Sphink of Flight*, Harold Vinal) is different again. I opened at *Death and the Flying Man* which ends as follows:

> Something they laid in hollow earth
> With a box and shroud;

They could not hear the laugh that dropped
From a high, bright cloud.

Sometime there will be a sufficient number of really religious people to laugh us out of the disgusting customs of interment and mourning, but that is not Miss Smith's secret : the secret of that last line is the secret of being a poet. She has a sonnet on *The Sonnet* which is a poem without the tedium usually attendant on the credoes of sonnet lovers. *You who scorn Beauty* is an eloquent and moving address to certain artists and sculptors of the present day, who, however, would not be able to understand it any more than the modern universities which employ them. All the poems, indeed, are very, very good. I thought at first that *The Unanswered Sea* was to prove one sole exception, being at first apparently a mere exercise, but it ends finely. O. C. DE C. E.

* * * *

The next meeting of the Northern group of the Poets' Fellowship will be held in Leeds on Saturday, January 23rd. Miss Alice Collinge of Bolton will read a paper on Keats from the writer's standpoint. The local arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Philip H. Hall, 41, St. Michael's Road, Headingley, Leeds. Invitations and full information must be applied for to the General Secretary of the Poetry Society, 16, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

* * * *

No poems serve their purpose so effectively as those that appear in THE POETRY REVIEW. In America in particular they are accepted as expressing the standard of modern verse ; hence the contributors are doing a great service in educating poetic taste and with it accept a great responsibility. From our exchanges, which we have not examined since a previous analysis was published in THE POETRY REVIEW, we find that M. M. Radford's *Last of the Goths* was reprinted in a dozen papers, including the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), Honor F. Leeke's *A Poplar on a Wet Night* went round the States, beginning with the *Buffalo Enquirer* and the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, the "London" and "New York" sonnets have gone round the world, being reprinted in fifty American papers ; the latest appearance of the former (without acknowledgment) was in a Paris paper in August. To take others at random, the *New York Herald* "lifted" B. M. Powell's *Harvest Festival* and Honor F. Leeke's *Ye Sparrows* ; the *New York Telegraph* started *The Old Woman* by Z. M. Thorne on a tour of the United States ; we find the *Fort Wayne Gazette* using E. M. Frampton's *In Defence* ; the *Watertown (N.Y.) Times* repeating Audrey Wrangham's *Poet out of Love*, and the *Washington (D.C.) Post* featuring B. Annakin's *Memory*.

POETRY PROBLEM PAPERS: AWARDS.

The Browning cross-words puzzle proved much more popular than the questionnaires, and provides an easy means of making the awards. A number of readers attempted the former only, and are thereby ineligible for a prize. Moreover, not one of this class sent in a correct solution—as they would know when they saw the November number of THE POETRY REVIEW. In fact, only one competitor—Leonora Featon, Golder's Green—sent in a completely correct key to the Browning exercise. If her answers to the supplementary questions had been equally good, she would have carried off the cash intact. In the circumstances, justice is done by awarding her half the 25 dollars, with half the balance to Eva Dobell, Cheltenham, for the general excellence of her answers to the two sets of "problems"—most admirable papers in every respect—the remainder divided between K. A. Munday, Bromley, and Morwyth Roes, Pembroke Dock, for very good general papers. The latter, with several others, had only two errors to the Browning exercise, involving one letter only.

Copies of Dr. Hodgson's illuminating *Criticism at a Venture*, are awarded to Mrs. Hickson, Swanage, who, like Miss Rees, was trapped by the Browning 37/41, Constance D. Thompson, Huyton (ditto); A. Forrest, Antigua; who did well under a severe handicap; and Estelle S. Austin, Montreux, who sent not only a particularly good list of "Second Best Poems"—we hear, by the way, Mr. Hind's *Anthology* is a "best seller"—but also supplied a copy of the words. Time does not allow us to analyse these meritorious papers in this issue, but we hope to make an interesting miscellany of them in the March number. There was great diversity of opinion as to the 12 best poems in the autumn issue of *Poetry of To-day*, Lettie Cole's *Light and Shade* being the only poem to be placed first by more than one competitor. It is consoling to an editor to find that in the papers that placed Miss Cole's verses at the head of the list no other poem figured twice.

We have received from several non-competitors, expressions of appreciation of "Torquemada's" Browning exercise, with the hope that other similar cross-words puzzles would be published. Do any readers care to submit any such "cross words in rhyme"? And will they send postcards to the Editor if they wish these poetry problem papers to be continued?

* * *

Through Mrs. W. Lopez Diez, the Poetry Society is now represented in the Department of Education in Porto Rico.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S VERSE :

Illness and prolonged absence from England have caused a state of congestion to prevail in this department. And now we have too little space for more than an announcement of the principal awards. Perhaps a new Children's Verse Editor will have more to say later. Some excellent general remarks on this feature appeared in last September's issue, p. 361. Please refer to them to save repetition. They concisely express the *raison d'être* and value of this section of THE POETRY REVIEW.

The most distinctive individual poem among many that are pretty is the following *Hermit's Song* by Lanoy Badock (13) of Westbury-on-Trym. I would like to have the opinions of grown-ups upon it.

Why will ye fret and drive yourselves into despair
Over such little things, such little things ?
When the wind from the greygreen downs brings a scent of
Heaven,
And down in the sunlit orchard the blackbird sings,
Deep in the flowery trees flushed pink and white
And the sunshine falls on the bluebells in shafts of light,
Like a mirror reflecting the skies' deep azure blue,
Have ye no eyes to see, no ears to hear ?
That ye weep at day and nightly shake with fear,
Over such little things ?

In comparison with this, the commended poem by another lad (G. W. Mathews, 12, Edgbaston), while being a credit to him, is trite and superficial in feeling and expression. Perhaps his master will compare the two. Also on the commended list (in recognition of which small books are sent to the writers) must be placed Lorna G. Richards (10), Bristol, who has wedded verse to observation to the extent of being able to give a charming and natural description in simple lines of the scene from her nursery window, and Joan Bradford (10), Streatham, who, being delicate, is able to attend school very little, and when ill or convalescent, finds amusement in writing stories and "poetry." From one of Joan's poems, we take a verse that would make some Neo-Georgians envious :

> The moon shines down from a star-lit sky,
> The owl is in his tree,
> Watching a fox who is caught in a trap,
> And trying *so* hard to get free !

Of the group poems, Lawnside, Gt. Malvern, must be placed

first, with the County School, Ammanford, second. Lawnside MSS. contain the more cultured work. Ammanford has strength and realism, but in both respects they overlap in quality and defects. One is not likely to find a more finished and concise picture than that presented by *White Snapdragons*, the leading Malvern poem, by Wendy Boston (16):

The snapdragons leered weirdly in the lamp-light,
Quaint humpy pale green buds on thick green stalk,
The flowers themselves crisp, peaked and creamy white,
Like queer unnatural monsters who did walk
The dim dark forests and the wide watery moats
In the primeval age; flowers whose lips
Were yellow smeared, with hairy pollen strewn throats
That gaped and showed two slim white fangs with golden tips.
A faint elusive perfume, poignant, bitter-sweet,
Came wandering from the flowers; a scent that brought
Into the mind the dusty memories; shuffle of pattering feet,
Chatter of unknown tongues, voicing some unknown thought
And all the Chinese splendour of the haunting East.
Smooth parchment faces and sly slanting eyes
The sights and smells and sounds which last, at least,
In minds and hearts until the body dies.

Poems on animals are a feature of the Malvern collection. Kathleen Harding (14), writes poignantly of *Jock* in a regular well-finished poem, we hope to use elsewhere; and Euthine Tilley (9) (who has learned the first lesson in the training of animals) is commended for her *Bobby*, in which she tells us:

To have a cat would be delight,
And Bob would be his name.
If ever he should try to bite,
With love I'd make him tame.

At nine, too, Barbara Watson is able to tell us

I have a little frisky dog
Name of Winkle,
And in his frightened-looking eye
There's a twinkle.

He loves me much and follows me
From morn till night
With wagging tail and licking tongue,
And footsteps light.

He's very fond of eating bones
And playing with a hundred stones.

A group of fanciful fairy verses have a delightful, often surprising, twist, of which Joan Tweddell (13), supplies, perhaps, the best example :

A fairy tripped one autumn night ;
Of gossamer her golden gown,
Her face was gay, her steps were light,
Her dance like that of thistledown.
Among the flowers, beneath the trees
She pirouetted in the breeze.

Her brown wings glimmered like the sun ;
She, laughing, clapped her hands and said,
" Be happy ! For our work is done ! "
And tossed her pretty little head.
Then up she flew, with farewell brief—
I found she was an autumn leaf !

Imagination supplies the material for wider flights by Cherry Wright (15)—*A Dream on the Malvern Hills* ; Georgina Manly (15), *The Sea Wind* ; and Y. F. Thomas (13), *The Enchanted Pool* ; while, as may be expected from one of her name, Mary Sitwell gives a compact account of *Hallow E'en* :

On Hallow E'en the ghosts come out,
And while we sleep they prowl about,
And woe betide whoever's out
On Hallow E'en !

On Hallow E'en we have such fun
At " bob-the-apple " " bite-the-bun,"
And then tell stories one by one,
On Hallow E'en !

On Hallow E'en we tour the land,
With turnip-lanterns in our hand,
And all the " quick " folk understand,
'Tis Hallow E'en !

On Hallow E'en, at stroke of eight,
We mount the stairs with backward gait,
To keep our luck quite up to date,
On Hallow E'en !

The Ammanford MSS. contain some original but irregular poems, with a number that are conventional in treatment and expression, yet, nevertheless, exceptionally good when judged by the general standards, the whole deserving the second group award of a copy of Mrs. Meynell's *Anthology*, with individual acknowledgments to Ellrwen Llewelyn (13½), who takes first places with *Thoughts on Hearing a Piece of Music*—"*Voglein*"—*Played*, and to Wm.Brynmor Jenkins (14), who starts his *Merchant Venturers* with a swing—

> From the cities of Great Britain to the mountains of Assam,
> From the mysteries of the Orient to the plains of Abraham,
> Have we ventured, ventured onwards, through the foreign homes of man—

to Cissie Harries (12), for a *Ballad of the Three Wise Men*:

> Who travelled many weary days
> The Mystery to find—
> The sun beat down on endless ways,
> Their homes were far behind.
>
> On, on, they went while hot sand swirled
> 'Neath camels' cleaving feet,
> Until the sun set on their world,
> And night fell, dark but sweet.

And Morfudd Walters (13) must be mentioned for her description of *Street Hawkers*, beginning—

> There are so many people
> Now walking through the street,—
> Some call at all the houses
> Their customers to greet,
> While others on the roadside
> Are shouting all the day,—
> Some sell sweet things for eating,
> And others toys for play.

Perhaps I am childish in thinking the work from which I have quoted —and much that I cannot mention, being outside the awards—of greater interest than much pretentious work that engages the critics and passes as poetry in the solemn adult world.

Among my correspondence I find a letter of complaint, heedless of rule and custom, that a manuscript addressed to "The Children's Verse Editor" was not acknowledged or returned within a fortnight

Within that limited period the MS. in question had not reached the C.V.E., who does not camp at Featherstone Buildings ready to receive and pass judgment on and return MSS. These MSS. are collected and dealt with periodically and only through these pages, except under certain conditions, and they are not returnable. Why do people make a grievance out of their own neglect of rules—a foolish, careless one per cent. prejudicing the wiser, patient ninety-nine per cent. The covering letter in this instance is an interesting piece of literary biography:

"I am wondering whether the enclosed poems, *written by a child of ten*, at the end of the last century, more than twenty-five years ago, would be of interest. With this child poetry was a born gift, and she first started writing at the age of eight—almost before she could read!

"Until she had reached the age of fourteen she never had a book of verse of any description in her possession, nor had she read or heard any poetry except the few scanty selections from Walter Scott or Shakespeare that were given out in the school lesson once a week! The children were never given the book, except for occasional correction. Seemingly at the school to which she had the misfortune to be sent poetry was considered to be positively immoral: there was not a single volume of verse to be found in the whole of the school library, and when by the merest accident the school authorities discovered that the child had been writing poems (for she was far too shy ever to have shown her work to anyone but her father) she was given a long lecture by her dormitory mistress and told it was 'very morbid and unnatural and if she didn't take care she would go mad.' Not *once* did this unhappy child, who possessed the unmistakable marks of genius, ever have a word of commendation for her work, not even when as a child of twelve she translated almost straightaway into good English poetry a French poem upon which she had never set eyes before. She was practically expelled from school for having asked a few simple questions in the Scripture class (and for smoking a cigarette in the bathroom), quite a repetition of Shelley's treatment at Oxford, but 'Ethel Archer' was only fourteen and had never heard of Shelley or Keats!

"At the age of fourteen the child I am speaking of wrote poems that might (except for their spirituality) have been written by Milton or Keats in their early manhood. It was merely considered 'unhealthy.'

"Her poems were almost entirely inspirational, and she seldom

had to alter a word or a phrase (not even as a child of ten), and even now her work is inspirational, though she has in these days to polish up lines in a way that she never had to then. Many of her poems were written in the middle of the night, but only mentally, of course; until a poem was quite perfect in her head she never wrote a line of it down, and as a consequence of this is able perfectly to remember every poem she has ever written. Altogether there are about sixty of them!

"The high merit of such very early work may have caused you to wonder—it would not do so if you realised what tendencies the child naturally inherited. Her father, when but twelve years of age, wrote an epic poem of more than 600 lines—an extraordinarily fine piece of work, her uncle Andrew (whose book on the Crusades was published by Fisher Unwin in 1884) began to write poetry *at the age of seven!* The other uncle, Charles, took a double first in Classics. He was an 'Oriel' man, her father a 'Lincoln' man and a scholar of his college. Her grandfather on the mother's side was a Jewish Rabbi, of the tribe of Judah, a direct descendant in the royal line from King David, and traced his descent back to King Jehoiakim. He afterwards became an Anglican priest, and was disinherited of great possessions as a result. He it was who baptised Charles Abram Montefiore. He spoke eleven languages, and had such a perfect knowledge of the Old Testament that it was said he could have rewritten it in Hebrew had it been lost. It would have been very strange if his granddaughter had not been unusually gifted."

After this long preamble I can quote only the first two verses of the long poem *Love*. They are fairly indicative of the theme and expression. Readers may compare them with the other verses here quoted and consider whether they justify the lengthy warm commendation of our correspondent:

One night Love flew down from on high,
  Leaving behind her the starry sky,
And on the earth he lighted down,
  All living things with joy to crown.

He touched the stately lilies pale,
  And they did his sweet breath inhale,
And sending out a sweet perfume,
  Their lovely fragrance found no room."

Our friend concludes, "I think this adequately proves that poetry

is a gift and that poets are born, though one may be taught to write verse."

Attention is drawn to the few simple rules governing this section of THE POETRY REVIEW.

This Young People's Verse section will be continued from issue to issue until further notice. Mr. Rawnsley authorises us to offer, as a group prize, one of the famous Lucchesi busts of Tennyson for award to the school submitting the best collection of poems by pupils. He also enables us to offer a Tennyson bust for the best selection of essays on Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* sent in by any one school. (This competition will be repeated in succeeding issues with different subjects for treatment, but all bearing on appreciation of Tennyson's poems and limited to 1,000 words.)

In addition, the usual book prizes at the adjudicator's discretion will again be given in three classes—viz., ages under eleven, ages eleven to fifteen, and ages fifteen to seventeen. The books include Mrs. Meynell's *School of Poetry*, Philip Wayne's *Lyrics for Children*, Dent's *Junior Poetry Book*, *Rainbow Lanterns* by Emily Lewis, and a selection of other suitable verse books not exceeding one hundred volumes. Not more than two poems may be submitted by or on behalf of any competitor, and each MS. must bear the name and address of the writer, and an endorsement of authenticity by a parent or teacher, who must be a member of the Poetry Society. School teachers, however, may send in batches of poems by their pupils, and in the event of any large number being received from any particular school or teacher a special additional prize or prizes may be awarded, thus constituting a competition within the major general contest. All MSS. should be addressed to the Children's Verse Editor, POETRY REVIEW, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1. Personal criticism of MSS. can only be given on payment of a fee of 5s. Several poems may be sent by teachers and others for a private opinion for this fee.

* * *

Owing to serious illness, which all associated with THE POETRY REVIEW will deplore, especially as it holds up the development of many plans for the extension of our activities, Mrs. Bartlett is unable personally to attend to correspondence, and time would be saved if American correspondents would address their Poetry Society and POETRY REVIEW communications, MSS., subscriptions, etc., to the London office, 16, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1, until further notice. In Mrs. Bartlett's enforced absence, THE POETRY REVIEW will be represented in America by Mr. Henry Woodhouse, Y.P., the distinguished editor-professor of *The Scientific Age*.

AN AMIL WEDDING.

Descriptive of Amil-Hindu Rites and Customs.

Drums and pipes and rockets, hear !
Whirr ! . . . A-bang !! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Wedding-train is drawing near . . .
Friends in front, so lavishly
Coins amidst the people pour ;
Carries twenty-five, or more ;
In the first, the bridegroom, lo !
Wears a pearl-cap white as snow ;
Crimson veils his shoulders deck ;
Glittering garlands grace his neck ;
Nods to crowds on either side
On his way to fetch his bride—
Hailed by volleys of delight ;
Trailed by *garris* flower-dight
Teeming full with damsels gay
Gopis ! tracing *Krishna's* way !—
Slowly, slowly moves the train
Through the cheer-and-rocket-rain . . .
Whirr ! . . . A-bang !! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Streets resound rejoicingly.—

Dwelling of the bride is here . . .
Whirr ! . . . A-bang !! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Bridegroom meets his maiden dear . . .
With his bare foot lovingly
Rubs upon her foot his toes
And his fond salute bestows !—
Maiden's mother at his seat
Gently kneels to wash his feet . . .
Brahmin, lovers hands unites
With the *sagro*, and recites
All the blessings that he knows !
Tiny grains of rice he throws . . .
Parshad sweets then gives to all
And the lovers at his call
Round the sacred fire pace !
Groom in front, with thoughtful face
With a dagger drawn, to show :
Woe ! to mischief makers, woe !
Whirr ! . . . A-bang !! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Locked in wedlock she and he !

Drums and pipes and rockets cheer
Whirr ! . . . A-bang !! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Wife and husband now appear
There they sit with silent glee
In the *garri*, home ward bound !
Like two silvery notes, to sound
All in unison and twine
In companionship divine !
Vowed hath he to bring the ghee
And the flour ; and vowed hath she
With her sugar to complete
Life's uncloying *halvo* sweet !
Vowed hath he to give his life
Need if be, for home and wife !
Vowed hath she, the home to fill
With her virtue's sacred thrill
Keep it pure, and make it bright
With her love's immortal light . . .
Whirr ! . . . A-bang ! ! . . . and dum-doo-lee !
Echoes seek eternity !

ELSA KAZI.

Amil—Name given to a small community of Hindus in Sind.
Garris—Carriages.
Gopis—Shepherdesses and playmates of Krishna.
Krishna—The Cow-herd-God—Deity of Hindus.
Brahmin—Hindu priest.
Sagro—Red sacred thread of Hindus.
Parshad—Sweetmeat distributed at Hindu weddings for blessings.
Halvo—Sweetmeat made of ghee (melted butter) flour and sugar.
This is a typical Amil-Hindu wedding.

* * * *

The Birmingham University Dramatic Society has chosen for its annual play this session *Salma*, by Capt. L. Cranmer-Byng. It will be presented at the Midland Institute Theatre throughout the first week of March. *Salma*, which Capt. Cranmer-Byng read at a Kensington meeting prior to its publication in volume form by Mr. John Murray, is a romantic play set in old-world Portugal, and is new to the stage. The musical director is Professor Granville Bantock.

A DISCUSSION ON PARODY.

The Northern Group of the Poets' Fellowship met at the Manchester Social Club on November 21st. Miss Taylor was in the chair, and a most interesting paper was read by Mr. Conrad Hartley, of Romiley, on "The Function of Parody" which will be published in a later issue.

In the course of discussion Miss Taylor agreed with the lecturer that parody merely imitating form was not enough. There must be a criticism, or at least a comment. One should feel that a parody was the original—with a difference. Miss Collinge said she had always thought parody was a comic thing, but after hearing Mr. Hartley's paper she thought it was not comic in itself, and that it was constructive rather than destructive. Miss Knowles thought parody rather useful, and reminded the meeting of a classic parody beginning "I never had a young Gazelle," and also introduced other "gravity removing" examples. Dr. Ellis praised Mr. Hartley for his scientific and complete analysis of parody. He was particularly glad that the author had not lost sight of the point that some poems by their very merits invited parody. Some work was too colourless to waste time on. Mr. Mitchell said he did not like *Punch's* parodies. It appeared that almost anything could be parodied. He agreed that criticism was the main function of parody. Miss Frampton (Wakefield) said familiarity was sometimes a cause of parody—it breeds contempt. Mr. G. G. Jenkins thought it was possible to parody a poem without uttering a single word—simply by the way one read it. Mr. Hartley, replying, said he had opened the subject in a spirit of mischief and to point out defects. A poet was extravagant by nature. An interesting feature of this meeting was that there were present an equal number of men and women. Fog, no doubt, kept some members away, but the meeting was highly satisfactory, and the paper and discussion were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

* * * *

The psychological influence of the Poetry Society's verse-speaking examinations is illustrated in a letter from a High School Mistress, who wrote: "One of the Senior candidates interests me very much. Her brother was killed before her eyes about three years ago, and since then she has lived mechanically, doing her lessons well, as she has good brains, but showing no interest in anything or anybody. About a fortnight ago she electrified her Form and myself by asking to be entered for the Poetry Examination certificate, and though she has not lost her frightened look, she is now interested and alive, and puts more zest into her poetry speaking than one could have thought her capable of doing. She has at last found a

means of self-expression. I am taking some time from her ordinary English work to let her enjoy herself and read poetry at will, memorising what she enjoys most." At the subsequent examination this girl was awarded the Certificate "with honours," her paper being endorsed "clear, distinct enunciation, meaning well expressed, intelligent."

* * * *

We have been asked for the words of *The Seven Ages*, by Jewel Bothwell Tull, which Miss Molly Dutchman spoke so effectively at the Spring Gardens Galleries when she won the Poetry Society's gold medal for artistic excellence in verse-speaking. The poem reads :

I

Over the dim hill in the twilight
Comes a tall white elephant,
And his rider the dark prince !
I stand with proud chin like a princess ;
For I know they are coming to me,
Bringing strings of emeralds,
And purple sashes,
The dark prince will smile into my eyes,
He will kneel at my feet. . . . . .

They come nearer—they ride by—
Our neighbour's hired man and his old gray horse.

Perhaps to-morrow they will come
The dark Prince and the tall white elephant.

II

They tell me it is sinful to dream,
Sitting idle on thy father's doorstep
In the gray twilight.
They laugh at the Dark Prince and the tall white elephant,
They say I should marry the neighbour's hired man,
For he will bring me home and children,
I shall find peace and never dream again.

III

They lied to me.
I married our neighbour's hired man.
I sit on my own doorstep in the dusk.

The cows are fed, the hogs are fed ;
He is smoking his pipe, sitting with his shoes off—yawning.
He is a good man.
My only cry against him is
That he can hold me in his arms
And cannot hold my dreams.

* * * *

IV

They lied to me !
There is a baby in my arms—
There have been five of them ;
Not one has blotted out the long dim hill,
The purple twilight and the tall dark Prince,
I wait watching the gray road,
Knowing now it is a sin to dream.

V

I sit, poking the ashes, watching the clock,
There's nothing to do any more—
There's not even anything to dream about.
I am tired remembering
How children used to play.

VI

I could say bitter things to-night,
While the gray wind moans,
And the gray ash withers as I wither.
I could complain as the wind complains,
Yet I think the wind knows more the why of its sorrow
Than I do,
Withering with the gray ash,
Sobbing with the gray wind !

Even the ash has known flame,
And a bit of blue burning,
But I have been always gray.

VII

I hear them say I am dying
And I laugh.

I know I look to them like a gray and withered leaf
That has let go at last,
Fluttering to the ground to be for ever buried.
I am alone in the purple shadow,
And over the dim hill in the twilight
Comes a tall white elephant
And his rider the Dark Prince!
They whisper, "It is the end!"
And I laugh—
For I know it is the beginning.

* * * *

We are greatly gratified by the renewed active association with the Poetry Society of the Rev. F. de W. Lushington, who was one of the first members of the Council when he was Head Master of Elstree School and Dover College. After war service Mr. Lushington became an Assistant Master at Eton and is now engaged in educational work in Switzerland. He has become European representative on the General Council and is extending our School Centres on the Continent where the verse-speaking examinations under the regulations of the Poetry Society will be adopted widely with Mr. Lushington as examiner and lecturer. His course of daily reading in poetry, drawn up in conjunction with the Hon. E. Lyttelton, then Head Master of Eton, and published in the early issues of this journal, will be remembered by older members. It will be revived shortly for the benefit of later members who, we hope, are as eager in their daily reading of poetry as our original members were.

* * * *

The Wimbledon meetings of the Poetry Society in the New Year will include a causerie by the President of the Centre (Mr. A. W. Wills), on March 2nd, at Margin House, subject, "Verses, Home-made and others"; a debate on January 12th, "That the work of modern poets, since Swinburne, will not achieve immortality," proposer Miss Leslie Anderson, opposer Mr. John Hayward; a lecture on February 16th by Miss M. Winifried Hughes, M.A., "John Keats in his letters," and one on March 16th by Mrs. Alfred Lampson, with illustrations in song by Miss Joan Sheppard, "Poetry and Music in England in the 17th Century." All meetings will be held at 8.30 p.m. Addresses of the above, where not stated, may be had on application to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. A. G. Wright, 4, Alan Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

"THE 'BLUE RIBAND' OF VERSE SPEAKING."

Under the above heading, the *Western Press* of November 30th reported: The annual competition for the Lady Margaret Gold Medal, the culmination of the Poetry Society's series of examinations in the art of reading and speaking verse, now combined with a general examination for the Society's gold medal for artistic excellence in the vocal interpretation of poetry—the highest standard attainable in the difficult, many-sided art of verse-speaking associated with the highest special awards obtainable—was held on Saturday afternoon at the Spring Gardens Galleries, The Mall, London.

The 21 candidates, all holders of the Poetry Society's silver medal for distinction in verse-speaking, who were drawn from different parts of the country, gave a varied recital of poetry—Shakespeare, Milton, Hardy, Drinkwater, Tennyson, and Flecker figuring prominently on the programme.

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, M.A., the eminent authority on voice culture and its application to artistic purposes, acted as adjudicator, and awarded the Lady Margaret Medal—the premier distinction—to Miss Ivy Croucher, of Bristol. Her selections were the prison scene from Flecker's *Hassan* and "The quality of mercy" speech from *The Merchant of Venice*. The only other candidate to be awarded a gold medal was Miss Mollie Dutchman, of Woldingham, Surrey, a pupil of Miss E. Clements, who spoke *Seven Ages*, by J. B. Tull. Miss Croucher was, until recently, a teacher of voice production in Bristol, having graduated under Miss C. Rowlands, of Clifton. When Hardy's *Tess* was first produced at the Barnes Theatre she was given the minor part of one of the Wessex girls. She has expressed an intention to adopt the stage as a profession.

The medals were presented to the successful candidates by Lady Maud Warrender, who made her first appearance as President-General of the Poetry Society, on the governing body of which she has taken an active part for many years.

* * *

The *Daily Telegraph*, in its individual report, stated: For two and a half hours a sympathetic and interested audience listened to some of the finest poetry in the English language. There were twenty-one competitors, and the standard reached by some of them was very high.

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, in making the awards, said that as the Poetry Society, the one authority in the country specially concerned with the vocal interpretation of poetry, they had to set a high standard for their gold medals. The qualities he looked for were consistency and understanding, and these were most clearly brought out by Miss

Ivy Croucher in her piece, "The quality of mercy," from *The Merchant of Venice.*

After presenting gold medals to Miss Croucher and Miss Dutchman, Lady Maud Warrender (President-General of the Society) said she was glad that so many young people had taken part, because poetry made them love their own language. English was the most beautiful language in the world. As a singer, she remembered the days when they thought German was the only language worth singing, but it was terribly ugly when compared with English. Times had changed since then, and now people realised that nothing could compare with their own language.

* * * *

A special examination in the art of reading and speaking verse will be held at the University of London, South Kensington, on February 27th. A second examiner will take certificate candidates if a sufficient number of entries are received by February 22nd—otherwise these candidates will be taken at the ordinary general examination in March. A list of the new test pieces, entry forms and other particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, at 16, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.

These auditions, which constitute the most serious and valuable examinations of their kind, may be attended by readers interested in this important phase of the Society's work. Admission permits must be obtained in advance from the General Offices of the Society, the examinations not being open public meetings. It is desirable, however, that members and others should be personally acquainted with them.

* * * *

The Principal of Lawnside, Great Malvern, at whose school a verse-speaking examination was held recently by Dr. H. H. Hulbert on behalf of the Poetry Society, writes as follows to the Registrar: "Allow me to say what an exceedingly enjoyable experience we had at the Poetry Examination. Lawnside, I am sure, will ever feel deeply indebted to the Poetry Society and Dr. Hulbert for setting forth the true ideals of Poetry, and I trust this will only be the first of many auditions here. It was quite a new experience for the children, but a most enjoyable one."

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Other Notices, Centre Reports, &c., will be found on pp. ii, iv, ix, and xi.

EXAMINATIONS IN VERSE SPEAKING UNDER THE REGULATIONS OF THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)

PASS LISTS.

LONDON, OCTOBER 31st, 1925.

Certificate Division.

Senior Section.—Pass: B. M. Pring, Marie Seton, Gwendoline Martin Harvey.

Adult Section.—Honours: Mary Elizabeth Lyne, Charles Tait, Dorothy Waumsley. Pass: Annie Bishop, Eileen A. M. Ely, Eileen Bazire, E. M. Howe, May A. Moorey.

Bronze Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Pass: Margery Mash, Zoe Sully.

Senior Section.—Pass: Leah Coleman.

Adult Section.—Pass: Mabel Johns, Effie G. Davies.

Silver Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Pass: Rita Hunt.

Senior Section.—Hilda N. Spiro, Helené Blumenthal.

Adult Section.—Honours: Eileen Grevener. Pass: Maisie Fraser, Winifred Lester, Kate O. Codrington Ball, Dorothy H. Moorey.

SHEFFIELD, NOVEMBER 17th, 1925.

Certficate Division.

Junior Section.—Honours: Joan Silmi. Special Mention: Phyllis Jackson. Pass: Mary Robinson, Marjory Cole, Marjorie Drayton, Molly Parton, Angela Parton, Frank Bottom, Trixie Collingham, Eveline Marsden, Mary Thompson.

Senior Section.—Pass: Nancy Gelder, Doreen Denison, Elsie Turner, Violet Shaw, Winifred Bird, Minnie Hobson, Queenie Goorney, Kathleen Smith.

Adult Section.—Honours: Marian Cooper, Kathleen Phillips.

Bronze Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Pass: Joan Constance Bailey, Minnie Dempsey, Kathleen Kelly, Reita Brammer, Nora Sutton.

Senior Section.—Honours: Vera Weston, Cecilia Jenkins. Pass: Veda Middleton, Kathleen Morris, Alice Osborne, Marjorie Boyers, Margaret Moore, Tessie Warner.

Adult Section.—Honours: Reginald Parkin. Pass: Dorothy Stabler, Florence Coupe.

Silver Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Pass: Phyllis E. Tucker.

Adult Section.—Special Mention: Norah Wales. Pass: Daisy B. Simpson, Cora G. Jarvis.

BRIGHTON, DECEMBER 4th, 1925.

Certificate Division.

Junior Section.—Honours: Veronica Fowler, Norah Standen, Betty Oddling, Peggy Marshall. Special Mention: Betty Rathkins, Joan Norman. Pass: Maud Townsend.

Senior Section.—Margaret Le May Edwards, Mollie Winmill, Kathleen Adcock, Muriel Kitson, Gladys Grimsdich, Sally Romer. Special Mention: Mollie Crush, Betty Scarce, Lily Mogford, Mary Stevens, Sylvia Cunningham. Pass: Nora Gray.

LONDON, DECEMBER 5th, 1925.

Certificate Division.

Junior Section.—Honours: Norman Henson, Gladys Smith, Phyllis Harton, Lily Cassenbaum, Deborah Skodnick. Special Mention: Rachel Berger, Eileen Tregunna, Peggy Neave, Mary Newnham, Phyllis Capland, Olwen Hughes, Hetty Morgan. Pass: Minnie Vidovsky, Brenda Gibbs, Iris Hamlin, Geoffrey Williams, Dorothy Carlisle, Joyce Shearer, Betty Gooch, Sylvia Polinsky, Joyce Murray, Fanny Smolovitch, Marjorie Holder.

Senior Section.—Honours: Sybil Thomas, Margaret Irene Wood, Betty Carr, Margaret Barraclough, Dorothy Phillips, Susanne Wilson, Molly Barnes, Sylvia Talbot, Beryl Jones. Special Mention: Mary Gray, Mary Buckman, Jessie Walsh, Antoinetta Seager, Roma Thrift, Marjorie Hodson. Pass: Mary Evelyn Shaw, Joan Gardiner Osenton, Connie Williamson.

Adult Section.—Honours: Josephine Elsa Fyffe, Dolly Scouladi, Marion Lord, Elsie Standen, Lucy Murphy, Nancy Blackwood, Winifred Barnett, —. Bailey.

Bronze Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Honours: Kitty Barbour. Pass: Eileen Gregg, Eileen Alice Bailey, Joyce Edwards, Betty Rosemary Morris, Gertrude Goodman, Dorothy Blackwell, Kathleen Horley, Sheila Brady, Nora Bryon, Gwendoline Yates, Kathleen Watkins, Marjorie Pollard, Dora Hughes, Ada Sunderland.

Senior Section.—Honours: Phyllis May Goetze, Eileen Jones, Margaret Elizabeth Myers. Pass: Nora McGill.

Adult Section.—Agnes Townsend Eagle, May Moorey.

Silver Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Honours: Betty Margaret Roberts. Pass: Joan Kerridge, Francis Moore, Flora Smith, Doris Hiscock.

Senior Section.—Honours: Rosemary King, Evelyn Ann Pound. Pass: Muriel Mollison, Dorthy Deane, Marjorie Bond, Nancy Kathleen Brown.

Adult Section.—Honours: Doris F. Martin Harvey, D. J. Waumsley. Pass: Mabel Johns.

CLIFTON, JULY 18th, 1925.

CERTIFICATE DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Helen Langfield, Daphne Mumford. Special Mention: Rona Farmar, Josephine Gayland, Patricia Dene. Pass: Marcel Chicoteau, Clemence Moore.

Senior Section.—Honours: Dulcie Griffiths, Noreen Griffiths, Grace Richards, Honor Teagle. Special Mention: Betty Andrews. Pass: Mary Ap Simon.

Adult Section.—Honours: Vera Clarke, Christine Davis, Mrs. Plummer, Albert Williams.

BRONZE MEDAL DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Pass: Lucille Giles, Moyra Spowart.

Senior Section.—Honours: Marjorie Brown. Pass: Molly Baldwin, Olive Collingwood, Molly Craik, Mary Fyrth, Elizabeth Langfield, Phyllis Rogers, Kathleen Smith, Louise Wigan.

Adult Section.—Pass: Margaret Sawtell.

SILVER MEDAL DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Mimette Carleton. Pass: Grace Cotrell, Beatrice Leach, Peta Mogg, Peggy Woodcock.

Senior Section.—Honours: Mollie Bigge, Betty Cole, Biddy Lee-Davis, Cynthia Hortin, Beryl Moore, Roy Wiltshire. Special Mention: Violet Craven. Pass: Agneta Coates, Joyce Noel-Cox, Winifred Kirkhouse, Miriam Ritblatt, Betty Arnold.

Adult Section.—Honours: Kathleen Stafford.

KENDAL HIGH SCHOOL, DECEMBER 12TH, 1925.

CERTIFICATE DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Kathleen Thornburrow, Joan Atkinson, Patsy O'Neill, Christina Glass, Dorothy Swainson, Nancy Ireland, Margaret Whitehead. Special Mention: Margaret Thomson, Doris Turner, Joan Counsell, Eva Ross, Marjorie Wright.

Senior Section.—Honours: Marian Sykes, Molly Marshall, Helen Rhodes, Margaret Woods, Violet Robinson, Mary Edwards, Hilda Johnson, Preda Rigg. Special Mention: Muriel Casson, Mary Wilkinson, Lilian Bush, Margaret Thomas, Anne Wilson, Constance Newly. Pass: Bene Reddish, Esther Hopkinson.

BRONZE MEDAL DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Dorothy Scholes, Cecilia Bagley, Mary Johnson. Pass: Muriel Tyson.

Senior Section.—Honours: Jennie Todd. Special Mention: Nina Rochard, Mona Hitchon. Pass: Irene Casson, Mary Eccles, Kathleen O'Neill, Evelyn Clayton.

*** *Other Autumn Examination Results are held over and will appear in the next issue.*

ILLUSION

I

THIS cloud that like a stallion shakes the sky
Is no more, then, than so much vapour stained
In so much vision ? And this orange-grained
Panel of western space a painted lie
Dipped in the bubbling fiction of the eye ?
And these dark liquid trees that we have strained
Against our hearts are so much folly drained
From so much passion ? . . . Fie upon it, fie !

The stubborn proof of boot on stone that brings
The hard fact home to dullard and poltroon
Persuades me not : the spirit still has wings ;
Ghosts are abroad this smoky afternoon ;
And still Death's lonely trivial gesture flings
A shadow across the craters of the moon !

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

II

Some say that love is sown and reaped in vain—
  That when you drifted down the Stygian flood,
  Leaving me drained of all my heart's best blood,
I should not see that fluttering sail again :
Useless my aching, tear-rimmed eyes to strain,
  Vanished the bark, and grief thus left behind,
  A dwindling image in a shifting mind—
Some say that love no purpose has, nor pain—
But if I find thee not, the sun is dark,
  And life a charnel-house, and love a mask,
And Heaven a lie behind a painted arc,
  And toil, the mockery of a barren task—
And mortals, whining gnats in twilit lands,
And mortal dreams, a mirage in the sands.

AUDREY BELL.

III

And you are near ; no distance can divide,
Nor furtive, creeping years steal you from me :
For you will come, as surely as the tide
Turns back the ebbing glory of the sea.
The dawn that greets me has first kissed your eyes ;
You, too, haste by the golden gates of noon,
That night may light her lanterns in the skies,
And sing to waiting hearts her lovers' rune.

But like the desert traveller who first
Beholds afar a wondrous, shining stream,
And journeys eagerly to quench his thirst,
I too have followed far ; and found a dream.
You are not near, nor will come back to me.
And desert dust blows onward to the sea.

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.

IV

Silent through tawny windblown fields you pass,
Like as the milkweed's silken ghost afloat ;
You glide before me like a sunlit mote,
Or skyey shadow on the water's glass.
Did your form make this hollow in the grass ?
Did you just touch this quivering tip of oat,
And vanish with the distant cuckoo's note,
Leaving my summer sun to turn to brass ?
Dear love, such lone bewilderment is strange,
That finding, finds you not, and still must try ;
Yet would I not my sweet illusion change,
Only to know my sorrow then more clear ;
To search an empty field or cloudless sky
To these where now you wander, hid but near.

ELIZABETH THOMAS.

V

Earth's Paradise unbarred ! This was the lure
Which, mirage-led, I followed, blindly wise,
Through arid tracts. Splendours before mine eyes
Flickered and shone, in colours rainbow pure.
The still, cool garden of my dreams seemed sure ;
And all the after-joy which, lurking, lies
Within all pain, with far-seducing cries,
Bade me, for thirstless gain, the drought endure.

I entered Paradise, but may not tell
The hidden secret of its strong defence.
Fair, in its midst, with towers seven, and seven,
Rose the great city with its unplumbed well—
The Citadel of Dreams—I saw from thence
With glistening eyes, the minarets of Heaven.

ANNIE L. KNOWLES.

VI

Must I reflect that for a maid's caress
My soul I gave ? That for a snatch of song
Heard in the twilight when the moon was young
I threw away complacence as largesse ?

Must I look back upon that wantonness
Over the sick and crippled years that throng
Like mendicants, reproachful, crying, " Wrong !
Behold the wrong that thou hast wrought ! Confess ! "

When wasted lie the progeny of Time,
So bitter-ugly-old, but born so fair,
All for a courtesy Youth knew sublime,
Nor could believe that Age would other find,
How can the shrivelled heart forbid Despair
His mastery of body and of mind ?

JULIUS M. NOLTE.

VII

Bud-folded Time-unfolded blossoms grew,
By waveless shores ; rift hour-blooms, dark or bright ;
Souls plucked them, hurrying faster toward the night,
Nor holden by their ever-deepening hue.
Lo, then one cried, What haste ye to pursue ?
These buds that open now in primal light—
Say, if I pluck them passing, have I right
To many ere I pass, or only few ?

Swift-flung as light across aeonian hills—
The throng unheedful moving—word fell fast :
Eternal Mind unfolds ; All-now ; All-then ;
Noon's petal points mark little human wills ;
Know thou, TIME was the first and is the last
Illusion in the age-blind eyes of men.

J. MARION SOPER.

VIII

Come thou—with magic from the dreaming moon,
Or spells of golden glory from the sun,
Enchantment from the day but new begun,
And where night ends steal some forgotten rune.
Ah come ! afire with the heart of June
To light December, when the dark days sun
To hide where twilight's amber veils are spun.
Bring back our dreams : and—pitying, come soon.

Bring thou the ecstasy of dear desire,
The rapture glimpsed where crowded stars agleam
Hurl through the infinite Celestial fire ;—
And Beauty flowing down the inspired stream.
Divine Illusion ! draw us ever higher,
Shield us ; enfold us, in the Ultimate Dream !

BARBARA E. SMYTHE.

IX

Amidst the silent stars' fair forestry,
Love lies upon the velvet heart of night ;
Beauty and Joy spread waves of amber light,
Circling a pool of gold translucency.
Pale Innocence . . . carven in ivory,
And chastity wears dewpearled robes of white,
Fringed with the Rose of Dawn, that veils from sight
The bleakness of the Moon's austerity.

But as I gazed within the Moon's cold eyes,
I saw Love age, and where once Joy had lain
Upon the bosom of the wet mossed skies,
Love's bleeding heart had spread a crimson stain.
Because her dream did not immortalize,
Illusion laughed and mocked to see her pain.

EDITH M. WALKER.

X

(*To Romeo and Juliet, After the Play.*)

Your voices die, and yet my ears still dream
Love's harmonies of moonlight and of dawn,
Till I am set to music and I seem
Like melodies of beauty that is gone.

I am the sound of waves from some lost sea,
I am the rhythm of November grass,
I am Love's heart beat, that has ceased to be,
I am the lyric of the winds that pass.

Forgotten airs of childhood start my tears,
And by the magic of your cadences,
I hear again the lovers of the years.
Are heaven's songs more beautiful than these ?

I shall not know. Wrapped with sweet words in rest,
You cannot say if Love or Death be best.

MARJORIE COMSTOCK HART.

XI

There must be veils between us and the sun,
Soft pillows of illusion for repose
Of souls in their apprenticeship. Man goes
From dream to dream : his daily life is spun
Of gossamers called Love, or Gold, or Fame :
Till suddenly, in the light of lonely thought,
The world appears a wilderness, and naught
He can achieve worthy his ardent aim.
Then must he force his lips to laughter, lock
His ears to siren-voices, and depart
From mirage-isles, to find the only rock
In all these shifting sands—his truth of heart.
So shall he win the gates of Freedom wide,
With the Good Comrade ever at his side.

GERTRUDE PITT.

XII

Finale.

We shall pass out, my love, the day is done,
The western gate of night is screened with fire ;
We plucked the rose—the wine of old desire
Grows bitter to the taste, and like the sun
Our dreams are dying ; patterns we have spun
Are frayed and torn ; the star that crowned life's spire
No longer lights our way ; the mist and mire
Clutch at our feet that seek oblivion.

Now we have filched the fruit, the tree is bare—
The shadows darken—hand in hand we'll pass
Along the ruddy, evening-scented grass
That lines a road that dullards call " Despair."
We shall pass out while Day's proud pageants mass,
No man shall know, and we—we shall not care.

J. CORSON MILLER.

THE SONG OF THE PEOPLE TO JAMES ELROY FLECKER

WE did not hear your music as you lay
Still and content beneath the fountain's rim ;
You sang the crimson flag of early day,
And the rising of the moon when light grew dim.
We laughed and shouted in the market-square,
And when we turned to you—you were not there.

You did not crave our company, for you
Had friends and loves most beautiful to see ;
The potency of your soft music drew
From out the tomb those souls by death made free ;
Haroun al Raschid, Lord of moon and sun,
Pervaneh, and Yasmin, the Lovely One.

Untroubled you lived out your little space,
Filling your life with beauty and with song ;
Untroubled we jested in the market-place,
Having no care that we did you this wrong.
And now we may not even take your hand—
You've made the Golden Journey
To Samarkand.

PHYLLIS HASTINGS.

SUNSET

THE gate stands open into the harvest-field :
Who, soul-sick, stands to lean thereon, is healed.

Beyond, the sunset spreads its deep-dyed fan
Of marigold and peony hues to span
The mauve-hilled west. Stilled ash and chestnut loom
Purple against its richness in the gloom,
And golden tents encamped the wheat-shocks stand
Beneath the huge resplendent arch. The wand
Of night holds sway above the eastern vales :
Night comes : lo ! high in heaven a lone star sails :
The soft air thrills with the slow-drooping dark.
Down from the sunlit zenith a late-climbed lark
Drops swift to his low valley-home, and sings
No more ere sunrise. Swallows' flitting wings

With circled rustling fill the amber dusk ;
And comes the stealthy whisper of husk on husk
In sighs upon the breath-soft breeze low-blown
From the field's distant corner, yet unmown.
There lingers in the air a holy calm
Deeper than the deep heart of man may psalm :
Within the blazoned splendour shines the faith
That life's last word is Life, not grave-dark Death ;
That lapping as a sea behind Death's gates,
And infinite, the Great Adventure awaits,
Magnificent as yonder wide sundown,
The souls who sail into the vast unknown.

The gate stands open into the harvest-field :
Who, world-worn, stands to lean thereon, is healed.

HUGH MOORLAND.

MILKING TIME, GLENGORM

THE sun sinks red beyond the spiring pines,
Symphonous sighs come wafted from the sea,
With lingering loveliness the day declines
In limpid gold of twilight's mystery.

And in slow haste the cows climb to the byre
With softly thudding hoof-fall, tender-eyed,
Deep breathing, puncheon bellied, through the mire
Along the hill mid fern and heather pied.

Plump Mary on the crankled cobbles waits
And greets with patient nod and tinkling can,
The kilted herd boy hitches up the gates
And ducks run quacking in a scattered clan.

Then the low rhythmic purr of flowing milk,
Chewing and stamping, whisk of feathered tails
About the dappled loins as soft as silk,
And Mary singing o'er the foaming pails
A Gaelic song that lingers in my ears,
That lingers still through the long exiled years.

A. E. MACKAY.

THE MASTER OF LYRICS.

A BRISK debate lately enlivened the pages of a London paper, the point at issue being whether when Robert Burns wrote the words "Comin' thro the rye" he had in mind a saunter along a path through a field of standing grain, or the crossing by stepping stones of a small river called the Rye.

It needs more courage than most men past middle life claim to possess to engage as a contestant in warfare of this kind, where one is exposed to a fusillade from a legion of literary franc-tireurs, or is liable to be barbarously slain by some horrid weapon like a semi-colon or entrapped in some snare or pitfall cunningly laid in the No Man's Land of indeterminate pronunciation or doubtful derivatives.

When I was a boy and was reading Scott, I remember a good many odd and unfamiliar words that were enemies to my peace. There was one particularly outlandish and ungainly looking fellow of threatening aspect called "umquhile," at the very sight of whom I confess I often turned tail and fled. I am his master now and he no longer lords it over me, but for years I lived in deadly terror of him.

Those who desire to rest, undisturbed by the loud insistent drum of battle, should breathe no syllable about the merits of the particular controversy to which I have referred, a controversy which seems to me in itself a mere combat between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The fact, however, that extraordinary interest was taken in the affair in all sorts of quarters is of considerable importance because it shows that Robert Burns, dead now so far as his physical being is concerned these 130 years, lives still and will live for ever in the language and in the literature and in the love of British people wherever they may be found. He is of course, essentially not one whose personality and gifts are to be weighed in terms of grain and scruple and pennyweight. His achievements and his

qualities can claim to render account in a different and infinitely ampler dimension.

In the history of the world one factor emerges as permanent. Whenever a civilisation exhausts itself by over-refinement, by luxury and corruption of manners, or by the worship of the golden image, robuster and more virile races beyond its frontiers break through the mountain passes, lay prone the palaces of the mistress of the world, reduce her temples to dust and overturn the tables of her moneychangers.

So likewise it happens in the history of literature. When Burns was born into this ever changing world, literature lay in bondage to tradition and convention. Poets did not proclaim the truth. They were not apostles of any vital gospel, nor did they touch real experience. They never wandered into the wide world outside the spruce and well ordered domain of formality. They strutted up and down with mincing step and extravagant gesture some artificial arcade or mall of fashion. Never did they venture on to the broad heath where the wind blows that brought healing and comfort to the heart of the blind gipsy. They shut themselves in a formal garden of trim borders and set parterres, surrounded by yew hedges and high walls. They dwelt in a dusk dimly lighted by coloured lanterns, and never confronted the full sunshine nor understood the delight of dawn.

The swift sunrise of Robert Burns's genius lighted up, when it flamed all suddenly on an unexpectant world, every pinnacle in the whole range of human emotion. The force of his simplicity and originality, of his utter naturalness, snapped the fetters of formalism which had imprisoned the powers of Pope and his contemporaries, and his shrewd sagacity and perception of the realities of life gave a death blow to pompous platitudes so long regarded as the highest form of literary expression. He never addressed to imaginary and theatrical beings odes declaiming false sentiment and stilted philosophy. He drew his inspiration from the tragedies and comedies, the doings and beings of real men and real women, most often of humble men and

lowly women. He never squinted at life through some narrow peephole, but with fearless and candid eyes regarded humanity broadly and tolerantly but without illusions. With great independence of thought he stood firmly, sometimes even defiantly on his feet, sure of his clear title to manhood. His charter of rights recognised the paramount importance of character as against mere position or mere possessions. In the hierarchy of Burns's fashioning, the honest man, however poor, was for all that a king of men, and rank was but the image and superscription of Cæsar imprinted on the coin, neither enlarging nor lessening the actual value of the metal of which the coin was made. On the other hand, he had no patience with and no use for fanatics and foolish dreamers who in those days as in these would turn the world upside down in the crazy hope that with legs in the air and head to earth mankind would make happier progress.

No one now any longer thinks of Robert Burns simply as a prodigy amongst ploughmen, a mere inspired tiller of the soil. He was a man of sound education and versatile culture, and he had read widely and wisely. True his was the trill of the thrush in the thicket and the carol of the lark in the heavens. His songs, as he himself said, were tuned to a wild artless note to record the loves and joys and rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil in his native tongue. But his song, though it rushed straight from the heart to the lips, emerged a lyric perfect in metre, in rhythm and in beauty of phrase, so that he ranks amongst the master craftsmen as a maker of songs, disputing with Shelley himself the crown of that kingdom to which each was born heir. He was to the poets of the time immediately preceding him as Moreland or David Wilkie is to Watteau or as freshly gathered wood violets are to patchouli.

The medium he for the most part used, namely, the Scot's dialect of our common English tongue, proved to be a finer and sweeter instrument of music because of its broad vowel sounds, than the polished English of the schools, just as Doric in Pindar's day was a better vehicle than Attic for the translation of words and ideas into singing music.

The name of Robert Burns is held on high as the great national poet of Scotland and the interpreter to English people of the Scot's habits of thought and conditions of life. It must not be forgotten, however, that in Scotland there are two distinct races. It is the Lowland Scot, with his qualities of foresight and thrift, with his love of home and his sincere if harsh faith, with his pawky wit and tender humour, that Burns presents to us. The skirl of the pipes, the swing of the kilt, the cock of the bonnet, the clash of claymore, the coronach and the pibroch, belong to another world in which Burns moved as a stranger. When he paid a visit to the West Highlands he wrote of Inverary, the seat of the dominion of Clan Campbell—

> There's naething here but Highland pride
> And Highland scab and hunger
> If Providence has sent me here
> He sent me here in anger.

There is no kinship in truth between the characters and qualities of Burns's friends and neighbours in Ayrshire and the folk who dwell in the shadow of the mountains and the shelter of the glens. Their world is a world of mystery and enchantment set amidst bens and lochs and lonely stretches of peat hag of heath and dark forest, a world of ancient romances and lost causes, inhabited by a people of brooding melancholy, pursuing an elusive happiness which they never capture, mourning over old defeats and vengeances unslaked, inheriting a complex and contradictory tradition and recalling for ever dim tales of unquenchable loyalty and of dark treachery, of bitter hatred and fierce love, of heroic fortitude and unforgivable cowardice.

Neil Munro is the authentic interpreter to us of the phases and fantasies of these folk of the glens. Robert Burns deals with a type racially separate and fundamentally different.

Our present Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, spoke a true word when he declared that Sir Walter Scott and not Robert Burns was the means of revelation to England of Scotland. Scott paints a larger landscape and opens to

view a richer and more varied country. With him we lool into the mind of Highlandman and Lowlander alike. Burns, whom Scott when as a strippling he met him, described as having the outward appearance of a canny farmer, a douce guidman, invites us to sit with him at the homely board and by the warm fireside of peasant and cottar, of farmer and shopkeeper and the psychology of the clansman with his feuds and his pride of birth and his fealty to his chieftain, Robert Burns leaves, if not unnoted, at least unanalysed and unexplored.

Burns was a creator of that sort of song which is destined from birth to be wedded to a captivating melody. But he was much more than that. He was a preacher of sermons, a leader of crusades ; he wielded as a fighter a blade stout and serviceable, and as a satirist he tilted a sharp lance in the tourney of wit. Yet at the same time he was able to touch the most poignant chords in the whole range of grief and sadness and brought sometimes into abrupt contrast the mood of man and the mood of nature, the overwhelming distress of the human soul faced by the unchanging indifference and aloofness of sky and valley, of burn and tree. Lad or lass might be sobbing his or her heart out in utter abandonment of sorrow while still the sky smiled, the burns giggled and gossiped like maids at a fair, the trees clapped their hands, the birds whistled in the dingle. I seem to remember that Burns reproaches the impetuous and unwitting little poets of coppice and hedgerow whose gay chansons mocked his misery in more instances than in the famous lines :—

> " How can ye chant ye little birds
> And I sae weary fu' o' care ? "

And he turns often and again with the same wistfulness to inanimate nature :—

> " In vain to me the cawslips blaw
> In vain to me the v'lets spring
> In vain to me in glen and shaw
> The mavis and the lint white sing,"

life being to him at the moment a weary dream, the dream

of one that never wakes, and only winter with its storm and gloom when all nature is sad and distraught like himself can soothe his cheerless soul.

Burns had one supreme virtue denied to most men: that was the quality of painting himself as he actually was, hiding no blemishes and justifying no lapses from grace. He was, as he confesses, frankly and honestly the creature of wayward impulses, the sport of passion and caprice. He knew his weaknesses more intimately than the bulk of men ever permit themselves to recognise theirs. Remorse, shame and regret, as he says, bayed like hounds of Hell at his heels, and he was sore buffeted often by Satan for his sins. The hound of Heaven it actually was that pursued him and the Master of Heaven it was who chastened with stripes the son of his love. And so he lives imperishable for ever, the great master of lyric song, using no artifices but by some miracle of power turning the water drawn from the well of experience into the wine of inspired wisdom; speaking to men of like passions with himself out of deep and often ruinous knowledge; aware always of his breaches of the letter of the law but yet seized of the spirit of it; a man of great moral stature who, conscious of innumerable stumblings and blackslidings, yet was an evangelist; a man who was a man in very truth, but always desperately and pitifully human; a man who in all these ways was in his own time, is still in our time, and will remain in the years yet to be, very near to the inner consciousness of all men.

DUNCAN GREY.

FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS

(ON HEARING AN OLD WAR TUNE.)

THEY accoutred themselves in the night for death, and made
Sudden music and cheered, and marched away
Into gradual silence, like the tune they played;
And they left remembrance of them, when night turned to day,
Like the streaming stars, like a dream to wane, to fade,
And the cadence frail of a tune is transient less than they.

HELEN REEDLEY.

HE WHOM DEATH HATH DESPOILED

HE whom death hath despoiled, is less than the blind mole fumbling
The dark of its dismal keep, or a lean grub grovelling in dung;
Yea, is he sunken too low for trouble of mortal humbling,
When over his nerveless flesh the last, cold clod is flung.

He whom death hath deflowered, awakes to no second blooming;
No second April quickens the blood in his shrivelled veins;
Only is dark and silence and cold that awaits the uncoming
Dagger-fleet fingers of sunlight and soft, warm breath of the rains!

WADE OLIVER.

TO ONE WHO WAS ILL

COME from the half-light and the drowsy fires
Of quiet rooms
Into the vital wind that blows through the gates of spring;
For you the hours shall bring
Gladness this April-time, for you the blooms
Of the orchard trees shall be more beautiful,
And rivers winding through the windy shires
Shall run more clear and exquisitely cool.

Violets shall be bowed before your feet
That were so near
The awful doors of death; the gentle hands of the rain
Shall touch your face again
More softly than in any vanished year;
And birds in the morn their songs for you shall make
With great joy, because their matins sweet
Might never more have charmed your soul awake.

Touch with your languid hands the daffodils
Like elfin gold
Among the early grass, and lift your face to the skies;

Your long imprisoned eyes,
Weary of gloom and slumber, shall behold
Pale shafts of sunlight float through the budding trees
And wake to wonderment the waiting hills,
While spring unfolds her ageless mysteries.

Come from the silence and the nameless dread
Of many days
Into a world of joy, where the year like an opening rose
Is waiting to disclose
A fuller loveliness ; the earth ablaze
With youth and colour calls, and spring is fleet—
Reborn flowers shall blossom where you tread,
And all the fields are waiting for your feet.

NANCY POLLOK.

I THY VIRGIN

I THY Virgin am,
Wedded I with Thee,
Let Thy Holy Lamb
Be conceived of me.

In a gentle sleep,
In a vision mild,
Let me this night keep
Christ the tiny child.

Lay Him in my arm,
Lay Him at my breast,
There nor sin nor harm
Come upon His rest.

Grant my prayer when
I do sleep. Amen.

JOAN WARBURG.

THE FUNCTION OF PARODY

I HAVE viewed my subject as though the significance of parody were quite new to me. I am about to adventure, as becomes happy yet dutiful essayists.

From Shakespeare to Mr. J. C. Squire, many have written parodies ; but has parody any defined function ? I have questioned my friends, but they could not realise their responsibilities. My neighbour, a fiery-maned agnostic, shook his head dolefully, thus confessing that his knowledge of parody was equal to the sum of his knowledge of all other subjects—that is, nothing.

The doctor of philosophy, in Socratic mood, evaded my query, and blandly asked me if I did not think I was wasting my time. No ! not any more than usual, thought I. I sought evidence among the prehistoric stones of Coomb's *Rocks and Lantern Pike*, for the cave-dwellers were not without a sense or humour, but grapholithic documents were wanting. So I decided to state a case for myself, if I found parody justifiable. I did not like to rely upon self ; but my question must have an answer. I was foolish, for most questions, like letters, will answer themselves, if left severely alone. Perhaps, if I found the definition of parody, its function might be deduced.

So I turned to one of my dictionaries, and discovered that a parody was a *burlesque imitation of a serious ode*, and that the mischievious Greek placed his burlesque lines by the side of the original ode so that the two might be compared. Such an act would dam the flow of inspiration of a poetic kind, and probably increase the flow of the vernacular from the original poet. I picked up a lot of information. In early days, the parody preserved the form and many of the words of the original. The Greeks used satire, that double-edged sword, in their parodies. Sometimes, the parodist, by sailing very close to the wind, proved himself to be a literary forger. Homer and even Aristophanes himself, were satirised.

But I got no more help from my dictionaries and books of reference ; they did not go far enough ; they refused

to think for me. Being a zealous searcher after truth, I was not to be daunted. I was reminded of many things as I pondered, for my mind is very errant; and asked myself: What, after all, is parody? What is anything? What is truth? Next, thought I, what is *not* truth? Then again I wandered; suppose Jesus had received from Pilate the question: What is *not* truth? how far would the history of this world have been changed? All this rambling is because the dictionary, so stupid, refused to help me; but my mental discursiveness helped me, and it is only right that you should see the working of my mind. No! I do not intend to set fire to my library in order that I may roast my literary bantling; I am simply showing you how I came to ask myself the question: What is *not* parody? with a very strong emphasis upon the *not*.

Well, I had got something tangible and detachable, and I could commence real work; so, mentally, I began to throw books about my study. The first to be thrown on one side, in my method of elimination were my books of reference; all went except one—Cocker's dictionary. I will not give you details of my hurried judgments; suffice it to say that I kept a Metropolitan Railway Guide and a few Government reports. The prose works gave me relatively little trouble, though I found surprises in the unconscious parodies in the mental fodder set before Young England, and in the dramatic and sentimental fiction demanded by the millions who would wallow in the inky waters of Lethe. Thus I became the more convinced than ever that men are great humorists. I found a few good prose parodies, but I rejected others as being poorer parody than the originals that they sought to burlesque. When I turned to poetry, I had great trouble, and I was wellnigh overwhelmed. I speak of poetry in a broad and safe sense, as covering all thought or want of thought set down in verse, free or restrained. Still greater fears were mine when I found glorious parody resident in verses where the poet never suspected such a tenant to be at home.

I claim no credit for that discovery. My real find was that a good parody was something more than, or differed from, an imitation, laughable as it might be, of a serious poem, and that even the sting of satire was not so sharp as a certain critical power that lay therein. In this *more* might lie the essential quality of parody. Criticism, direct or implied, assisted by fun and satire, might so present some aspect of that Protean thing, truth, as to render it clearer and more attractive. Is it that our conception of parody is changed, raised to a higher plane, and that to us it is something active and functional, that it really has a duty, and stands for something about which the dictionary is silent ?

Let us consider, if this change be, how it comes to be. There can be little doubt that verse, rather than prose, is usually the form of parody. The reason is not hard of discovery. All men who read have some ideal of poetry. The veriest tyro in literature will tell you when a poem fails in substance, form, measure, fervour or imagination. But to most men, all prose is merely prose. To use a commercialism, most of us have a " flat rate " for prose, and it is a low one. The restrictions and the enthusiasms drive poets into trouble, and verse is at times a battlefield where restraints and enthusiasm have in their conflict so disfigured the poem, that it provokes a reader into parody. Prose, even when vague, purple, imbecile, or presenting characteristics that outrage one's sensibilities, is rarely the subject of parody. So, in poetry, more often than in prose, is some quality, attribute, mannerism, or unqualified power, that provokes the parodist into action, whether satire, indignation, fun, criticism or appreciation direct his pen. The parodist does not rage, nor range about like a roaring lion seeking to devour somebody : he is the creature of impulse, as is the poet who stirs him into action. If you sit down deliberately to write a parody, I will wager that your failure will be complete.

As usual, finding does not come by seeking. What I find in my essay is not the result of a quest, but is, to me, really the end of an indifference as to what may come

to me or whither my pen may take me. But what is this power that provokes parody ? The original writer did not knowingly endow his poem with that power, but the reader certainly finds something that to him is the crowning signature to the work ; and, spurred into action by his imagination, by giving undue or exaggerated emphasis to this predominant or striking attribute, writes his parody. I know I am moving slowly, but I want to take you, step by step, along my road of adventure. So let us consider the possible characteristics of verses that are likely to provoke parody.

The original poem—

may show an undue repetition of certain phrases ;
may be replete with alliterations that are obviously forced ;
may be " much ado about nothing." Why break a fly upon the wheel ?
may in measure and rhythmic cadence be unsuited to the purport of the poem, as though one were to chant " Tommy ! make room for your uncle " in Gregorian tone ;
may by overweight of satire and invective provoke laughter ;
may merely expose the vagaries of mind of the poet, be worthless and have no aim ;
may be charged with false quantities and bad rhyme, and be a medley of dissonances ;
may be so cheap and tawdry, yet withal so pretentious, as to invite laughing scorn ;
may be full of archaic words and purple passages that show a striving after effect ;
may by bombastic utterances and violent egotism ask for chastisement ;
may by breach of all poetic conventions, and by outrage instead of licence, show that the poet was determined at all costs to present something new, however ugly or bizarre ;
may be merely indifferent prose cut into varied lengths of line ;
may by sheer mysticism, or by what poses as such, namely, obfuscation, mistiness, and pseudo-ornate verbiage, convey no message ;
may be perfect in measure, in cadence, in all musical virtues, and even seem beautiful verse, but want the one thing needful—a message, a truth, a soul ;
may by nauseous flattery arouse disgust ;
may by close association with another age be traditionally or his-

torically of value, but so out of place to-day, though presenting truth, as to lend itself as a target for the parodist ;
may show that rhyme has been found at the cost of sense ;
may by mock-heroics, unconsciously set down, and by its stilted language, provoke laughter ;
may by distorted images show that the poet has not recognised beauty ;
may by its assertiveness, dogma, or didactics, drive a reader to the opposite pole.

Other characteristics may mark a poem, but any one already mentioned, emphasised to the point of the grotesque, other things needful being there, may induce a parody. In each case I assume that the peculiarity is instantly recognised by the reader, but was unknown to the poet who, as usual, poor ingenuous mortal that he is, is blissfully unconscious of his mannerism or tendency.

So far, so good, I trust. I have premised that certain forces operate upon the mind of the reader of a poem. But what of the nature of that reader ? It must not be forgotten that in him we have emotional material, acutely sensible and impressionable, so almost anything may happen if he be pricked into action.

Now, if a parody were nothing more than a funny imitation of something serious, the parodist would be as poor a fool as the mere humorist. I have in mind the genuine burlesque that is imitative of some poem, and not the occasional verse that is imitative because it must have a suitable model or dummy on which it can show itself to advantage. This last-named form of imitative verse is not parody, but is often better and has more guts than the simple parody that is closely imitative and nothing more. But I suggest that our emotional reader may be affected in many ways, and this you will have gathered from my summary of a poem's possible characteristics :

(1) He may be surprised, taken unaware, disgusted, annoyed, and consequently driven to the opposite pole to that the poet had in mind.

(2) His imitative faculty may be called into play, a faculty instinctive, and easily quickened into action.

(3) He may be incited to more than imitation, for man is a creator or inventive devil, and, while busy with imitation, he thinks; and, while thinking, he delights in his creative energy, his greatest endowment; again, who can know the result?

(4) His sense of humour may be invoked. We differ in fitness for life and its duties in proportion as we differ in the degree in which we possess that sense of humour and value our possession. I trust that no one living is compelled to shuffle through life without that divine consolation—the gift of humour. Humour, as we know, is in close touch with the incongruous, which has, in greater measure than is usually supposed, so much to do with real poetry.

(5) His rancour, bitterness, or satire, may be provoked, but more often satire is a cause than an effect, and is ever ready to hang its sombre cloak on any model it may find. The sluice-gates to the bitter waters of bad temper are easily opened.

(6) Next, the comparative sense in man, the critical faculty, may be kindled, and his imagination, like an electric spark, flash into the dimmest recesses of reason. This is the great weapon in the hands of the parodist, and it is most effective, at times, in a ratio inverse to its obviousness. Criticism, direct or involved, is present, I consider, in some degree in the whole of parody. It is gentlest when good humour is the atmosphere, more cutting when satire is employed, but most telling when wit, the ambassador of truth, by magnetic touch quickens man into a recognition of some ideal.

(7) And, last, the sense of the beautiful may be touched in the reader, and then the imitative faculty, impassioned by love of the beautiful, be so inspired as to compel him to write imitative verse that, in spite of its obvious parentage, proves to be poetry; but, generally, parody is not complimentary.

But to one or two other matters before I conclude my view of parody and parodist in this somewhat indifferent perspective:

(1) There is the possibility that the creative genius of the parodist, for sometimes he is a poet, may command; and that while good humour is dictating a burlesque the creative power may usurp the office, and poetry result.

(2) The review by a poet of his own work has in a few instances resulted in most telling parody, for, on the revision, the poet has discovered something characteristic that deserves to be lashed.

(3) Next, there is the great field of unconscious parody, where men have missed their ideals, and instead of sterling and inspiring

verses are to be found the clumsy imitations that mock the visions seen by poets who had not the power to limn in black letter the fleeting images.

(4) Last, there is the no-man's-land of verse, where poetry and parody overlap, where the poorest of parodies and the poorest of poems have something in common.

There are, I consider, two kinds of parody, which, for want of better terms, and for simplicity's sake, I define as the *imitative* and the *critical.* Yes ! I am well aware that scarcely a good parody has been written that does not show itself to be both *imitative* and *critical*; but a reader with knowledge of the original poem, and sometimes a reader without that knowledge, would have little hesitation, usually, in classifying a parody as *imitative* or *critical*, for the weight of evidence in many cases is decided one way or the other.

It is quite possible for a parody to be so closely *imitative* and so intensely *critical* as to merit the double award.

It may be said that the *imitative* is almost invariably inferentially *critical*, but rarely positively *critical*; while the *critical* is less purely *imitative* and more pronouncedly *critical.*

I do not go the length of saying that the *imitative* pays strict attention to the externals of the original poem, while the *critical* is more often concerned with the internals, but support could be found for such a statement.

I will endeavour to make still clearer my division between these two classes of parody.

The *imitative* should show, as compared with its original :

(1) A similarity in structural form ; that is, in metre, in number of stanzas, and in stanzaic form ;

(2) Subject and substance, such as coupled to the structural form, inevitably suggest the original ; or

(3) Similarity in phraseology, address to subject, manner of thought, or peculiarity of view, and an undoubted emphasis upon what is striking in the original.

The *critical* should show :

(1) The mannerisms of a writer or a school of poetic thought, or their weakness or force of diction ;

(2) The intellectual atmosphere of a period marked in literary history; or

(3) Commentary, adverse or otherwise, upon what a poet or writer has said.

There is, as you can see, room for endless expansion into division after division, but I think the two classes, the *imitative* and the *critical*, can be said to be. In both divisions the parodist has full play for fun, imagination, satire, mimicry and criticism, and may borrow as he choose from the original. But, just as the best ghost stories are those having the appearance of truth, so the best parodies may be those which at first sight seem to be genuine poetry. I would first punctuate my note to the effect that sometimes a real poem is provocative of a parody that also is a poem. The parody selected also illustrates perfectly my definition of a good parody, where structural form, idea and imaginative treatment find their reflection. The original poem appeared in *Good Words*, March, 1864:

Brown eyes,
  Little nose;
Dirt pies,
  Rumpled clothes;

Little rages,
  Obvious arts;
(Three her age is)
  Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
  Off chairs;
Breaking crown
  Down stairs;

Catching flies
  On the pane;
Deep sighs,—
  Cause not plain;

Bribing you
  With kisses
For a few
  Farthing blisses;

Torn books,
  Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
  Unlike a boy's;

New shoes,
  New frock;
Vague views
  Of what's o'clock.

When it's time
  To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
  For what is said;

Folded hands,
  Saying prayers,
Understands
  Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
  Smiles away;
Yet may God
  Hear her pray!

Wide awake,
As you hear,
" Mercy's sake,
Quiet, dear ! "

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly ;
Good night !—
That's Polly,

Fast asleep
As you see ;
Heaven keep
My girl for me !

The parody with its title, *Turk*, appeared in *Punch* a little later, with the notice : " See *Polly* in *Good Words* for March." It reads :

Silk ears,
Black nose,
Brown eyes,
Calm repose ;

Bites, snaps
Beggars' heel ;
If he hold,
Makes feel.

Broad paws,
Rough hair,
Fierce looks
Like bear.

Hungry is,
Wants grub ;
When dirty,
Into tub.

Sees Master,
Sits up,
Jumps about
Like a pup.

Washed clean,
Looks white ;
Goes out,
Wants to fight ;

Lies down,
To sleep tries,
Can't do it,
Catches flies.

Gets licked,
Pluck shown,
Finds solace
In a bone.

Wakes up,
Gives growl,
Is kicked,
Utters howl.

Robbers come,
Springs from lair,
Hears footsteps
On stair ;

Day over,
Fasten'd doors,
Sleeps sound,
Perhaps snores.

Barks loud,
Master wakes,
Gun fired,
Brace of shakes.

Wide awake
As you see,
Turk is the
Dog for me.

The original has all the inconsequence, simplicity, and matter-of-fact of the little child, and its very merits inspire the kindly parodist who, with little burlesque, a few borrowed expressions, and much delight, gives us a sketch of his own dog.

During the days of war I read a purely imitative parody of Poe's poem, *The Bells*. The ingenious versifier played upon the word *shells ;* he surrendered and gave only half of the measure demanded. It was a laboured parody and a comparative failure. The muse of parody is not to be cajoled into working out of her own time. The best work is done instanter and with a seeming artlessness.

Mr. W. H. Davies in his short poem, *The Elements*, opens thus :—

No house of stone
Was built for me,
When the sun shines
I am a bee.

No sooner comes
The rain so warm,
I come to light,—
I am a worm.

This is genuine poetry ; such stanzas distinguish him ; but simplicity of diction may lead to bathos. Sometimes, when dealing with very simple subjects, he descends to the veriest commonplaces ; so one is not surprised to find Mr. J. C. Squire writing :—

A poor old man
Who has no bread,
He nothing can
To get a bed.

He has a cough,
Bad boots he has ;
He takes them off
Upon the grass.

He does not eat
In cosy inns,
But keeps his meat
In salmon tins.

No oven hot,
No frying-pan ;
Thank God I'm not
That poor old man.

L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY—XII

SEVEN NEW BOOKS: II

DR. MARY BRENT WHITESIDE gives us in *The Eternal Quest* her first book and it is full of pages we would remember. Pitched high on its moral side, it is none the less full of the sympathy that draws all.

Born in Shellyville, Tenn., Dr. Whiteside brings the beauty of her American *Southwest* into these pages. A contributor of verse, essays, and criticisms, a lecturer on poetry and the drama and metaphysics, editor of the *Southern Literary Magazine*, from which she resigned to travel, we come in contact in her poems with a graceful and versatile mind. The poem which gives the title is a fine rhapsody, and lovely enough throughout not to want to only quote but rather give it all.

It opens in the following manner:

> I must pass on.
> From piercing beauty greater than my soul can bear;
> From pain that as a crown of thorns I wear,
> I must pass on.
>
> I have known passionate loveliness so long—
> * * *
> I have known heights, and all the infinite range
> Of high and beatific moods, and strange
> Magic of love
> * * *
> I have known silence holier than speech,
> * * *
> And yet—through days of vision, nights of troubled rest,
> Goes on the quest—dear God, the eternal quest!

Expressive of the poet's sensitiveness is *Supplication*:

> Life crowds upon us in the market place,
> And crushes back the starting of a tender wing,
> God grant us room again for blest remembering;
> God grant us space!

The vision dies too swiftly, and its bloom ;
Dear Lord, upon the altar of a high desire,
Let Thy four winds still fan the elemental fire,—
God grant us room !

As One Remembers Music is an example of her sure handling of the sonnet-form :

As one remembers music, long unheard,
No more as sound, but as a starlit mood :
Your voice comes back across the quietude
Of waiting years. As faithful dawns engird
The darkened sea, and some too lonely bird
Lifts eastward, gleaming wings, as though it wooed
The new day's self, in garments opal hued ;
So memory is a colour, not a word.

The benison of years lay on you like a crown,—
As though snow rested on a blooming rose,
Or winter was the sum of perfumed springs,
And autumn's tinted leaves were never brown.
So, down the years, the memory of you goes,
A wafted fragrance through all lovely things.

In *After All Splendors,* Dr. Whiteside gives us of her South :

Paris at dawn ; Egypt beneath the stars,
And spring in Tuscany !
Where, through ruined temples of old avatars,
The young moon peers,
White with the silver of forgotten tears ;
Still, down the years,
New Aprils move, eternally,
In rhapsodies of almond bloom.
And poets loved this beauty, too,
Who walked the secret way they knew,
Down to a shadowy tomb.

And other splendors—on the sea,
Set like a jewel-Sicily,
Crowned with the light of Etna. On her breast,
Her ruins like a decoration, rest.
Marbles of Greece, that knew immortal hours ;

Gardens of far Japan, steeped in a wine of flowers;
Faint temple bells, the nightingale;
And palace, mosque, and minaret;
The burning stars above a desert trail—
An ancient symbol—lest our hearts forget.

After all splendors, if the South—
My South—still knows
And gives some word of beauty for a sign;
The waxen marvel of camellias, white and rose;
A wide winged heron's cloudy flight;
A thrush's mouth,
Brimming with starlit music, through a night
Where pine tree shadows stir,
And lily-troubled waters shine—
I shall return! Ah, not to call it lovelier—
This land—then all the rest
My pilgrim feet have pressed,
But only that these things are mine—are wholly mine!

* * *

Arthur Crew Inman in his new book, *Shadows of Men,* shows us a trained mind, a rich vocabulary and a sharp awareness to life and art. From his introductory poem, *Shadows of Men,* to the last in his book, *Is It Not Strange?* there are arresting pages. We have reviewed Mr. Inman's *Bubbles of Gold* (E. P. Dutton and Co.) and his *Of Castle Terror* (B. J. Brimmer Co.) in THE POETRY REVIEW and welcome another book from him. *Shadows of Men* follows and *Is It Not Strange?*:

I sat on the throne of abstraction,
Observing the passing throng,
I sat on the throne of abstraction,
And, as they went by, drew them—
Shadows of men.

* * *

From one mad moment when the world
And conscious time stand still, and naught
Is recked of Good or ill, of fate
Unguessed, is loosed from mysteried sleep;
The seed of greatness, or the seed
Of misery is sown, to sprout
In time to full maturity.

In one mad moment all the joy,
The woe, the pain, the happiness,
Of life is sown, so that the race,
Through countless future eons, may
Survive ; so that the flame, our soul,
Once formed may burn its wonted while
Before the end—the far-felt end
We may not know. Is it not strange ?

Mr. Inman gives us in *These United States* and *Votes For Women* condensed histories with bristling lines, always a clear idea, and in his *Paen* a very graphic impression :

City, I love you ! Plastic peace has shunned
Your heart, and mine. Our souls are one in greed
Of strife, I touch, and draw from your vast fund
Of strength my own. With fervid ears I heed
Your surge of clamorous unrest. With eyes
Unsleeping I make tryst with all your flare
Of movement. Close to you, I learn ; grow wise ;
And trust of swift success, in that I dare.

* * *

Like geometric flames of up-hewn fire
Your towers edge days' cineritious height
With sudden power, flashing swift desire
From winkless eyes of might, across the night.

* * *

City, I worship you ! As my span
Of life snaps, I worship ! For—I am man !

In the preface of *Wings To Dare*, by Grace Hoffman White, Miss Muna Lee tells us :

These are April lyrics, drifting petals from a moonlit tree. The breeze of April blows through them. . . . Though many of the songs speak of sorrow, there is throughout the book a resurgent spirit of hope and faith."

We will turn to *Flagons of The Moon* :

Now unknown twilight deepens into night,
An alien sea is drifting to the shore,
My exiled heart is like a silent door
No friendly hand may open to moonlight,
For only you can open it aright ;

Into the solitude my love I pour,
Through vibrant space impatiently explore
To find your hidden face so jasmine-white.

Surely the burnished silence will give soon
In curvèd intervals your lovely voice,
Haunted with sadness of bewildered choice;
I hug the tattered fragments of a dream,
And proudly pledge in flagons of the moon,
Love's wind and fire shall yet our days redeem!

A Chinese note is struck in *Wild Ducks Flying*:

I have seen wild ducks flying,
A black wedge across the sky—
Seen in inland waters feeding
Grey gulls with their thin cry.

I have seen a wintry river
Hushed to stillness splashed with snow,
Seen white hills in night enfolded—
A young moon shining low. . . .

Cape Cod and *New England* are deft etchings:

Here, long curved fingers of yellow sand
Like tendrils reach from the low flat land;
Hungry to clutch all a sea will give,
Eager to hold that a land may live.

* * *

In New England cool birches are etched on her hillsides
Against the clear blue of her far reaching sky,
They filter their shade over fern-bordered roads,
And with white fingers indent the low lying meadows;
Only their leaves lustrous in sunlight,
Or rippling in flute-like murmurs of rain,
Tell of the longing hidden
Deep in their Puritan hearts.

Hill Fragments, by Madeline Mason-Manheim, is a charmingly presented book, with beautiful drawings by Kahlil Gilbran, and a preface by Arthur Symons which is interesting, opening with: "Poetry begins where prose ends, and it is at its chief peril if it begins sooner." Mr. Symons gives us a very enjoyable survey of the matter of

poetry, during which he says of Miss Mason-Manheim's poetry :

Miss Mason-Manheim's verses have the disadvantage of being written in *vers libre* ; and I often wonder whether it is an unreasonable prejudice that inclines me to question the wisdom of doing without rhyme in measures that seemed to demand it. To do without ryhme is to do without one of the beauties of poetry, I should say one of the inherent beauties. . . . Her verses are musical in the highest sense of the word. . . . There is a kind of psychology in Miss Mason-Manheim's verses which goes deep down into the very roots of things.

The following *Invocation* opens the book :

O that my heart might voice its silent prayer !
O, that my spirit, ever dumb,
Might speak !
My words are but the tongues
Of earthly selves that dwell within me.
Beneath their cadences
My heart, though voiceless, sings ;
My spirit, tongueless,
Whispers tenderly.
Your ear shall hear my words ;
Your lips shall answer.
Earth shall meet earth,
The while our spirits hold communion
In their silences.

Aspiration strikes a fine broad note, beginning :

There lies deep hidden in your heart
The memory of yesterday,
Yea, of that farthest yesterday
When you were one with Light and Air and Space,
Enfolding all things and by all things enfolded.

Sensitive to each man's aloofness, Miss Mason-Manheim embodies this quality in her *Loneliness* :

I sing man's loneliness !
Year end unto year end
He walks midst phantoms.
His cry is ever " Brother ! "
But his soul
Echoes the ultimate decree ;
Alone—alone forever !

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

MOODS AND MANNERS.

A FAMOUS author of prose, or of verse, asks only of his own literary conscience what he shall write and publish. The better-known he is so much the less does he heed what the public may say. But it may be urged that, on the other hand, the public (that much abused monster), may equally exercise a choice, and accept or reject what the great man offers. It can hardly be expected that the "monster" will eagerly devour the Laureate's volume of *New Verse* (Clarendon Press), although there is a good deal of it that is admirable. Granted that a poet, and he the Laureate, may pen what he will, yet what is to be thought of No. XXIII, "Simpkin"?

> "They tell me Simpkin is a saint
> I've often wished he wasn't,
> If 'tis a note of the complaint
> To look so d——d unpleasant."

We used to "compose" such rhymnes in the nursery, only we were not allowed to use the d——d! The lines to Emily Brontë, No XI, are tenderly poetic, from them we are compelled to make a violent descent to No. XVII, "A Dream," and the following, of Peter—that great saint who appears to possess a fatal tendency to excite jokes, and comic stories—is hardly to be passed as poetry, nor is the wit of it profound enough to carry it off."

> "He look'd full glum—it may be a sin
> to repeat his words, as I know it's
> bad taste—but he said—(He'll square me the sin):
> "Why! what d'you think? We've just took in
> a batch of those French poets."

No. VI, *The Psalm*, rings with a musical beauty and dignity,

"A great Huguenot psalm it trod forth on the air with full slow notes moving as a goddess stepping through the responsive figures of a stately dance conscious of beauty and of her fair-flowing array in the severe perfection of an habitual grace,

. . . . . .

O evermore, sweet Psalm, thou shalt break forth anew."

There may, of course, be some prosaic-minded souls who may ask, wonderingly, whether martyrs "standing with tongues cut out" could contrive to sing in flames or without flames, but that may be a "mere" detail beneath the consideration of a poet. Many lines in No. III, *The Tapestry*, are so fine and thoughtful that we can but linger over them,

"Then looked I forth and lo! The Elysian fields of Dawn! and there in naked peace my dumb expectancy mirror'd above the hills, a pageant like music heard in imagination or the silence of dreams."

. . . . . .

The Truth that all men feel gazing upon the skies in constellated Night—**O God the Father of Heaven!**

"When I arose and saw the dawn, I sighed for Thee."

Wandering in these great spaces with the poet with what poignant distress are we suddenly checked and thrown back by the last stanza!

"Now, bean, button, or boterfly, pray accept of me for my parrot verses this after apology:

. . . . . .

I wrote them as they came in the mood of the day whether for good or ill—it was them or nothing."

If the Laureate was going to Court would he gratefully accept from the hands of his tailor a green and yellow tagged coat made "in the mood of the tailor's day?" or would he drink of a wine which had been matured in playful mood by being thickened with strawberry jam and flavoured with peppercorns? We can hardly think so. *The Tapestry* is in Part I, which the author affirms in the Preface to be his "latest manner and style peculiar to himself." We find no words to add to this.

* * *

Once, long long ago, wandering about an old sea-girt town late in the evening dusk, I heard from the Cathedral, dark against the pale saffron-tinted sky, the notes of the organ and a voice passionately singing "Ora Pro Nobis." Then, suddenly from the sea wall, a stalwart figure reared itself

and sang a sea ditty, full of vigour, full of human delights and jocund freedom. And both had its own particular beauty and use.—*Ivory Palaces*, by Wilfrid Roland Childe (Kegan Paul), may stand for the "Ora Pro Nobis," and *I Heard a Sailor*, by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan), for the fisherman singing by the sea wall. W. R. Childe writes :

> "And I walked dreamy, musing and mystified,
> Thoughts like young Angels pacing by my side."

and he has some illuminating phrases—

> "From the enmillioned starlight's urgent eyes."

> "The sweetness of the sappy wood, moist, drenched
> By silver rains that are now quite gone over!

or of "Our Lady"

> "Her face is aureoled with an excessive beauty,
> Calm as the radiant heart of irised Night."

Needless to say, his verses are coloured with the religious passion of the devout Romanist.

Wilfrid Gibson sings of ordinary things, and he has permitted some utterly paltry verses to be included in his volume, but he has many poems with a hearty ring in them ; he would seem to find a curious fascination in murder and its horrible sequel of Hanging ; *The Weazel*, *The Raven's Croak*, *Rachel Reed*, *I heard a Sailor*, *Haunted*, and *Gallow's Bank*, are all on this somewhat dismal theme ; but *Gallow's Bank* is almost a fine ballad, he sees hanged men "touching four and four"—

> "Their arms against their sides were bound :
> Their mouths were gagged ; and not a sound
> Their feet made on the frozen ground
> Nor cast a shadow there, —"

You hear the fisherman singing ?

* * *

It is a far call from these books of poems to Allen Brockington's *Fool's Sojourning* (Erskine Macdonald), for here we find no easy singing, no thoughts that are trapped in their light passage through "the mood of the day,"

but a great endeavour to set forth through the fogs of sin and of misunderstanding the undying unquenchable light of Christlikeness. One could wish, perhaps, that more poetic beauty of melodious lines had flowed from the author's pen, but so many illuminating truths are revealed, that will become quotations with the thoughtful, that we scarcely miss the "singing" quality.

> "I said "The Voice is Silent." Then there rose
> The image of a girl in Domrémy
> Who heard the Voice."

or,

> "I would not make a catalogue of griefs
> Except to show that griefs may be dispelled.
> I would not speak of suffering at all
> If I believed that suffering was in vain."

And in the *Dedication* and the *Envoi*, are these beautiful lines—

> "And in his eyes
> Was no surprise
> Nor dread at all
> Whate'er the call."
> "He joins the band
> Who touch God's hand."

and from the *Envoi*, or Song of the Hill,

> "Oh, brother, there were three
> Upon my hill. The two with me
> Are dear to God, and can it be
> That you are left forgotten?"

If poetry means more than relaxation after toil, then this is a book no poetry-lover should be without.

* * *

The volume of *Collected Poems* by Maurice Baring (Heinemann) contains also his metrical plays, which have in them many beautiful lines, and one, "The Dusk," is full of a dreamy strangeness. But it is in the poems that most beauty is to be found; poetic plays labour under a supreme disadvantage when they are not composed

primarily for the stage. If they are sufficiently poetic, then the characters lack reality. We feel that they are not just human creatures like ourselves, their long speeches on love cause us to doubt whether they ever condescended to eat a mere ordinary beefsteak; and, except for fighting, they never appear to have any useful occupation. Their lovely ladies toy with embroideries, but even then we are left with the uneasy feeling that they do so only because the many coloured silks add a charm to their loveliness, and they all—warriors, queens, pages and erring wives—have a marvellous faculty for expiring just when and how they please. They can flit from a palace to live in a cave and never seem liable to such mundane complaints as rheumatism, nor to even a temporary derangement of "Little Mary" from subsisting on nuts. This aloofness from our more ordinary frailties cause them to appear more like figures in a stained-glass window than mortal brothers and sisters. When Yvain brakes Jessamine "over his knee" we wonder how he did it, and wonder yet more how, after so discomposing an episode, the fair Jessamine lies as tidily and as beautifully as a flower. But in the poems we discover life and sorrow and the light of the poet's spirit shining and transforming, but not rendering unreal, those things that concern us all. This, to a comrade fallen in War:

> God, Who made you valiant, strong and swift
> And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
> And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
> And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
> Gave back your youth to you,
>
> . . . .
>
> And in the portals of the sacred hall
> You hear the trumpet's call,
> At dawn upon the silvery battlement,

lines that recall Francis Thompson's ethereal vision of the sound of the trumpet "from the hid battlements of eternity." Then this that Maurice Baring writes to one dead:

The silver angel with sad sable wings
Flew down to meet her in the dewy field,
And broke her happy song half-way, and sealed
Her singing with the kiss of silent things,

the simplicity of which is part of its magic. And there is the "Marching Song of the Nameless," a musical Walt-Whitman kind of chant, and the echo reverberates in our memory:

Of a hundred thousand footsteps, and the sky re-echoes loud
With the wistful marching murmur of the long dark crowd,

. . . .

We are bearing a dead comrade to his final resting bed;
We are singing of the fallen, of the unremembered dead.
The man we bring was of us, but we do not know his name,
He worked for us; he fell before the hour of triumph came;
His body is our banner, and his soul our battle-cry,
The emblem of the unknown men who in the darkness die.

The sonnet on Dostoyevsky, that great spirit that had endured the terrible bodily and mental torture of an unjust tyranny, and yet never became bitter or sour—how these lines paint him:

You wandered in the uttermost abyss;
And there, amidst the ashes and the dust,
You spoke no word of anger nor of pride;

You found the prints of steps divine to kiss;
You looked right upwards to the stars, you cried:
"*Hosanna to the Lord, for He is just.*"

A fitting conclusion to these few extracts are the tender but dignified lines:

I found myself in a familiar place;
And there my broken soul began to mend;
I knew the smile of every long-lost face—

They, whom I had forgot remembered me;
I knelt, I knew—it was too bright to see—
The welcome of a King who was my friend.

These are words we would all desire to find on our lips when our turn comes to depart.

ARTHUR HOOD.

THE FRANCISCAN IN POETRY, AND OTHER REVIEWS

SOME years ago Mr. Powell entertained us with his clever parodies of *Poets in the Nursery*, and now Sir Ian Malcolm does likewise with *Poets at Play* (Hodder and Stoughton). The contents of the book show an ingenious treatment of our nursery rhymes. The little classics are rewritten in the style of many of our well-known poets, and so imitatively are they constructed that it is not difficult to guess the name of the supposed author before reaching his half-disclosed signature. To Barham is allotted the tale of "Pussy's in the Well," and he records the tragedy with true Ingoldsby gusto. Swinburne, Belloc, Wordsworth, Burns, Kingsley and G. K. C. are all made to propound the problem of "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," with what measure of success and contrasted methods may be judged by the following examples:

A curly headed little boy
Brought me a diamond in his hand;
He said: "I cannot understand
The composition of this toy,
Nor whence its incandescent light,
Nor what these curious facets are;
I think perhaps it is a Star."
Said I: "My little lad, you're right."

W. W--d s--th.

Be good, sweet child; it isn't very clever
To question astral bodies, nor demand
An answer from the Spheres, which no endeavour
Could, I imagine, make you understand.

C. K---sl-y.

* * * *

In his preface to *The Little Flowers of S. Francis and Brother Giles* Mr. James Rhoades speaks deprecatingly of his translation as an experiment in verse. It is an undertaking that is reverently attempted. The doings of S. Francis and his Order are much more than legendary tales . . . they are simple facts enveloped in a halo of mediæval piety and superstition. In his blank verse Mr. Rhoades does not miss either the poignancy or the piquancy of the earlier tellings. The book is published by the Oxford University Press in their "World's Classics Series."

A stout Protestant tenders thanks to Mr. Shane Leslie for his *Anthology of Catholic Poets* (Burns and Oates, 7s. 6d.). We are united by the mysticism and symbolism of poetry—a spiritualism that is of the spirit, unlike the gross materialism of what is falsely termed "spiritualism." In an ecstatic introduction, beautifully phrased, Mr. Leslie reminds us that "vague and vagabond anthologies are an oppression to the modern shelf. This collection wanders through a thousand years of English letters, but it returns to the meridian of Rome. The English authors selected all died in communion with the Holy See." Some of his poets only qualified for inclusion in their last moments. "Ben Jonson slipped in and out of the Church, thereby becoming too rare even for this collection," but, in virtue of final submission, is included the work of men like Hawker of Morwenstowe and Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley and W. H. Mallock, who became converts in their last hours. Dryden is another convert who adds glory to this collection. If he and Pope, "who each dominated a period did not exhaust the Faith, they certainly exhausted the Catholic Muse," until "with the clarion of the Oxford Movement the tides were turned in their course. Under the influence of Scott, Young England idealised the literary forms of the Old Faith. Rome and Romance seemed one, and both Poesy and Cleresy in England peeped Popeward. Upon the rolling wave of ten thousand converts the voice of the poet was audible—Newman, Faber, Aubrey de Vere, whom Mrs. Meynell placed 'twixt Anacreon and Plato. . . . In Coventry Patmore Anglican Deaneries lost the Angel of their House, who, after conversion, was rapt into the secrets of the Seventh Sphere, *non Anglicanus sed Angelus*. The change from *The Angel in the House* to *The Divine Eros* is the most salient in the history of poetry."

Mediæval and Irish poets, obviously, are largely represented, and among the moderns we find a considerable place given to the poems of Gerard Hopkins, which "remained hidden like violets while his whole life became a passion flower in the Jesuit Conservatory, like some lesser light in that Trinity, which, with Patmore and Francis Thompson, marks a corona rather than a corner in the poetic sky." The poems on the whole are not religious, though generally tinged with a religious coloration. They form a brilliant galaxy, and their luminosity is a light unto our paths. For with Mr. Leslie we can all be Catholic in this great matter of poesy, and burn our candles at many shrines. And we can agree with him, too, when, after remarking that "the essence of anthologies is personal" (would that all anthologists had the literary grace and taste of Mr.

Leslie)—it is the literary equivalent to the Japanese art of arranging flowers "—he adds, " In an age of multiplying books and dwindling style, of formlessness and insipidity of taste and mushiness of matter, the compiler implores equally readers who would become good writers and writers who would become good readers to make unto themselves a chrestomathy of Geoffrey Chaucer and Alexander Pope."

* * * *

As a complement to Mr. Shane Leslie's Catholic Anthology, we would recommend Mr. Louis Vincent's *Little Brown Company* (Hopkinson) to all readers, irrespective of their religious faith. For are we not all of the fellowship of him of Assisi who suffered disillusion and was keenly aware of sin and misery, yet never ceased to be the joyous lover, the idealiser of the beauty of the world? We may differ in our opinions of Vachel Lindsay as a poet, but we are entirely with him in his wish:

" Would I might wake St. Francis in you all,
Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor:
Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
Come, let us chant the canticle again
Of mother earth and the enduring sun."

This anthology of Franciscan poetry and prose will help us towards this desirable end. Mr. Vincent's contributors are very illuminating in prose and verse. We think, however, he might have found more exquisite modern poems. A number of contemporary writers are drawn upon—we would have expected more from Mr. Chesterton, who has taken St. Francis unto himself and confessed that " it was an entirely personal but perfectly spontaneous attraction towards a certain sort of poetry " that brought him into touch with " the little man of Umbria," finding " something in the few lines of the *Canticles of the Creatures* that there was not in Shakespeare or in Shelley "—and there are many now besides Mrs. Parry Eden, Enid Dennis, and Armel O'Connor who have been inspired by St. Francis.

* * * *

With *The Little Brown Company* should be read Mr. Armel O'Connor's exquisite new volume of poems *The Little Company* (Mary's Meadow Press, 5s.). He will be called mystical, but there is no mystery about his verses; he is more of a realist than the squalid " Georgians," for he is in touch with the things unseen that are eternal and to him life is a joyful benediction, even in its trials and endurances. To him

The sky a meditation seems,
  Whose points are stars and moon and sun—
Great space, where visions rise from dreams,
  And contemplation is begun.

Ever the trees are in accord
  With One paternally Who broods,
And utters His creative word,
  Almost divined in blessed woods.

It is no disparagement to say that Mr. Connor's vision in a measure has eluded expression—that his poems are not yet as complete and satisfying as one would expect and desire them to be. The flame will burn more intensely and penetratingly yet.

* * * *

Some More Notable Anthologies.

We owe to Mr. Francis Carey Slater *The Centenary Book of South African Verse* (Longmans, 6s. net.), in which he has included 216 poems by 68 different writers, a considerable number of whom were British born—sufficient to show that without any great literary or pecuniary encouragement poetry has welled forth and in considerable volume and clarity, and that Thomas Pringle of Kelso, the 1820 pioneer, so long considered the sole as well as the first South African-British poet, has been succeeded by writers greater than he. Arthur Shearley Cripps, of Mashonaland (who, with Stephen Phillips, Laurence Binyon, and Manmaho-Ghose, was part author of the scarce *Primawera*, published in 1890), Arthur Vine Hall and Edmund Garrett have had a literary reputation in the old country for many years; vigorous, characteristic later work, which shows how South Africa has gripped them and how finely they are able to convey its scenes and impressions, has been done by Ian Colvin, Lance Fallow of Gateshead, the Veldsinger D. M. Jacob, D. J. Darlow (from whose expressive *Khama* we quoted two years ago), Harold Fahrsen Sampson, a Rhodes scholar and native-born, and Mr. Slater himself, who are very fully and worthily represented. This anthology is a standard book with which all readers should be acquainted—a judicious and illuminating selection, unspoiled by the fault of many such collections to which a birth or similar qualification has overweighed poetic merit.

* * * *

An anthology of primitive spontaneous poetry is a rarity in these sophisticated days. Unique though the American Indian Lyrics (Macmillan, New York) are, we are not inclined to disparage the more

cultivated and literary expressions of the South Africans by invidious comparison. The latter is the finer product, although not as far removed from the Indian verses as the caveman's scratchings are from the paintings of a modern artist. Because the selection made by Miss Nellie Barns is not studied literary work, it has a peculiar literary interest. She presents versions of native rhythms that have pulsed through the songs of the Red Man for centuries before they came into contact with the whites. Moreover, the influence of American Indian song literature has influenced both the music and the literature of contemporary America, and is more responsible for whatever "original note" can be found in American verse than all the self-conscious efforts of the modern New York and Chicago poetaster to be distinctively American. Mrs. Austin, who in her notable work on "The American Rhythm" has provided an analysis of the primitive poetic impulse, supplies a foreword in which she points out that in the United States "we are able to watch the evolution of poetic form from stages somewhat earlier than those recorded by Aristotle, going on as an indigenous type of human expression. We are face to face here with the evolution of lyric form out of the stanzaic act, ritualistically repeated; with the approach to the road, along the path struck out by primitive man in the identification of himself with the sources of high states of being." This grouping of the best translations of Amerindian lyrics, which are not, as the title page suggests, chiefly love poems, but are overwhelmingly concerned with other matters—songs of nature, of rain (which bulked so importantly in the Indian mind), of grief and death, of natural phenomena and man's relation thereto, of invocation and ritual—are of great value to the student of poetics who wishes to trace the growth of the thought-movement and the thought-rhythm into patterned designs related to the seasons and the landscape, the dance and tribal decorations, with the active human impulse, animating all the expressions, physical and literary. The reader, however, can take pleasure in these lyrical outbursts without bothering about origins and patterns and other fascinating details of scholarship. We would like to quote for their own sake examples of the songs, but space will allow us to present only two short pieces—the *Ka-Ni-Ga Song* and the *Song of the Stars*:—

The poor little bee
That lives in the tree,
The poor little bee
That lives in the tree
Has only one arrow

In his quiver.

* * *

We are the stars which sing,
We sing with our light;
We are the birds of fire,
We fly over the sky.
Our light is a voice;
We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.
Among us are three hunters
Who chase a bear;
There never was a time
When they were not hunting.
We look down on the mountains:
This is the song of the Stars.

* * *

That the compiler of the *Youth and Maidenhood* anthology (Dent, 7s. 6d.) is Mr. L. S. Wood is sufficient guarantee of the excellence, comprehensiveness and good taste of a very delightful, well arranged collection of English verse, dealing with the aspirations and emotions of adolescence, ranging from Chaucer to the present head master of Eton. Mr. Wood, as all Poetry Reviewers know, is the compiler of the standard anthology of poetry on infancy and childhood, included in the Golden Treasury series. In his new collection he has had less material to select from; infancy and childhood have inspired almost all the poets, major and minor—a number who have understood the child mind have ignored youth, the years between twelve and maturity—an uneasy period that few care to prolong or to dwell upon when passed. There are numerous reasons for the poet's comparative neglect in addition to the many proffered by Aristotle. Yet Mr. Wood brings a goodly and judicious assortment of poems interpretative of youth, whose threnody is written very wisely by Rupert Brooke and for whom Geoffrey Winthrop Young supplies a loving dedication to which all parents will subscribe. The *Anthology of Youth in Verse and Prose*, chosen by Susan Miles, also the compiler of an *Anthology of Childhood* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), is a complementary volume in the best sense. Not only does Miss Miles include prose extracts but her poems are almost entirely different from Mr. Wood's selections—a rare achievement considering the limited nature of the subject and its difficulty. Miss Miles displays more of the insouciance of youth, with here and there less discretion. Yet in her modernism she has not been led away by

the affectations of modern poetastry to present youth in revolt and morbidly introspective—phases common to adolescence but no more permanent or characteristic than the measles. Her nearest approach to froth is in a certain professor's excursion into verse, *Red Stockings*, in which a young girl retorts :—

> He, old man, old fellow talking,
> Would you have me still more fair
> Under ordered tresses, walking
> Narrow ways with legs all bare ?
> Things like this shall never be
> With a modest maid like me,
> Though no doubt 'twould please you well.
> Go to hell, sir, go to hell.

No doubt poetastry acclaims this as " exquisite, perfect poetry and satire." But we would not disparage the really delightful freshness and range of the editorial work. The scope of both volumes and all that has been written on the subject are summed up in four lines by Frances Cornford—a conclusive epigram on the poise, promise and tragedy of " Youth " :—

> A young Apollo, golden-haired,
> Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
> Magnificently unprepared
> For the long littleness of life.

* * * *

We can but admire and pay a tribute to the scholarship and industry embodied in *Elizabethan Lyrics* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net). It is a model anthology, compiled from a first-hand survey of the whole field of Elizabethan verse—not a rearrangement of other men's collections, and it surely forms the largest and most representative selection of this famous period's lyric work. Mr. Norman Ault, most thorough of editors, tells us that for this anthology of above 500 pages and 640 examples he searched through upwards of two thousand printed books and nearly three hundred MSS. of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. In addition to the famous lyrics of the masters, he has incorporated numerous less familiar but no less exquisite examples of their work, as well as a large number of unexpected treasures by poets little known and long forgotten, many of which have never before been reprinted and at least ten are here printed for the first time. Mr. Ault is even original in his arrangement of the poems, his scheme being to enable the reader to focus the new lyric movement as a whole ; to trace its

development year by year, from its beginnings with Wyatt onwards to 1620, his 154 poets illustrating the diverse form and content of Elizabethan poetry, while love poetry predominates the many other interests of this splendid period of human activity—war, travel and exploration, town and country life; feasting, drinking and other indulgences, lullabies, marriage songs and elegies, religion and superstition, learning, folk-lore, philosophy and humour—being mirrored here. We have further cause for being grateful to Mr. Ault. Recognising with the Elizabethans that the essential beauty of a lyric lies in the melody of the oral word, sung, intoned or spoken, irrespective of the orthography of the written word, he has not adhered to archaic spelling but given us our own familiar collocation of letters, which convey to us the poetry and music, freshness and charm of the lyrics, unchecked by philological or antiquarian considerations. We cannot attempt to analyse Mr. Ault's monumental collection—we can only commend it.

* * * *

We cannot discover any particular reason for the existence of Mr. J. C. Smith's *Book of Modern Verse* (Oxford University Press). Some forty poems, almost all familiar pieces, found in larger anthologies, apparently represent to Mr. Smith, who has been careful to keep to a narrow, well-trodden path, the quintessence of modern work. Such a personal small collection of preferences should be labelled as such. Mr. Smith implies that he has brought together post-Victorian poems that satisfy Milton's definition of poetry as being "simple, sensuous, passionate." However, while being neither representative nor comprehensive, and without any particular *raison d'être*, Mr. Smith's selection is much to be preferred to several other similar small volumes, and it is exquisitely printed and bound for 2s. 6d.

* * * *

To your poetry library you should add The Bodley Head's *Anthology of Italian Lyrics* (6s. net), in the making of which Miss Romilda Rendal has acquitted herself remarkably well. Not only are her selections, ranging from the thirteenth century to the present day, discriminating and representative, but with the Italian text she gives an excellent translation which preserves the magic of the poetry—a rare achievement, on a much higher plane than her success as an anthologist. A mechanically accurate translation of a poem is no more likely to reconstitute the poem, to capture its spirit and appeal, than the scientific combination of the chemical components of a living body to produce life. Words are highly

specialised sounds and symbols peculiar to a nation—a literal rendering of the words into another language does not convey their significance, especially when used to express poetry in which their association, grouping, rhythm, colour and other qualities are intended to produce not only harmonious impression and a particular image, but also that surprising, radiant effect known as poetry, which Miss Rendal manages to preserve to a high degree in her English versions. We would like to give some examples of Miss Rendal's renderings of sonnets by Petrarc and Michael Angelo in particular, and of her extracts from Pascoli's *Songs of Castelvecchio* and Pastonchi's modern pastoral lyrics, but it is better you should go to the book itself and keep it by you for frequent reading and reference, together with the other Bodley Head Anthologies, so extremely well edited, of Modern German and Russian poetry.

The Poetry of Nonsense.

The poetry of nonsense is having a literature of its own. M. Emile Cammaerts has discussed and analysed it in a book that grew out of a recent much-discussed lecture by the famous Belgian poet who has become an English man of letters (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net), and Mr. Langford Reed, whose *Complete Limerick Book* was one of the outstanding successes of 1925 in the United States as well as here, has compiled an anthology of *Nonsense Verse* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), which appositely illustrates M. Cammaerts' genial treatise. These two authorities, although their books are complementary, do not entirely agree. M. Cammaerts defines nonsense poems as "meaningless," there is no point in them, they are entirely irresponsible. Mr. Reed declares that "nonsense verse is a highly technical form of conscious and responsible humour which, when analysed, is found to contain a strong sense of versification and, in most cases, of 'plot,' 'achievement,' and 'climax.'" Yet neither of them adheres strictly to his definitions. Both draw on Lear and Lewis Carroll as the great exemplars of nonsense poetry. But it is admitted that both poets were eminently sensible; that, for example, the famous *Jabberwocky* has a meaning, can be translated into common sensible language. It is a cryptogram in verse. And Mr. Reed reprints, against himself, some examples that are entirely nonsensical—verses in imitation of the Jabberwock styles, but with no apparent or intended meaning—merely artificial foolish words without any sense; but which satisfy the compiler because they are made up into metrical rhyming stanzas:

"'Dately she walked aglost the sand;
The boreal wind seet in her face;

The mogling waves valped at her feet;
Penwangling was her pace."

M. Cammaerts asserts that nonsense poems are entirely impervious to parody. Yet this is feeble parody, of which any rhymster is capable.

Calverley's *Ballad*—itself a parody of the popular narrative ballads—an example, which Mr. Reed does not reprint, is an admirable specimen of nonsense poetry:

"Her sheep followed her as their tails did them
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
And as to the meaning, it's what you please."

This is intentionally nonsense and yet clever.

M. Cammaerts adduces nursery rhymes as examples of nonsense poetry. But learned commentators point out that these jingles have a serious basis and meaning. They are folklore and history. That "Old King Cole was a merry old soul" is as accurate an historical statement as that "Queen Victoria was born in 1819." Mr. Reed has some justification for excluding nursery rhymes from his delightful collection.

That the subject itself is not nonsense, M. Cammaerts indicates in a sentence that provides a text for a very serious and lengthy article. "While the interest in serious poetry is becoming more and more restricted to the so-called intellectual class, nonsense is practically the only type of poetry which is remaining in touch with the great mass of the people." We cannot follow up this intriguing challenge now—we quote it to prepare readers to discuss it when Mr. Langford Reed lectures on "Nonsense Verse" to the Poetry Society at various Centre meetings. We must quote another arresting, scathing statement by M. Cammaerts, which might be applied to Swinburne, and is an indictment of the professions and failures of a considerable modern school: "There is no other class of literature which corresponds more closely to the definition of poetry given by modern writers when they tell us that poetry must appeal as much to the ear as it does to the mind, and that the essential task of the poet is to 'make music with words.' Some poets carry this conception so far that they are apt to subordinate the meaning of their words to their harmony, and to write nonsense without intending to do so." We could wish that much of the dreary subjective stuff by very minor poets who have a vogue were less unintentionally nonsensical—that it contained more spontaneous joy, wildness and music, instead of being so studiously, feebly, solemnly

maudlin. Mr. Chesterton's *Song of Quoodle* has more poetry in it than all the semi-psychological serious sludge about " bending forward on the wind of thought " and " along the scrabolous, leprous stairs," and poems that rouse the ire of Arthur Lord and elevate the high-brows, of which there is a greater supply than Mr. Reed finds there is of good, real nonsense verse. His Anthology provides us with a most necessary antidote to scrofulous rubbish. It comes as a delightful relief. It is not satire, but it will be as effective. We need his cheerful appreciation of nonsense to clear away the doleful miasma engendered by the half-men with their dirty songs and dreary who have received too much attention in recent years. And after enjoying his examples and deciding which of them are not strictly within this category, try, if you are given to versification and have a sprightly sense of words and a mind that is neither dense nor arrogant, to provide something new in the way of nonsense poems that will rank with the famous fatuities of Gelett Burgess, Hilaire Belloc, F. W. Thomas and other light-hearted moderns who can handle metre and rhyme in a dexterous frolicsome fashion.

* * * *

The Intelligent Appreciation of Drama.

Most people nowadays prefer to enjoy things with their intelligence as well as with their emotions. Knowledge of the technique that lies behind any art adds much to the appreciation of that art, therefore play-goers and play-lovers who wish to enlarge their capacity for enjoyment will do well to profit by this book of Prof. Allardyce Nicoll's, *British Drama. . . . An historical survey from the beginnings to the present time.* (Harrap. 12s. 6d.). He touches upon the mimetic instincts of primitive races, investigates mediæval religious ritual and folk customs, draws inferences from the classical tragedies of Greece and Rome, and then traces the growth of our own drama through all its periods of splendour and inertia to the present time. Scarcely a play belonging to our literature seems to have been unread by him, and he judges every playwright, not only by the plays he has penned, but also by the modifying effect of the times in which he lived and the audiences for which he had to cater. His attitude, however, is keenly critical; he lets no weakness pass without censure and can denote flaws in masterpieces where we are only blinded by great light. Just occasionally one feels that his outlook is almost too academical, that in summing up the merits of a play he exercises his intellect at the expense of his emotions, but, no doubt, the average audience goes to the other extreme and allows its heart to run away with its head. Ending with a chapter on the future of

British Drama, he bases his prognostications on the modern dual trend towards realism and symbolism in the theatre and draws some very encouraging conclusions. His book is not only of great intrinsic value, but it also renders a high service to English Literature.

There is another and continuous service being paid to literature by those responsible for the productions of Shakespeare at the Old Vic. Theatre. The record of plays enacted there during the last few years is world-known, but there is an additional factor in this literary service that is not so commonly recognised. To those who love Shakespeare, above all as a poet, the speaking of his verse is of essential importance, and it is in this wonderful little theatre that the speaking of verse and the quality of speaking voices receive their due measure of attention. Shakespeare plays, beautifully staged, splendidly acted, and yet indifferently spoken are, to lovers of poetry, very unsatisfying. In no other place is the splendour of his words more fully recognised, more greatly loved and more adequately interpreted. Miss Bayliss holds the view that in this "Home of Shakespeare and of Opera in English," over which she rules, the ears of the un-reading and little-taught section of her audience (a section which she particularly encourages for its own sake) have been prepared for the appreciation of verse by the enjoyment of music and song at the Operas. She believes that her audiences were first attracted by Opera and then acquired the habit of coming to see Shakespeare as well. It is a very probably theory. The great fact is that there is a Home of Shakespeare in his own land. We, his fond guests, who nightly press his doors are content with that.

* * * *

The Tragedy of La Tosca (Drane's, Ltd. 7s. 6d.) is versed by Mr. Walter Howgrave from his impression of an English version performed by Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Bernard Beere more than twenty-five years ago. The story is here told in narrative form, and though his verse never rises to any great height of intensity, yet it never descends to the levels of sentimentality or to the depth of bathos. There is simplicity and a certain sincerity in the lines.

* * * *

To read *Early Poems and Stories*, the latest volume in the collected works of W. B. Yeats (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net), brings one under the spell of the real Yeats. If it does not do this, we remain for ever outside his influence. For here is *The Celtic Twilight* of 1893, followed by *The Secret Rose* and *Red Hanrahan*, and *The Rose* poems, with *Father Gilligan* and *Innisfree* and other favourites, the original, authentic Yeats of the Irish renaissance and the days before he left Dublin in despondency.

ON THE SPEAKING OF VERSE (II):

THE USE OF GESTURE.

IT is easy enough to make a general rule on the question of gesture in recitation, but when the more subtle considerations of exceptions crop up a narrow or hidebound view will produce the most inartistic effects, and a too rigid barrier against the use of appropriate action rules out an art which is not a mere embroidery to the main business of the speaking of verse, but which is, in fact, a sister art which serves to animate and intensify the spoken word, and to produce a living whole.

The general rule may be easily, not to say tritely, stated : gesture, which is natural and necessary in dramatic poetry, is unnecessary and even pernicious in lyrical ; there is the golden rule, which is, however, like every other rule in art, made of a substance so elastic that, though it may not be broken, it may be indefinitely stretched.

To begin with, it is perfectly clear that any gesture, to be admissible at all, must have a definite meaning, or, better still, *motive ;* but must that motive be purely material, or may it not have a more subtle significance ? That is to say, is an action to be merely indicative of some place, person or intense emotion, or may it not be used to convey an atmosphere ? For instance, a poem or speech may be especially expressive of movement, and gesture in it may be used to increase and intensify that idea without being referable to any material motive. Take the less relevant case of a speech or scene taken from a play for the purpose of recitation. In such a case it is unusual to choose a piece which is so closely bound up with the plot as to require definite stage movements, but that may happen sometimes, and in any case, anything chosen from a great dramatist—Shakespeare is the inevitable example—must bear a definite relation to the play and lose much of its significance when cut out of its context. The only artistic way to study such a speech is to lead up to it by taking the scene of which it is a part, thus letting it grow in its natural place ; in this way, any necessary actions come of themselves and are therefore almost inevitable. When the time comes to give the speech apart from its scene it will be quite clear which gestures can be dispensed with and which must of necessity remain if the true dramatic purpose of the speech is to be retained. To study and recite a speech from a play without *full and careful* reference to the context is bound to result in a distortion of the author's meaning, and, in the case of a student, a wrong appreciation of artistic values ; it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it leads to remembering *The Merchant of Venice* by Portia's "mercy" speech—about as bad a confusion of values as to think of *Lear* for Edgar's

cliff description, or *Othello* for the willow song. Dramatic poetry *must* be considered in relation to its context, and the speaker, *or hearer*, who forgets this is digging himself a pit.

As regards lyric poetry, it is true that gesture must be used so sparingly as to be almost absent, and the cases where it is required are exceptional. But then arises the question of verse speaking by children, and here the matter becomes complicated once more. Action in children is so natural as to be almost imperative. It is the producer's first care to eliminate that purely "indicative" action which is so unnecessary as to be ludicrous, but few children are at ease in lyric verse, the childish temperament being notably dramatic, and if they are to appreciate or even understand lyric poetry to any degree, they must be allowed some action; this is the more comprehensible as the vocal work is purely intellectual and by itself beyond a child's grasp, whereas action is emotional or dramatic, and through its aid a child comes unconsciously to realise the other. Therefore, though a child should be discouraged from indications of "*me*," "a cottage *there*," "the sky *above*," and so forth, it should be allowed and encouraged in what the writer clumsily calls "atmospheric" gesture, *i.e.*, gesture which, though not traceable to a materially indicative motive, helps to express the general atmosphere of a poem, or calls attention to some point which the child is not able yet to make clear by mere vocal expression. After all, in recitation or verse-speaking, it is the *whole* that is sought, the fullest possible expression of the poet's idea, and it is mere pedantry to deny to a child the imperative assistance of action in obtaining that ideal, though it is wise to choose poems that are sufficiently dramatic to bear action easily.

Mr. Clutton-Brock has pointed out that the swing of the pendulum, though useful in a clock, is dangerous in art, and it is this thought that has made the present writer plead a cause somewhat against her own convictions! The pendulum *is* swinging back, from an almost complete neglect of the subtleties of vocal expression to a somewhat alarming preoccupation with them, and it behoves verse lovers to watch that their last state be not worse than their first. It is true that in the dramatic world the danger is still practically non-existent; few living dramatists, except Mr. Shaw, think of the *spoken* word as they write, and certainly no producer, except, of course, Mr. Poel, troubles to follow the unmistakable guidance that Shakespeare left as regards the speaking of his plays; but a narrow view of the speaking of lyric verse may bring about another divorce between poetry and the drama, a state of things that would

be the more regrettable as at the present time there has seemed some chance of a reconciliation between those two touchy Muses. The Poetry Society is doing a most timely and valuable work; it will be all the more worthy of our gratitude and support if it can contrive to hold the balance steady, and prevent that excessive rise and fall which is both confusing and perilous.

LILIAN E. SIMPSON.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE U.S.A.

MRS. LEACY NAYLOR GREEN-LEACH, of Baltimore, Maryland, in expressing her appreciation of THE POETRY REVIEW and recognition of its influence, writes :—Though the citizen of a different form of government and entirely loyal, I am rather prejudiced, from a literary point of view, to England. How could any true devotee of the art of poetry be otherwise, when the roots of the great tree of poetry as expressed in the English language are firmly embedded in English soil? Moreover, I am a graduate of an English college in Canada, whose corner-stone was laid by Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, back in the eighteen-sixties, when he was, I presume, a mere lad. Naturally I was accustomed to join in the singing while there of the English National Anthem. My instructor in poetry and prose was a graduate of Cambridge University, England. The members of the faculty were all from the old country with the exception of the art instructor and riding master. My father, the late Major James Williams Green, who had some correspondence with the late Lord Beaconsfield, was English in every line. This in spite of the fact that his English ancestor, Robert Green, son of a member of the bodyguard of William of Orange, came to Culpeper County, Virginia, with his wife Eleanor Duff, of Scotland, early in 1700. This Robert was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1735, as was his son John in 1769. The war of 1861 left Virginia stripped of everything except her books. That period has no place in my memory, but when I began to browse around in books I found no modern authors, only the old English classics—Pope's translations of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*, *Dante*, *Petrarch*, etc., and for magazines *Blackwood's* and the *North American Review*. Thus was my taste formed, and my course at an English college but confirmed it. The result is that my poetry, with its tenacity as to foot and accent, does not seem so far acceptable to the modernists here, who have flooded and are still flooding America with prose, chopped up into irregular lengths which they dub *vers libre*. I would not, if I could, write much of the stuff that is published.

You English seem to be under the impression that New England contains the culture of America. And yet the two great poets of America, Poe of Maryland (his mother being English) and Sidney Lanier of Georgia, have never been surpassed in America. They were each also scathing critics. Walter Hines Page was of North Carolina, Thomas Nelson Page (who, by the way, studied law with my uncle, Williams Green, in Richmond before he began to write) was of Virginia, Amelie Rives, whose story in old English, *The Farrier Lass O' Piping Pebworth*, should never see oblivion, James Branch Cabell, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, are all of Virginia. Sidney Porter (O. Henry) whom we consider the Dickens of America, in a sense, whose story *The Double Dyed Deceiver* is to me the most beautiful I ever read, was of North Carolina; Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was of Missouri. Is not this enough?

An American member, who is nine generations removed from one Captain George Barbour, Puritan, who came to America in 1635, at 17 drifted to New York City, "where I endured the loneliness of a hall bedroom. A copy of Cowper's *Poetical Works* stood on a tiny shelf, and one night I casually opened the book and began reading. I was impressed by the poet's elegance of style, so different from the usual 'pain and sorrow' lyrics in the daily Press. That Cowper actually *lived* his poetry was something new to me, and I resolved then and there to become a poet and live the idyllic life of my hero. I even strolled along the Bowery and visited the pet stores looking for a tame hare! My evenings were now spent in the snug Poet's Corner of Cooper Union, where I read the poets from Homer down to Bryant. When my first poem appeared in a Boston magazine I realized the ecstasy of a real Creator of Beauty! Two small volumes of my verse have been published, but my important pieces are still unknown to print."

* * * *

Several teachers and candidates have questioned the statement that for convenience of reference all the verse-speaking examination test pieces for 1926 are to be found in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, with the exception of an easily accessible Shakesperean speech. It would appear they have consulted editions that contain only Palgrave's First Series, now out of copyright. The Second Series, published 36 years after the First, from which living poets were excluded, is to be found with the First Series, thereby constituting a complete "Palgrave," in the edition published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. at 6s. net.

PERSONAL OPINIONS ON POETRY PROBLEMS:

Why does Viola talk to the Duke in blank verse in Act 2, Scene 4, and to the Clown in prose in Act 3, Scene 1 ? (*Twelfth Night*).

Shakespeare's blank verse is nearly always intermingled with rhymed couplets and prose. This arrangement gives variety to the plays, and enables Shakespeare to fit his language to his scene or character. Thus, while the heroes, heroines and villains speak in blank verse, clowns, servants, sailors, shepherds and the common people generally, speak in prose.

In the plays of Racine and Corneille every character speaks in alexandrine couplets. Augustus uses the same language as his servant. The result is that the plays seem artificial; marvels of craftsmanship rather than pictures of life. The absence of humour (barred by the rigid style of the play) heightens this impression of unreality.

Deep musings, stirring speeches, the passions of love and grief, demand to be clothed in lofty language, and in Shakespeare's plays blank verse becomes a wonderful vehicle for this; we forget that it is blank verse; it is the rarified language of the soul.

But for clowns and workmen to talk in blank verse, whether in comic scenes or not, would seem absurd. Their unlettered minds are better expressed in prose. In many of the plays the comic scenes between the aristocrats, who speak in blank verse on serious occasions, are also in prose. This is the case in *Twelfth Night*.

In Act 2, Scene 4, Viola and the Duke are discussing love. They are both in highly emotional moods; the Duke devoured with his hopeless love for Olivia, and Viola's heart beating for the Duke beneath her boy's doublet. Music adds to the romantic atmosphere of the scene, and the Duke and Viola speak in wonderful blank verse. If Viola were to speak in prose the scene would lose much of its effect.

Imagine that Viola, instead of replying to the Duke's question thus:

> "It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned,"

had answered: "It might be an echo from love's throne." How commonplace it would have sounded! And the narrative beginning "She never told her love" would have seemed but a piece of Victorian sentiment in prose.

But when the Clown enters prose is spoken. He at once changes the atmosphere of the room, and in spite of his merry wit the Duke is obviously glad when he goes, and he and Viola can forget all mundane things once more.

In Act 3, Scene 1, Viola and the Clown talk in prose, but as soon

as Olivia appears Viola addresses her in blank verse. The conversation between the Clown and Viola is primarily an exhibition of the Clown's powers as a " corrupter of words," and his speech is packed with jests and quibbles, which could not well be said in blank verse. The spirit of the scene is comic, and Viola must needs forget her love-sick fancies and suit her speech to the Clown's.

K. MUNDAY.

II.

To Shakespeare rhythm was the natural vehicle for emotion, and when his characters are moved by feeling they express themselves in blank verse.

It has been said (Chesterton) that poetic dialogue is not an unnatural expression, but rather the appropriate form in which feeling would clothe itself had it the facility. It is our every-day speech that travesties our emotions. The lover would always speak in poetry were he able to translate the speech of his heart fluently, instead of in halting phrases. Every man is a poet at heart when he is moved by a true emotion. The dropt " h " or the Cockney accent do but belie him ; and to interpret his meaning best we must word it in the highest form of speech we know—poetry.

In this scene with the Duke, Viola is speaking of things that move her deeply, and that we, in listening to her, may understand and share her feelings, Shakespeare has translated it into rhythm—even, in places, into rhyme, which seems to suggest more vividly the wistful beauty of her secret love, trembling on the brink of avowal :

" And so they are ; alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow."

When talking with the Clown, on the other hand, Viola is not seeking to express emotion, but merely bandying words to pass the time. Blank verse, therefore, would be inappropriate.

The turn of these crisp prose sentences gives just the atmosphere of light pleasantrie that Shakespeare wished to convey.

E. DOBELL.

DOES BASSANIO DESERVE PORTIA ?

I.

Bassanio has glaring faults—he is a spendthrift, and his desire to marry Portia is not solely for love of her, but that her ducats may mend his broken fortunes. But admitting these faults, and admitting that he is a rather insignificant character in the play, we can yet

from the facts given diagnose certain sterling traits in his character, and decide that he does deserve Portia, for the following reasons:

1. He does love Portia all through, and he is capable of inspiring her love. "And is love, then, the sole reward of love," says Browning. Perhaps love is not enough alone to deserve love, but it is one very powerful reason.

2. He is capable of inspiring great affection in his friends. All of them are devoted to him, and throughout the play there is no single instance of complaining of Bassanio. He blames himself, but no one blames his faults for the troubles that fall on Antonio. Antonio himself is devoted to Bassanio and ready to give him everything, even his life.

3. At the moment of success, when he would wish to be with Portia, he does not hesitate, but rushes off to Venice to do his best to save his friend and get Antonio out of the hands of the Jew. Neither he nor Portia has a dishonourable thought.

4. Finally, he shows the kind of judgment which in the estimation of Portia's father should be possessed by the successful suitor of his daughter. Thus he chooses aright, and by this act alone he proves himself worthy to be her husband.

ELIZABETH HICKSON.

II.

Methinks the good Bassanio doth deserve according to his deserts, for the lady Portia hath desired him, and the desire of one of such discrimination recommends itself. Therefore, Bassanio, take heart and say, "Out of thy grace, fair lady, thou hast chosen the last of thy suitors three; the last and easiest choice were mine, for how should less than gold or silver merit the enshrinement of thy fair face, except that they had failed to win.

"And, lady dear to me, in that pretty sense of humour thou possessest, thou hast awakened to my soul an unboundaried love out of which I can give to my friend a greater love through my loving thee.

"Therefore, dear Portia, by the largeness of thy understanding thou hast chosen me, and therefore by that same token must I deserve thee."

C. D. THOMPSON.

III.

Does the "scholar and soldier worthy of all praise" deserve the witty and resourceful "lady richly left"?

Does the man of the world who is chary of "trusting to appearances" deserve the practical, capable, versatile woman, whom love

has so troubled that she calls herself " an unlessoned girl, unscholared, unpracticed." Or is Bassanio, as his first words to Antonio alone might seem to suggest, merely an extravagant fortune hunter ? He has Antonio's love and trust, proud Portia's devotion, is hero-worshipped by Launcelot, trusted and loved by Antonio's friends—does not this set a seal or desert ?

E. W. IREDALE.

IV.

Portia is immeasurably greater than Bassanio—in heart, in brain, in character. Bassanio appears to be rather a shallow character. He is extravagant and fond of pleasure, and is without much sense of responsibility. He takes his debts lightly, his wooing of Portia for her wealth lightly, and his loan from Antonio lightly. When Antonio's bond to Shylock becomes due, Bassanio is distressed, naturally, but he is not passionately distressed ; he talks a great deal about Antonio's virtues and his friendship, but he does not think of what may be done to save him. It is Portia who immediately takes action. She decides that Bassanio must go at once to Antonio, and offer any amount of her money for his release ; at the same time she realises that it is probable that the money will be refused, and her brain immediately sets to work to devise some plan for checkmating Shylock's plans.

Bassanio, even when he says in the court :

> " Good cheer, Antonio ! . . .
> The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all
> Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood,"

is half-hearted ; he does not mean what he says. He is shallow in friendship, shallow in love, and shallow in business. Of course, he does not deserve Portia, but because she is so " big," and because she loves him, Shakespeare leaves us with the feeling that she may eventually make something better of him.

A. FORREST (Antigua).

MUSICAL PASSAGES IN POETRY.

> " I am dying, Egypt, dying. Only
> I here importune Death awhile until
> Of many thousand kisses the poor last
> I lay upon thy lips.
>
> W. SHAKESPEARE (*Anthony and Cleopatra*).

This passage has always seemed to me one of the most musical in poetry. I cannot explain why. Its sheer beauty of sound gives me

exquisite pleasure, as might the beauty of a perfect flower. To dissect that pleasure is like pulling the petals from the rose, the secret of its beauty is destroyed rather than revealed.

But to attempt the impossible :

I notice first the pause on " Only," that seems to add to the pathos of the line, like a catch in the breath.

Second, the skilful arrangement and recurrence of the key sounds. The first line is built up of *d s* and the short *pt*, with the long, liquid *l*'s in " only " at the end, and the recurring long *y*'s.

" *I* am *dy*ing, Eg*ypt*, *dy*ing. On*ly*."

The second line repeats the *p t d*, closing with the long *l*'s, and a suggestion of the y (or i) :

" I here im*port*une *D*eath awhi*le* un*til* "

The third line introduces the long *s* that gives pathos, with a touch of *p* and *l* at the end.

" Of many thou*s*and ki*ss*es the *p*oor la*st*."

In the last line the various notes that have run through the verse are gathered together and repeated. The *p* is again introduced, with *y* and *s*. The principal note is the stressing of the long *l*'s, which give an indescribable lingering wistfulness to the line :

" I *l*ay u*p*on thy li*p*s."

I do not suppose Shakespeare made use consciously of these devices in building up the lines. He was probably guided solely by his marvellous ear.

The secret of their haunting music is his alone, and defies analysis.

EVA DOBELL.

II.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

The reason why I selected these lines is because the rhythm is so musical and the verse is expressed in such joyful, flowing language. As one reads these lines one can imagine the skylark soaring high in the blue sky. These lines are very descriptive and exquisitely beautiful.

CHERRY WRIGHT (15).

III.

I consider the following passage from *Endymion* (John Keats) to be the most musical in English poetry :

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?

The almost continuous use of the vowel "o" throughout this passage (including the thrice repeated "ow," which with the initial "O" makes a quadruple rhyme), and the melodious double r's and l's, make these lines comparable to a slow sad, dreamy waltz, played by stringed instruments and wood-winds.

K. MUNDAY.

An Obituary Notice on "Davy Gam," Esquire, who Died at Agincourt on St. Crispin's Day, October 25th, 1415.

Oh! "Davy Gam," Esquire, whose plain and simple name,
Was written last, on the grand *rôle* of fame,
Our great King Henry read out loud at Agincourt.

Thou had'st thy share in songs of prayer and praise,
The Monarch bade thy living comrades raise
To God, who gave them victory at Agincourt.

And plain and simple though thy life had been,
Thou gav'st that life with ardour all as keen,
As Prince, or Duke, or Earl, who died at Agincourt.

And down the ages has thine óbscure name
Enshrined in Shakespeare's deathless *rôle* of fame,
Come to us from the famous field of Agincourt.

And linked in one long chain of simple men,
Who without grudge, gave lives to England, when
At many other battles great as Agincourt,

She called her sons to rally to her aid,
Till, e'en just now, in honoured grave she laid
Her unknown hero, kin to him of Agincourt.

C. PUNCH.

A Definition of Poetry (Suggested by Wireless).

Poetry is the attempt to transmit the messages of Beauty by means of sound and rhythm. The messages are infinitely various. The poet's brain is the receiver. His expression (verse) the transmitter (loud speaker). On the quality of both depends the clearness of the message as it reaches the "listeners in."

EVA DOBELL.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S LETTER

WE of the Poets' Fellowship are not individually overburdened with a sense of importance and should be sorry if our activities led to the belief that the Poetry Society—an infinitely bigger thing —was a kind of poets' club. This is apropos of a paragraph in one of the dailies which really matter; we should like our kindly assessor to know that even in the Fellowship we do not read our little efforts to one another. At the last bright meeting at Leeds (January 18th) we discussed Keats, being led thereto in a spirit of noble and gracious simplicity by Miss Alice Collinge, and ending in stupendous wrestlings on matters (which I could not apprehend) of metaphysics and philosophy. Our next meeting (also at Leeds, on March 13th) will deal with Hardy, introduced by Miss E. M. Frampton.

Miss Florence Overton writes that, with her, it is association that "makes a word pleasing to the eye." This does not satisfy me, but no one else has made any effort at all. It does, indeed, partially explain why "Philomel" is delightful and "Philemon" drowsily depressing. Miss Overton adds that to a certain famous Italian the most beautiful word in our language was "cellar-door." (Poe liked that final vowel.) But is that eye or ear? And how does one pronounce *door?* I would refer you (including the sympathetic correspondent who thinks that most of the letters I receive "seem to be extremely rude") to the following abstract of an outbreak from our old friend "Victor Ballan":

"In the current issue you made several remarks of value on the misuse of certain words by uncertain writers, and one is compelled by judgment to concur in your findings.

"But that gifted lady Miss Nancy Pollok, in criticising William Morris' *Summer Dawn*, draws attention, with regret, to the false rhyme of 'corn' and 'dawn.'

"Now, Sir, having been well instructed from my youth, I am aware of the fact that two (or more) blacks do not make a white. But when such melodious writers as Mr. Morris employ and pair such words, I am confirmed in my conviction that the rhyme is a *sound* one—in two senses of that word. Can any Englishman of 'culture' (*pace* Mr. G. K. Chesterton) make the words *dawn* and *morn* do anything but ryhme to the ear, if so be he speak without affectation?

"You wisely advise us to trust to the ear. I consent, in appropriate attitudes. When we were boys in the Sixth we were 'taken' in English literature by a learned professor, to whom be more peace than he gave us. We received verbal chastisement and vocal enlightenment (mixed metaphor) in connection with the

alleged false rhyme, being adjured to observe the difference between 'dahn' and 'morrun.' We observed it. But I could not for the life of me have guessed how he spelt the second word when he courteously greeted us with 'Good morning, gentlemen.'

"Will you be so kind—I know that you can if you try—as to stand in the corner in the manner of your school days and desire an honest man nurtured south of the Tweed to read aloud, without mouthing or unfair emphasis, the following apparently foolish and vulgar sentence and, trusting to your ear, tell him how each word is spelt?

"Jawge was bawn on the fawth, so his age ort to be forty-four in Orgust, Nineteen twenty-faw. When he was a norty boy he was cort stealing a sawt of apple which he ort to have bort. When he was horled up at Cawt for the tawt he was tort that froot awt to be bawt, and befaw the dorn of the mawning his conscience was rebawn, and he held himself to scawn.

"Do not be influenced by the hideous and ridiculous appearance of the sentence; but just listen to it, and then proceed to jump with both heels on the necks of such rhymes as 'come' and 'home,' 'love' and 'prove,' 'death' and 'faith,' etc.—or rather, please, jump on the critics who ort to know better than to scawn the ear-tawt rhymester.

"I am afflicted with a painfully sensitive ear to harmonies; that is why I like Wagner, linnets, and occasional silence—which now I hold.

"Please do not discredit me with captiousness, for I write in all sincerity, and think that it is time to scotch that outwawn critical *clichè* which savours more of a plaster pose than of a vital intelligence.

"Forgive this long rigmarole, for I value your helpful and discriminating critiques as much as any of your humble readers."

Now first as to that forceful metaphor involving other people's necks, what of Victor Ballan's? I cannot repeat here what I have wricten in pp. 52–53 of my *Poetry and Science* about modulated rhymes, nor do I recant it. I positively like the rhymes which suggest to him such horrific agility. Also I disagree with his main thesis. He draws his line ("Tweed") much too far north.

Consider this poem, *Silence*, by Audley Maine:

Unborn was Music, till the calm
Of Silence offered her a womb—
And surely 'tis her Mother's arm
She finds and sleeps in for a tomb.

And I, who never knew of calm
While Music slept within the womb,
Am fain to seek her Mother's arm
Now that my heart must find a tomb.

What can be said of it save that it can only be justified as "local" or "dialect" poetry? That is not to minimise its charm any more than it is derogatory to Burns that most of his work was written not in standard English, but in a Northumbrian dialect. If you write:

The geese people are very clean:
You hardly ever saw
A person love his bath so much
Or do his toilet more,

you are either saying "sawr" as in Norfolk or "maw" as in Sussex.

Quoting authorities is unavailing, but if you quote them, why not the incomparable Keats:

"True, tender monitors,
I bend unto your laws."

When Byron says "There let him lay!" it is an impossible conjuration to the finest cockerel that ever wore comb or spurs. When Belloc writes "I will be able" the slip is merely due to writing too many hours per day. Quote not the fathers! "Then the less Belloc he!" is sufficient for all of them.

But what then of my own pet theory of modulated rhymes? There is no door into this category in the present instance. English does touch on the "r" in these words. (The Northumbrian dwells on them. The South Saxon elides them.)

Now if this premiss be wrong, so is my conclusion. As a matter of fact, both are right. The conclusion is that this touching on the "r" lengthens the time taken in saying the syllable, and that is the root of the dislike of a right-speaking Englishman for the correlation of such false rhymes as we have been discussing. The fifth line, then, in Barbara Smythe's Illusion Sonnet, like the sixth in Marjorie Hart's, is a perfectly good one.

Of the poem set for criticism, "Beech-Nut" writes: "This is good and one can only niggle at it. An 'affray' is two-sided: the word therefore is misused. 'Callously' and 'Security' should not be rhymed, since neither ends on a stress (*Poetry and Science:* p. 55.) 'Flumed' and 'barbarous from Barbary' are good. 'Ring

brings' and 'mine eye' are careless. The poem ends in a very conversational and matter-of-fact way, but what can one expect of a 'set-piece'?—an astounding climax? Hardly!" Mabel Westby-Nunn, in a very similar criticism, points out also a misuse of "fain" in "fain for."

Coming to the awards, I wonder if we may descend from Parnassus on a centaur and talk a little horse-sense?

It is easier to award prizes than to win them, and to prize-winners I offer no counsel. To the others, let me say how I should set about the matter.

1. I should send a typed copy, *not* the twelfth carbon, but the actual first sheet printed by the ribbon. I should write my name and address on the back of every sheet. I should use quarto paper and fold it in three, using a foolscap envelope. The enclosed envelope would be of exactly the same kind. If I could not procure a stamp issued by the G.P.O. of Great Britain, I should enclose an "International Stamp Coupon" obtainable at any post office in the world.

2. I should study the Verse Editor's peculiarities and eccentricities and pityingly refrain from doing things that make him see red.

At the present time, my conscience is clear that I have read every word of my tasks; but I may not always be able to resist temptation, and it is sober fact that I have not as yet discovered any work of genius written in lead-pencil on shaving paper.

Our space being gone, critics are hereby authorised to rest for a month. The results are as follows:

Commended: Amy Watson, Noel Allport, Ida Hinde, M. Donnelly, T. H. Advani, P. Joshua, E. B. W. Chappelow, Blanche Jones, W. G. Brown, F. Kemp, B. Vellacott, Doris E. Rymer, W. Adams, S. Marguerite Goode, Isabel Baynes Badcock.

Highly Commended, with book prizes: Lt.-Col. W. McGee Armstrong, Mrs. M. R. Cossins, Florence Overton, Muriel E. Graham, E. M. Frampton, Diana Firth.

Half the money prize is awarded to "Philomel" for "Forgotten Soldiers." The remaining half is equally subdivided between D. F. Radford and Editha Jenkinson.

There was also a poem by nearly every prize-winner of the last three years. These were greatly appreciated and will not be wasted.

Will the author of the three poems "The Fountain," "The Mountain," and "Song of the River-Maidens" please communicate name and address?

REPORT ON THE "ILLUSION" SONNET COMPETITION.

AFTER a pessimistic contemplation of a pile of four hundred and sixty-two entries, I set about eliminating, first, those which were not sonnets (Shakespearean, Spenserian, Meredithian or Petrarchan), making due allowances for variant sestets. This got rid of one hundred and fifty. Some of them were poems, though not sonnets. It is true that this process would have turned down Keats's sonnet on Sleep; but then, Keats would not have submitted that sonnet as an entry in this competition, though one competitor rather ridiculously adopts "John Keats" as his pseudonym! Some of these entrants had evidently never seen a sonnet; others fell because of perhaps a single line that was not five-pulsed; a few failed through wrong accentuation: "romance" and "grotesque," for instance, were introduced as though stressed on the first syllable.

Fourteen more entries were eliminated because, though sonnets, they were not poems. Requiescant! Eight were then put on one side as being illegible and eighteen as containing expressions which are not English. For example:

"What meanest this?"
"Let thy neighbours scoff thy methods."
"Old Father Time has sternly tread."
"Her infinite yearn a very god required."
"The smallest root, that blindly creeps, fulfils." (What?)
"When, for a brief, is rent the veil between."
"There's now but Heaven left me to aspire."
"Yet still, O subtle Light of wondrous weave."
"When 'greasy luck' was, every voyage, goal."
"Thou dost bedight."
"To acquiesce her love."
"When wheels of madness start to softly sing."
"Dost have?"—and, almost most horrible of all:

". . . seeking oft *to feed*
In winter-time *the happy springlike air*
To dazzled mortals."

Of the rest, the sonnet of Miss Alice E. Collinge struck me as the most successfully original treatment of the sonnet, but that is not the quality for which the prizes were offered. Manly Ritch's poem, as a retiring postman, on his silver star, was interesting but too chatty. John Andrew Mitchell's is eloquent, but his study in consonantal music breaks down at "Psychic acumen." Kik-kak!! Victor Ballan's indubitable cleverness has over-reached itself in his present entry. Bessie Hawkins' poem is very good indeed—like dozens of others—but unlike the others, she has put a lovely

frame round the title by expert use of %s : s, and Os which is most praiseworthy. You see, there is poetry in everything! We are now down to 267, and no prize yet awarded. The trouble is the sameness. What did I expect? Well, something about the necessary and preservative function of Illusion. Does not Illusion preserve Truth? We preserve our metalware with paint, the cleanliness of our floors—bare boards—with carpets, our bricks and mortar with plaster, wall-paper and distemper, our furniture with varnish and upholstery. The anti-illusionist is either a housemaid or a bum-bailiff. We know there are boards beneath the rugs and a skeleton within the beautiful clothes, but it is not necessary to be always thinking about them ; they are neither fair nor hideous : they are neutral. Something like that! What I did *not* expect was hysteria to the effect that " Illusion *is* Truth " and " Illusion *is* God." It might be well to resurrect for some of these sentimentalists the third of the Jewish commandments—and then how miserable they would be!

Personally I must say that sententious essays in verse do not move me. Nor does anything else that is written " in tranquillity." Let it be said at once that most of these poems, taken singly, are very successful. Many contain up to four or five lines of real poetry. But " tranquillity " is commonly their curse. There were seventy-six, however, which were striking, many being eloquent and poetic, besides flawless ; a second anxious scrutiny selected twelve as being the best of these : what happened to the twelve may be seen in the summary.

Summary of Results.

First : Joseph Auslander, New York.

Second : Miss Audrey Bell, Hampstead, London.

Third divided : Mrs. Edith Lombard Squires, Richmond, Indiana ; Elisabeth Thomas, New York City.

Honours : Miss Marjorie Comstock Hart, Providence ; Miss Annie L. Knowles, Higher Broughton, Manchester ; Mr. Julius M. Nolte, Duluth, Minnesota ; Miss Barbara E. Smythe, Perth Scot-, land ; Mrs. J. Marion Soper, Parkstone, Dorset ; Miss Edith M. Walker, Bournemouth ; Robert Beverly Hale, N. York.

Highly Commended : E. F. Alden, Thame ; V. I. Arlett, Worthing ; E. C. Armstrong, Williamstown, Pa. ; M. C. Barnett, Cooperstown, N.Y. ; A. S. Bourinot, Ottawa ; M. C. Bray, Los Angeles ; E. G. Chapin, Brooklyn, N.Y. ; S. A. Coblentz, New York ; E. M. Coleman, Liberty, Indiana ; Isabel Fishe Conant, New York ; Robert Crawford, Stirling ; Caresse Crosby, Paris ; C. Culmsee, Nada, Utah ; H.

Derezinska, Strasburg; V. E. Dillon, Tampico; H. L. Eno, London, S.W.; E. Fleming, New York; H. Gilbert, Rye, N.Y.; Ph. Gray, New York; G. M. Guilford, Chicago; Louis How, Rome; B. H. A. Jones, Margate; J. C. Kenley, Washington; M. E. Knapp, Thomaston, Conn.; K. D. Leeper, Loveland, Ohio; E. M. Lighterness, Pontiac, Mich.; A. McKinstry, Chicago; W. P. Macleod, Emory, Ga.; B. May, Santa Ana, Cal.; E. V. Meyer, Georgetown, Ky.; Corson Miller, Buffalo, N.Y.; C. R. Murphy, Rockport, Mass.; A. C. O'Dell, Birmingham, Mich.; M. E. Opdycke, New York; B. P. Palmer, Monrovia, Cal.; Gertrude Pitt, London, N.19; S. C. Perry, Hancock, N.H.; H. M. Plante, Sherman, Cal.; Nancy Pollok, Glasgow; Mabel Posegate, Cincinnatti, Ohio; D. Powell, Urbana, Ill.; D. Ray, Louisville, Ky; R. Richmond, New Rochelle, N.Y.; W. M. Robinson, Philadelphia; H. Sampson, N.Y.; Constance K. Sissons, Toronto; Helen P. Smith, Spartanburg, S.C.; F. M. Smith, Newtonville, Mass.; E. D. Taylor, Washington; E. W. Underwood, New York; "Margaretta Wallin," Salem, Oregon; E. L. Walton, New York; Evelyn M. Watson, Buffalo; M. R. Wenger, Washington; M. Widdemer, New York; M. A. Woodcock, Nutley, N.J.; M. A. Woodward, Portland, Oregon; G. E. Merrick, Warminster; Katherine Reeves, Shelleyville.

The majority of the one hundred and ninety-one remaining poems are of our commended standard. I should like, in conclusion, to print the entirely unique entry of Miss Mildred Alley, Waterville, Maine, which is, unfortunately, marred by those three words at the end of line 6. Although not poetry in our customary sense, it is an interesting bit of writing. Note, by the way, the excellent example of a correct split infinitive in line 8. O. C. DE C. E.

Neaera, Milton said, had hair that tangled;
Ben Jonson rhapsodized of sweet neglect—
After such maidens hopeless noodles dangled,
And pined away forever, I expect.
Shakespeare's Dark Lady must have had a shower
Of tresses black as night. Again we find
Belinda's ringlets had an eerie power,
Says Pope, to utterly destroy mankind.
But modern girls play fast and loose with sonnets,
They have forgot to languish or to sob,
They hide no treasures under silken bonnets,
Their hair, ye Powers, is nothing but a bob.

Can you not fancy Philip Sidney sighing,
Ben Jonson thundering, and Spenser crying?

EXAMINATIONS IN VERSE SPEAKING UNDER THE REGULATIONS OF THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)—PASS LISTS.

GREAT MALVERN, NOVEMBER 30th, 1925.

CERTIFICATE DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Dorothy Brett, Jean Clingan, Vesper Hunter. Special Mention: José Line, Mary Toppin, Shirley Upton. Pass: Enthine Tilley, Peggy Townley, Kathleen Twist, Mary Willing, Olga Barrows, Sheila Beevor, Peggie Booker, Diana Cooke, Margaret Giles, Betty Hobson, Joan Ker.

Senior Section.—Honours: Dorothy Clingan, Phyllis Corbett, Ruth Toppin, Yvonne Thomas, Joyce Vivian, Mary Gadstone Walker. Special Mention: Barbara Bonner, Mollie Beevor, Helen Braid, Enid Cobb, Jean Evans, Kitty Hobson, Petronilla James, Georgina Manly, Betty Lister, Joan Meikle, Violet Spencer, Mary Sitwell, Pamela Tabor, Joan Tweddell, Barbara Webster, Deva Zolondek. Pass: Evelyn Allsebrook, Marion Allsebrook, Wendy Boston, Marjorie Bulloch, Patience Cartridge, Joanna Douglas, Kitty Hall, Kathleen Harding, Betty Homan, Joan Lee, Yvonne Orme, Rhona Orme, Christina Petrie, Jean Riley, Mita Zalondek.

SOUTHAMPTON, DECEMBER 16TH, 1925.

CERTIFICATE DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Honours: Margaret Wiltshire, Margaret Gadd, Betty Black. Special Mention: Margaret Trim, Marjorie Orman. Pass: Joan Inglet, Maria Carlota Stagg.

Senior Section.—Honours: Elsie Wilson, Cherry Bowyer, Ena Baker, Eileen Braithwaite, Irene Mitchell. Special Mention: Brenda Hart, Muriel Scott, Mary Kate Arnold. Pass: Eileen Hunt, Sheilah Aylward, Sheila Muir, Audrey Barden, Barbara R. Bishop, Peggy Permain, Joan Warrington, Doreen Butt.

Adult Section.—Honours: Edith Laurie Jacobs. Special Mention: Sadie Duggins, Phyllis Mary Cox, Stanley Vane Gertrude Farthing, Betty Gidden. Pass: Doris Macfadyen, Doris K. Thurgood, Ida M. Beadle, Freda Stiles, E. Rowens Frampton, May Giles, Margaret Carter, Flora Buchett, Lily Jeavons, Mary Joyce.

BRONZE MEDAL DIVISION.

Junior Section.—M. Wiltshire, M. Gadd, B. Black.

Senior Section.—E. Wilson, C. Bowyer, E. Baker, E. Braithwaite, I. Mitchell. *Adult Section.*—E. L. Jacobs.

HOVE TOWN HALL, DECEMBER 14TH, 1925.

CERTIFICATE DIVISION.

Junior Section.—Special Mention: Micky Penny, Helen Deny, Sylvia Dallaway Wilton, Vere Hunt. Pass: Diana Caldwell, Olive Hoxton, Theodora Housdale.

Senior Section.—Honours: Dorothy Miller. Special Mention: Edna May Hart, Dorothy Johnson, Isabel Diana Purcell, Mary Geórgina Betty Snelgrove, Joyce Abbott, Ann Phillips. Pass: Vera Urquhart, Viola Wild, Bertha Blumenthal.

Adult Section.—Honours: Jessie Maxwell Hannay, Olive Van der Heyde. Special Mention: Ethel Mary Langman, Kathleen Bach. Pass: Edith Hawes, Dorothy Pyne.

Bronze Medal Division.

Senior Section.—Honours: Ruth Agnew. Special Mention: Mary Stuart. Pass: Phyllis Paine.

Silver Medal Division.

Junior Section.—Special Mention: Joan Isabel Krishaber.

Senior Section.—Pass: Gladys Green.

* * * *

The first of the Poetry Society's Continental examinations in the art of reading and speaking verse will be held at Lausanne on March 12, with the Rev. F. de W. Lushington, Hon. C. F., the Society's Continental representative, as examiner. Upwards of fifty candidates have entered for this initial audition on the Continent. The Council has agreed to accept a French poem as an alternative second piece in all the Continental examinations.

* * * *

The Poetry Society is in need of more adequate general headquarters. It has been anchored for a dozen years in a pleasant and accessible backwater, convenient and economical for general and practical purposes, with a rent that for these days is almost nominal. (Do not draw any cynical conclusions from that fact!) The chief need is a larger library in a more central situation; we have not sufficient accommodation for a stock of books that should be much larger and which should be added to whenever special opportunities arise. The Society is associated with an organised group of specialised libraries and should be able to meet special demands upon it. This library should be large enough for lectures and special meetings, and administrative offices should be attached. If a small theatre for recitals and the production of poetic drama can be added also we would be the better equipped for our work. Publicity is given to this matter, which has been before the Council for some years and which has become more urgent with the development of the Society and increasing demands on its resources, in the hope that members will make suggestions. It is recognised that however prosperous the Society may be adequate quarters cannot be provided on a strictly commercial basis, which would represent

a liability of more than the entire subscriptions from above 2,000 members. Perhaps preferential treatment will be accorded the Society by wealthy members whose generosity would be sufficiently detached and on a sufficiently handsome basis to remove them from the malicious and mean suspicion of their consideration being due to some petty, miserable, ulterior motives.

* * * *

Some demand has arisen for the revival of the Poetic Drama Centre for the reading—and possible production—of poetic plays. Dr. Hulbert has consented to take charge of the group and direct its activities. Members who wish to participate are requested to notify the Hon. Director.

* * * *

Proposals have been received for the revival in London of Dr. Hulbert's lecture-demonstrations on voice culture, with special reference to the vocal interpretation of poetry and their extension to various provincial centres, including Plymouth, Exeter, Bournemouth, Brighton, Newcastle, Manchester, and Liverpool. Dr. Hulbert's lectures, which (with his services to the Poetry Society generally) are provided on exceptional, preferential terms, are very valuable to teachers and students, and "lay" folk find them of great interest and benefit, a series at Shortlands having been extended to meet the wishes of the ordinary members participating. Application for further information should be made to the General Secretary of the Poetry Society.

* * * *

The resumption of the monthly issue of The Poetry Review is under consideration. To take this very desirable step in face of present heavy printing charges (which are not likely to be reduced) and without increasing the annual subscription of members, will involve a heavy additional liability (which may be excused on grounds of policy and expediency) unless the membership of the Society and (or) the sale of The Poetry Review is more than doubled. Readers who are interested in this development are urged to cooperate with the management in making it feasible before plans for 1927 have to be settled. It should be remembered that the Review is not a private, personal publication: it is the property of the Society, representing the Society and every member has a direct interest in its maintenance, influence, effectiveness and expansion.

* * * *

An abstract of the financial statement for 1925, presented to the General Council of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) by the Hon.

Treasurer, Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, showed a cash balance of £260 after meeting all liabilities. It was agreed that a further sum of £100 be placed on deposit and that the reserve fund of £250 be invested in Government stocks. It was pointed out that this satisfactory financial position was due to severe economy of working and to developments in which the welfare and effectiveness of the Society were the chief concern. The result had been achieved without any special donations, bequests or subsidies. The financial statement will be presented by the Treasurer to the Annual General Business Meeting on May 15th, of which statutory notice is given in this issue of the Society's *Gazette*.

* * * *

A Famous Magazine's Attitude Towards Poetry.

Adventure, the unique American story magazine, recently referred to by us in relation to Mr. Barton Braley's work, has published a frank announcement of considerable interest to our readers, giving what one may regard as a sensible lay-editor's opinion of poetry and notifying an opening for some of our contributor's work. This is *Adventure's* statement :

" Probably we in the office are a fair sample of the rest of you as to our attitude towards poetry. Most of us like real poetry, poetry that really has something to say and says it so that ' it gets to a fellow where he lives,' but the usual run of magazine verse leaves us cold and is forgotten as soon as read. We're not apologising for *Adventure's* poetry in the past, but hereafter we're going at things in en entirely different way.

" We're going to reject about 99 per cent. of the poems submitted to us. Sometimes 100 per cent. The reason we'll accept so few is that there are so few that are the kind we want. For the kind of poem we're trying to get is the kind that really gets to a man's heart, that sticks in his mind because it gives him something he wants to keep, that he may even care enough about to memorise from start to finish.

" There aren't many. Not very often shall we able to give you one that does all that. Not many, perhaps, that approximate it very closely. But we're going to do the best we can. Only two of the seven of us are fully competent to pass on the fine points of poetry technique ; the rest of us are just common or garden fellows who know when their emotions are stirred and when they're not. And we're going to judge poems by whether or not they stir the emotions. Technique will be valued only as it contributes to that end, not for any merit in itself.

"Here's a letter we've sent out to a few poets as a starter—practically all of them men:

"*Adventure* is going to break away from the usual magazine policy on verse and take what we think you will endorse as a step forward. We shall—

"(1) Cut loose from the general magazine habit of using poems merely as 'fillers.'

"(2) Try to print poetry, not magazine verse; hold to a rigid standard of selection; print only one or two poems an issue; print none at all if we have none up to our standards.

"(3) Judge poetry by standards somewhat different from the usual ones.

"(4) Try gradually to make *Adventure* earn the reputation of publishing nothing but the best poetry.

"We base our standard of selection upon the principle that the primary appeal of poetry must be to the emotions, not to the intellect; that the essential test of a poem's art is the extent to which it stirs the emotions; that the artistry of technique is of value only in so far as it renders the emotional appeal more effective; that in too much of our present-day verse it is made an end in itself.

"A certain few poems live on in the hearts of men. Some of these are crude, some perfect in expression. Some of the folk who make them part of their lives are crude, some keyed to the finest shadings. Each one of these poems lives because it has reached hearts, some despite lack of technique, some by its aid. But even the crudest of these few do live while countless perfect expressions fall cold and die. We think no man can draw the line at which imperfect technique outweighs an inherent emotional appeal, but we are sure that emotional appeal is infinitely the greater value of the two, and in judging poetry we shall make it our first and chief test.

"Poems must fall within *Adventure's* general field, but that field is a very wide one. We have no particular leaning toward gore; on the other hand, a very strong aversion from the trivialities of an ingrowing civilisation.

"Humorous poems, at least for the present, are not desired. The tender passion is not for our pages. Nor the morbid or unclean, nor a too painstaking examination of one's psychological insides. Realism if you like, but not the realism of life's sewers. We are particularly open to ballads of our own country and of Canada.

"If you labour under the idea that *Adventure's* audience is a low-brow one, please let the facts dispel that illusion. Professional men—educators, physicians, lawyers, clergymen—form by far the largest group among them.

"At the end of each year we shall give the *Adventure* prize for poetry, one hundred dollars, for the best poem published by us during the year. The first award will cover 1926. The votes of the readers will be a factor in selection."

* * * *

The usual general premium offer is continued. For conditions see last issue.

The Young People's Verse Contest is continued. For particulars of group and individual prizes see page 69.

NEW PREMIUM OFFERS:

Wanted, an explanation of "The Listeners"; Nonsense Verses; Epigrams; Franciscan Poems; Answers to Shakesperean Problems.

WE are able to announce several new premium offers of peculiar interest, including problems for readers and special subjects for verse writers.

I.

Mr. Hollis B. Fowler, F.R.S.L., is exercised over the significance of Mr. Walter de la Mare's familiar poem, *The Listeners*. He asks us to invite short letters from fellow members of the Society, giving their opinion of the inner meaning of the poem—what definite conception was in the poet's mind when he wrote it? He enables us to offer half-a-guinea for the best short essay. Replies should be addressed *The Listeners*, THE POETRY REVIEW Office, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1. Closing date, April 2nd.

II.

On another page reference is made to "nonsense poetry," apropos two recent books which have caused this provocative subject to be discussed from many aspects. Readers are invited to consider the definitions quoted and to contribute original nonsense verses. To stimulate and reward their ingenuity, the general manager of Messrs. Jarrolds, through the kindly intervention of Mr. Langford Reed, has consented to provide three guineas as a premium for the best efforts, which Mr. Reed supplements with three copies of his *Complete Limerick Book* or his *Anthology of Humorous Verse* (at the choice of the recipients) as "consolation prizes." He will include the winning poem, under the author's name, in the next edition of the *Nonsense Anthology*, with a footnote explaining its origin. (The first large edition is selling so well that the new edition must be ready for press before August.)

Contributors should keep their examples short—the best effect is obtained in a few lines, not exceeding 30 lines; "Limericks" are excluded, and imitations of existing examples should be avoided. Address entries in this novel competition, which should come as a welcome relief to many bright minds and provide material for much amusing discussion, to "Nonsense," c/o. THE POETRY REVIEW. Closing date (to enable American and other distant readers to enter), May 31st. Mr. Langford Reed will act as adjudicator in conjunction with the Editor, who will be at liberty to print any of the examples received.

III.

Epigrams in verse are in vogue; many included in recent collections of examples, new and old, lack neatness and point. A guinea is offered for the best original example in not more than four lines received by the Editor (envelope marked "Epigram") by April 15th.

IV.

The Little Brown Company is more than an anthology of verse and prose relating to St. Francis. It is symptomatic of a marked tendency in modern poetry, reflecting (we hope) the prevailing spirit of the age—recognition of, allegiance to, the ideals that animated the Little Man of Assisi. To encourage the expression of this spirit we have secured the co-operation of Mr. Vincent Brown and Messrs. Martin Hopkinson and Co., who enable us to offer a premium for poems on any incident in or aspect of the first Franciscan's life and work, story or saying. This involves practically no limitation of subject on many writers in sympathy with Franciscan ideals, which have an appeal irrespective of creed. The final date for the receipt of MSS. will be announced in our next issue.

V.

We have been asked for more "problem papers," but not a series. Appreciating our interest in the *New Readers' Shakespeare*, so admirably suitable for reading circles, providing a new vital interest in Shakespeare, Messrs. George Harrap and Co. enable us to offer a copy of Mr. Francis Griffin Stokes' new and monumental *Dictionary of Shakespeare's Characters* (21s. net) for the best answers to two of the following three questions taken from searching "exercises" appended to the plays, received by April 10th, addressed to the Problem Editor, POETRY REVIEW :—

1. Write a short essay on *Daydreams*, drawing your illustrations mainly from *Twelfth Night*.

2. What evidence are you able to discover in *Twelfth Night* that Shakespeare was thoroughly familiar with London life?

3. What would you say to the observation that *The Merchant of Venice* is tragedy rather than comedy"?

* * * *

The Panton Arts Club, which aims at helping artists and writers of talent to secure recognition, is organising another Festival of Arts and Letters at the Spring Gardens Galleries. The Section of Literature, which has Mr. John Drinkwater for President, will repeat some interesting and practical features, including essay and short story competition awards for plays, critical work and the best

first novel of the year, and a series of new verse competitions. The awards in connection with the Winter 1925 Festival have just been announced, and include bronze medals to Irene L. Watts for an essay on *The New Poetic Method*, and Evelyn Eaton for poems, while Vera Arlett and Leslie Holdsworth Allen receive "honourable mention" for poems.

* * * *

We do not intend to enter into any discussion of the features of the Greek Play Society's productions. They challenge discussion, but any serious effort to present Greek tragedy worthily, effectively deserves to be received with something more cordial than hypercriticism. The only comment we feel called upon to make is to suggest that the primary object of such productions should not be the entertainment of the producing Society, which should aim at presenting a desirable thing, otherwise unobtainable and over which much thought and time and skill have been spent by experts, to a larger public. The one performance of *Œdipus Tyrannus* was not sufficient; it may have satisfied subscribers, but they in their turn should wish to enable others less fortunate in circumstance and opportunity to enjoy the spectacle and come under the influence of classical drama, carefully and reverently revived.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Kazi, on November 13th, were "At Home" to the members of the Poetry Society, Khairpur Centre, to meet the new President, the Wazir of the State, Mr. Mahomed Yacoob Shaikh M.B.E. There was a full attendance of members besides a dozen prospective members. The programme of the meeting included a paper on Shah Latif, Modern Pushto Poetry, and several original compositions in English, Sindhi and Urdu verse by members, a Ghazal of His Highness, recited by his brother Major Talpur, and a poem by Mrs. Kazi composed specially for the occasion. The new President wound up the proceedings by an interesting speech declaring his hearty sympathy with the movement and promising his full support.

* * * *

Manchester Centre Notes.

Quoting from Aristotle, Miss Knowles in her lecture, "The Stimulus of Poetry," spoke of poetry as one of the "goods of the soul," and traced its influence, as a vital and stimulating force, from the very earliest periods of literary history. The bracing effect of the words of the greatest poets, on national and personal character, was noted; and the close relation which has always existed between

the religious and poetical instincts received attention. The question "Does faith stimulate poetry, or poetry stimulate faith?" provided a subject for discussion.

At the meeting on January 21st, Miss Green, Secretary of the University Literary Circle, in the chair, Mr. L. Conrad Hartley gave a scholarly lecture on "Herbert Vaughan, Silurist." After a survey of Vaughan's life and his prose and poetical works, the lecturer brought him into relief by contrasting him with John Donne and George Herbert. He said that the real differences between these three great poets were to be found in their several attitudes to the dominant things of life—namely, to God, to Nature, and to Man. Donne was content to wonder, to respect, to fear, to stand in awe of God, and never got to the loving intimacies of Herbert with his God, nor plunged into the dazzling darkness in which the spirit of Vaughan lost itself so fearlessly, and, losing itself, found itself by reason of immersion and absorption. Further, to Herbert, God was nearer than Nature, while to Vaughan the way to God was through Nature. To Herbert the natural world was an evidence of God's providence; to Vaughan it was the loving manifestation of God's presence, of His immanance.

Mr. Walter Hancock, on February 5th, speaking on "Austin Dobson" (Eighteenth Century Cameos), transported his audience into an atmosphere of powder and patches, lace, brocades, perfumes, sedan-chairs, and highwaymen. Many Watteau-like pictures were conjured up, and the reading of several of Dobson's best-known poems by the lecturer, assisted by Mrs. Coppock, gave much pleasure. A brief sketch of Austin Dobson's life revealed many points of interest.

The fixtures for March and April are as follows: Thursday, March 4th (Mosley Street), 7.30 p.m., Dr. Edward Somers. Friday, March 19th (Mosley Street), 7.30 p.m., "R.L.S.," Mr. G. D. Miller, M.A. Thursday, April 1st (Mosley Street), 7.30 p.m., Closing Social.

* * * *

To the growing number of books on voice culture and its application to artistic purposes, which we hope Oxford professors and minor poets who dismiss elocution airily, amateur judges of recitation competitions and verse-speaking exponents do not ignore entirely, Mrs. Alice Hasluck has added a little manual on *Elocution and Gesture* (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), in which this well-known experienced teacher gives many suggestions and exercises particularly useful to students of dramatic speaking.

*** *Other Notices on pp. ii, iv and v.*

POETRY AND SCIENCE

I.

"WHAT is more large than knowledge, or more sweet?"
Deep from a poet's heart the cry was wrung
In sheer delight, the while he dreamed among
The visioned wonders of a world complete.
Yea, sweeter than song by any minstrel sung,
Greater than art, than love, than wine, than meat,
Knowledge, mysterious fruit of soul and tongue,
Let me, too, come and worship at thy feet!

For though in eager Youth I loved thee best,
Sweet Poesy, and scorned the sober page
(Of law and fact, axiom and average),
Now Time has set me a sublimer test,
Crowning due Service with a higher wage
Of Joy and Peace, outrunning all the rest.
While yet, as once, soft measures charm my ear,
Soothing old pain, dispelling grief and fear,
A new enchantress holds my soul in thrall,
Most beautiful and wonderful of all!
Truth, Science, Knowledge, with thee let me dare
To climb the heights and see things as they are.
Now from my eyes blinded and bound too fast
By willing faith in idle fantasies,
Remove these veils, gentle iconoclast,
That I may follow thee with greater ease;
Nor fear to vex or grieve me, though we tread
Remorseless 'mongst old gods and loves lying dead
Never to rise, never again to rule
With speech illusive, this too trusting fool!

"Times change, and we with Time"—the fateful hour
Is here, when the old order passeth on,
The strong, new Age hath unconceivèd power
To bend or break us till her will be done.
No more shall the soft singer's note avail,
Nor lofty theme, nor fancy delicate,
Save where, interpreting a truer tale
Than ever poet dreamed, in earlier state,

The loftiest human flights it may transcend,
Singing some Master Song before the End.

See, in the high white Light of Truth, revealed
All shapeless forms and fears that erst concealed
In vague and cloudy vastness, the great Real
We missed, in groping for the faint Ideal.
Why falter now, or fail, in this clear day ?
Giants have rolled the stones of doubt away.
Smiling at spells once wove by Puck or Pan,
Elf, goblin, mermaid, faun, or brownie-man,
Abashed we stand before a lordlier train,
Kings, prophets, conquerors of Truth's domain.
Glorious they move, passing all power to tell,
Bacon, Pasteur, Marconi, Kelvin, Bell,
And wizard Edison, the wide world led
By his white magic on a fiery thread !
Curie and Roentgen, Einstein, Rayleigh, Stokes—
(Genii and fairies of the story-books
To thrill and move, in vain with you compete) ;
Still we love best to gather round your feet,
Amazed, enchanted, comforted and awed,
By your weird magic leading us to God !

LILY E. F. BARRY.

II. THE KEYSTONE

THE singing wire has spanned its perilous way
Into the vale of ancient holy things.
Across the Nile and desert waste it flings
Its babbling tongue ; where once o'er kingly clay
The God of Silence held unchallenged sway.
Do sleeping monarchs hear vague whisperings
And mutter to the Sphinx, " These speaking strings
The straining peasants bear, whose gift are they ?
The poet's dream the scientist made real ;
He snared elusive fancies in his net
And wed them to achievement. Should the seal
Of royal favour on his brow be set
Or grace the dreamer's ? " Hark ! the Sphinx : " I kneel
To Egypt's straining peasant. Kings forget."

CLYDE ROBERTSON.

III. SCIENCE

WHEN stranger-winds leapt at the ropes and sail,
Columbus, dauntless-eyed, thought on Cathay,
And heeding not his stricken crew's dismay,
Nor towering seas that drained their faces pale,
Found at the last, beyond the whining gale
And long swell's urge over the waters, gray
Bird-haunted land, and bade his sailors say
Whether the truth of dreams could ever fail :

So ever thus there comes the later day
When one, to whom Time gives the seeker's mind,
Communeth thus, " Discovery had been blind
Had not the poet seen this self-same way :
Mine the completion ; he, lone nightingale,
Told me those visions I have proved prevail."

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

TEMPUS FUGIT

SLOWLY, above the fine, imperishable gold
Of memory, the drifted dust of years
Falls softly down, and no more may our tears
Avail to wash it clean, for they are dried,
And the pure flame of grief is spent and cold.

Nothing remains to us, no throb of pride
That tempered sorrow, not one stab of pain
That, by its smart, might wake the past again,
No fleeting ecstasy, but all our days
Go by, unheeding that such things have been,
That once we went companioned on our ways.

Until, at last dreaming ourselves content,
We would not call the past back if we could,
But go with quiet feet and eyes down-bent,
Blind to the sudden passion of Spring green,
Careless that birds are mating in the wood
Where the pale windflower stars the tender moss,
Having lost even remembrance of our loss.

DOROTHY EWENS.

GLASTONBURY FLOWERS

ARTHUR is dead, and Guenevere.
Joseph has crumbled into dust.
And Glastonbury holds in trust
One who forewent his sepulchre.
The sword has vanished in the mere,
And Avalon lies hidden here.

Yet there are hearts who, like this thorn,
Are wreathed in white at Christmastide.
Who swear that Arthur never died,
But lies, a little babe unborn,
Waiting for love and peace to stir
Hearts, hard as famed Excalibur.

And these still see a firefilled cup
Borne lovingly by sainted hands,
Where Joseph pilgrims through the lands
Holding the thorncrowned chalice up
In mute entreaty, lest a king
Forget the rainbow's promising.

For nigh two thousand years ago
That cup brimmed over, dark and red,
And still the nation's tears are shed,
Still hatred leers, and evils grow,
And saints still cry " How long, dear Son,
Before we enter Avalon ? "

JOY MALDEN.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ALMIGHTY God, how can I kneel
With low-bowed head
Upon thine altar-step
With men of faith, who yet can feel
They hold the flesh of Christ ?—whose hearts upleap
To dip their pale lips in the blood He shed ?——
I, whose little faith long since hath fled,
I, that taste but Bacchus' pagan grape,
And cold unleavened bread.

JOHN DAWSON.

CHUMMY

(A Lonely Camper's Cat.)

IT was brought to me by a wild wood-cat
When the wild wood shrieked in the storm,
And a mother-love mewed—Will you care for *that*,
For I can't keep my wee kit warm ?
There are not enough shrews, and I'm almost blind ;—
Will you care for my babe ?—Do you mind ?

It was cradled in dirt at the foot of my bed,
A starveling of jet-black fluff
Which blinked two bluey-grey eyes and said—
No, Mummy can't catch enough !
She can't catch the shrews—though she tries and tries,—
There is something wrong with her eyes.

So I gathered the wee wild kit to my heart,
And I garnered a love most rare ;
All summer long ne'er were we seen apart,
For it followed me everywhere ;
It rushed to the mat when I opened my tent,
And it took to the woods when I went.

At the morn there would peep from my old camp clothes
When I lifted a weary head,
Two bluey-grey eyes and a snub, black nose
Which awaited the call to my bed ;
And the signal given it would leap from its place
And scramble to kiss my face.

Ere a month went by it had learnt to talk
With its eyes, and its ears, and tail ;
And it squirmed with delight if it found me a cork,
Or a slug, or a fine fat snail.
But more was it pleased if I offered the mite
The end of my nose to bite.

But September came, and the wild wood bent
To the wild equinoctial blast;
And as less and less did I visit my tent,
And as more and more did it fast,
So a wistful, bluey-eyed, thin-grown 'cat
Would creep to my tent-door mat.

And I thought of the wild wood's wintry snow,
And my Chummy asearch for me
In the Hermitage dumb to its mew—and, oh!
It was more than my heart dared see!
Not a bid was there made for my wee black chum
So I knew that the end must come.

It mewed when it saw that my cheeks were wet,
And touched with a velvet pad
The brine that trickled for the purest pet
That ever a lone man had.
'Twas a drear and a twofold dismal day
When someone took it away.

I embraced my kitten in a long farewell
Ere I went for a silent walk;
But oh, what a void, when I scanned the cell,
And tripped on a snail and a cork!
Yet nobody cared,—nor understood
Why I slunk to the dark wild wood.

VICTOR BALLAN.

TO A HANDFUL OF ANEMONE PETALS

DEAD things that fell
Silently from the stem,
Mauve, white, and pink,
Purple, grey-spattered,
Who here shall tell
The subtle charm of them
Whose little link
With life is shattered,
But whose frail, lovely grace remains
Like the vague tints when a dream wanes?

IN PRAISE OF BUSTER, MY FRIEND FOR WEAL OR WOE

AM I alone with grief ?
Nay, nay :
A wet, cold nose against my hand,
And there beside my knee
He waits, one paw upraised,
Brown eyes amazed,
Alert, staring reproachfully ;

Or am I happy,
After each wind-blown leaf
He chases, " woufing " at the birds,
Heedless of threats and laughing words.

One in a crowd ?
He presses close but courteously,
And does not ask to understand.

And so I say :
At the world's end,
When I, bewildered, seek some old-time friend,
His faithful heart will find my scent—
Whatever God and churchmen meant—
And there with Cherubim shall race
With his accustomed, blustering grace
Reaching me first to lick my face.

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

PRAYER FOR A DEPARTED CAT

ISIS, I pray thee, hear my cry
For my lost playmate, Peter Pan,
And though small comfort may be nigh,
I here invoke what aid I can.

With me he lived, was loved, was fed,
Gave back a thousandfold my care ;
Now he has left me, and I dread
Lest he should be forgotten there.

Among so many ghosts of cats,
This to Anubis kindly tell:
Feed him on ghosts of mice and rats
And spirit fish—he loved them well.

My voice he knew and answered, so
Speak him in accents clear and plain,
That his white feet may never go
A-wandering for me in vain.

Isis! Oh, hear my fervent prayer,
That rises to thee once again:
Give to my little cat thy care,
In that cat-heaven of thine. Amen.

LAURA AMSDEN FOWLER.

THE INNER ROOM

I HAVE a room within a room—
It is a lighted dream
Where candles flicker wistfully
Beneath a moon's beam.

The bed, against the window pushed,
Creaks torment when it moves;
But common sounds are timid foes
To break the peace I love.

Alone beneath the coverlet
I wait on that clear mood
Wherein the gentle rush of Heav'n
Does me unreckoned good.

I have a room within a room,
And there, when Life is shorn
Of worldliness, even in me
A great thought is born.

M. J. HAMILTON.

THE CAT

NOT wholly wild, nor wholly tame,
He stretches at my welcome blaze ;
His eyes are flame reflecting flame,
And smouldering fires sleep in his gaze.

He warms each supple, quiet limb,
Pensive before the glowing bars,
Yet is the chill night dear to him
With all its melancholy stars.

He looks for warmth, and ease, and food,
And takes them with his careless grace,
But he will find the lone hunt good
Beneath the moon's unfriendly face.

Lightly he loves me, though in turn
He asks for my affection too ;
No heart is here to break and burn,
He pays life nothing but its due !

He will not fawn, nor yet obey,
But thinks himself of kingly line ;
Or knows, perhaps, in some far day
Men called his ancestors divine.

What glimmering lights from that strange past
Are lit within his tiny brain ?
Old dreams, long dead, return at last,
Flicker and fade, and die again.

Yet they will drive him from this blaze,
Beneath December's rigid sky,
And send him forth on lonely ways
Chanting his harsh nocturnal cry !

Not wholly tame, nor wholly wild,
With troubled dreams of ancient things,
A little half-forgetful child
Of broken gods and buried kings !

VERA I. ARLETT.

A DIVORCED WOMAN TO HER DOG

DEAR Bunny-Lamb,
Golden-coated, golden-hearted!
How sad I am
To learn that, since we parted
All day you sit with curving ear
Close to the door,
Listening for my step that nevermore
Will fall where you can hear.

You love *him* too,
So I relinquish you
To him who needs you most.
When prone you lie, at night, upon his bed,
And feel his hand laid warm upon your head,
He thinks, I know, of what we three have lost;
Yet, touching you, is greatly comforted.
Dear Bunny-Lamb,
How sad, how glad I am!

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

GULF STREAM

ALONG the vessel's side the cacophonous, deep
Laughter of ebon waters. . . . Overhead
A painted sky: a cobalt canvas spread
To screen the Archangels (who, snoring, sleep
In heaven) from earth's incinerating sun!
Breathes not a breath. Time's panorama flows
Monotonously by; and in the throes
Of heat, Atlantic, Ship and Man are One.

So till the night, when beats from the hot south
The wind—a gurgle in the torrid throat
Of space: an exhalation from the mouth
Of God. . . . Then sudden stirs, a sentient thing,
This sweating, sick, and spell-bewitchèd boat—
Skimming the ocean on ecstatic wing!

ALFRED GORDON BENNETT.

A DOG

BROWN eyes each holding a star, clear eyes that adore,
Small body tensed at the sound of my step at the door.
O little terrier-mine ! Is it strange I repay
Love for so great a love ?—love that has kept at bay
Loneliness, hooded and dumb, that waits in my empty rooms ;
A presence that crouches to leap from the evening glooms,
And that walks by my side in the garden ; cruel, austere,
Chill as the breath of a charnel-house. . . . .
O little dog-chum ! come here.

I love you, and need you, to hunt, and harry, and slay
Regrets and memories crawling from many a far-off day.
I would joy in your joy of life, and I know . . .at the end
. . .
A soul will be born of your wonderful love, little friend.

SYDNEY SNELL.

BALLADE TO KIM, A COCKER SPANIEL

OVER the polished floor your scurrying feet
Slide as with frantic haste, day after day,
You greet me when the morning winds blow sweet
Across the garden from the sparkling bay.
Then by the open door you crouch, and pray
For wanderings through the orchard to cool seas,
When day is young and earth is blossom gay,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

The good red dewy earth is musty-sweet.
There are a thousand smells to chase to-day,
And many fancied foes for you to greet,
Tossing your ears and dancing to the fray,
Before we swim in the clear green-gold bay,
Then race along the sand, and lie at ease
Watching white clouds curtsey and twist and play,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

When we are old, and all our youth and heat
Is dead, we'll sleep beside some fire, and gray

Cold winds may howl along a dreary street ;
But we will dream of every sunny day
We've spent here with the blossom and the spray,
In purple heather or by laughing seas,
Or where long grass is dappled gold and gay,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

ENVOY.

Come, Friend ; for down the mossy orchard way
Are butterflies and blundering humming bees,
And gnats dart low for dogs to snap and slay,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

MORWYTH REES.

IF THIS GREEN EARTH

IF this green earth is so fair and good,
What may Thy heaven be like, O Lord ?

For I have been in ships at sea
With stars at night for company ;
And I have seen great parrots fly
Across a tropic rainbowed sky,
And tiny glittering humming birds
With wings too frail for my clumsy words.

And forests where tall palm trees grow
With golden leaves. And fields of snow
All purple in the setting sun.
So, when my numbered years are done,
What may Thy heaven be like, O Lord,
Since this green earth is so fair and good ?

Santarem, Brazil. HUGH B. COTT.

AN EPITAPH FOR A PHYSICIAN

HERE lies a doctor who took sudden thought
And quaintly tried to practise what he taught.

D. P. LAMBERT.

DANTE AND SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

DANTE, guided by Virgil (Earthly Wisdom), has descended into Hell, into the Kingdom of the Dead, where the lost souls of the wicked are everlastingly immersed in darkness and misery; still accompanied by the spirit of his favourite poet, he has scaled the Purgatorial Mountain, on whose slopes less guilty souls are submitted to the remedial discipline of true religion; finally in Paradise, comforted by the presence of Beatrice (Heavenly Wisdom), he is borne miraculously from sphere to sphere until at last he is received into the Empyrean, or Heaven of Pure Light, where, arrayed like the petals of a full-blown, candid rose, saints and angels, clad in spotless robes and sitting upon thrones, mirror themselves unceasingly in the countenance of God. The Mystic Rose has two divisions, containing respectively the saints of the Old and of the New Testament. In the second division, immediately below Saint John the Baptist and together with Saint Augustin and Saint Benedict, Dante locates Saint Francis of Assisi (Paradise xxxii. 34).

But it is to Saint Thomas Aquinas, whom Dante meets —one in a luminous wreath of saints, in the Fourth Heaven, the Heaven of the Sun—that the poet reserves the honour of telling the life and praise of Francis Bernardone (Paradise xi. 43).

Aquinas has, in the preceding canto, touched upon the vanity of modern Dominicans, and consequently a doubt has arisen in Dante's mind as to the worthiness of Saint Dominic himself. This doubt Aquinas removes by giving a laudatory history of Saint Francis, declaring that in praising the one saint he proves the worth of the other, both having "preserved the self-same end in view," and neither being answerable for the ultimate degeneration of the Order he founded.

Assisi, or Ascesi, Aquinas describes as situated on a

fertile track of land sloping steeply down between the streams of Tupino and Chiassi, whence " to Perugia come both heat and cold Through Porta Sole ; and behind it they Of Nocera and Gualdo mourn their plight." " On that side, where the mountain falls away most gently," he cries in a burst of ecstatic emotion, " into the world was born a Sun, As from the Ganges springs the solar ray," wherefore, " if one would name the place aright, No longer of its fame be it bereft, And Orient, not Ascesi, be it hight ! "

This " wondrous Sun, with marvellous virtue blest," he continues, not long after its " glorious birth " (1182) began to solace the earth and gladly to suffer pain and grief, anger and contempt for the sake of Poverty, she " who to all men is as bitter as death." And this same Poverty (widowed from the time of Christ to that of Saint Francis, a period of above eleven hundred years), this Poverty, scorned and rejected of men (for few there were to follow the example of the poor fisherman Amyclas, who in her embrace heard without fear the dread voice of Cæsar), the lowly man of Assisi chose for his loved and lovely bride and every day cherished more and more ! Lest so well-nigh incredible a fact should prove unacceptable, Aquinas repeats with a fervour which is most impressive : " Know that in speaking of these lovers twain, Of Francis and of Poverty I speak ! "

Ineffable peace and contentment blessed this union, so that the saintly Bernard (Bernardo da Quintavalle) began " Barefoot to run in search of such sweet bliss Yet seemed to move too slowly though he ran." Egidius and Sylvester (" O countless treasure, O true source of good ! ") were the next to follow the Groom, so devoted were they to the Bride, and in their wake came many another. And when Saint Francis, styled " Lord and Father " as being the Founder and Master of the Order of the Frati Minori, unabashed by his own undistinguished birth, " in appearance wonderfully mean, But with a royal spirit," betook himself to Rome to obtain Pope Innocent III's sanction to the establishment of his Order, he was accompanied by his Spouse and her family—*i.e.*, by Poverty and her followers.

The sanction granted by Innocent was confirmed, " through the blest spirit," by Honorius III in 1223.

In 1219 Saint Francis, " by thirst of martyrdom impelled," went to preach " Christ and His doctrines " to the Soldan, but " finding the people still unripe to hear the Word of Truth," he " for lost hours repining, Turned back again the Italian fruit to rear."

Subsequently, " near to the Arno on the bitter stone " of Mount Alvernia in the Apennines, he perfected his sufferings and received the Stigmata which his disciples found on his body two years later " When God was pleased to take unto Himself So true a servant and reward the pains Of one devoutly humble for His sake " (1226). But " before his glorious spirit joyously took flight," he recommended to his " brethren " and " rightful heirs " his " most dear lady " Poverty.

" Judge now," exclaims Aquinas, reverting to Saint Dominic in whose defence he has cited the example of Saint Francis, " judge now of him who was esteemed to be A colleague fit to steer Saint Peter's barque Through the dark waves of a tempestuous sea ! "

There is another reference of import to Saint Francis in the " Divine Comedy." It occurs in the Eighth Circle of Hell, when Count Guido di Montefeltro, punished among the evil counsellors, describes to Dante how Saint Francis strove in vain to wrest his soul after death from the demon who claimed it (Inferno xxvi. 112).

This year from all corners of Christendom pilgrims will flock to Italy to celebrate the Seventh Centenary of the death of Messer Sancto Francesco, glorioso poverello di Cristo ; and it is Dante Alighieri who has folded in a few magical lines the fullest and truest sense of the significance of his perfect life. So it is not unfitting that the words of the Divine Poet should be recalled to the memory of those who go in search of " the most Italian of the saints and the most saintly of the Italians " there where surely and sweetly they may hope to find him ; in dusty, sun-drenched, golden Umbrian lanes ; in Assisi yonder—a handful of wan and mystic petals showered at lovely hazard on the harsh flanks

of Mount Subasio; among silver olives and crimson, thornless roses in the humble church of San Damiano, which was the refuge of golden-haired Clare Scifi; or, best of all, in the tiny, hushed sanctuary of the Porziuncola on the plain below, when darkness has fallen so deeply as to blot out the cold superstructure of Saint Mary of the Angels, and one hears, stirring the divine stillness of vast, mysterious, starless spaces, a sudden flutter of wings followed by the rapturous singing of larks, as on a night seven hundred years ago when the pure and gentle soul of Saint Francis of Assisi returned to God.

LORNA DE LUCCHI.

TWO ROADS

THE Roman road, the straight road that will not brook delay,
The plodding mile on mile of dust and glaring sun,
With no respite or leisured stride to temper the long way
But stern and stiff the doing and the glory when it's done.

Romans all and Christians they swell the phalanx line
And tramp a righteous pilgrimage in proud determined rows,
To feed on bread of sour restraint and martyr's bitter wine,
Charity for a banner and a sword thrust for their foes.

But I will take a twisty lane with silences between
The leafy hedgerows' curtained way; where tramping feet are stayed,
So that perchance His Footprints may be more clearly seen
On the gossamer dews of tufted grass or in the cart ruts laid.

The peace of God, the sweet of Him blown from the scudding sky!
What would you more of Heaven that any man may reap?
Thronging the lane on market-day the cattle idle by,
Is it strange I scan the drover's face for the Shepherd of all Sheep?

M. J. HAMILTON.

ZORRILLA.—I.

IN the middle of February 1837 a tragic event threw the literary world of Madrid into mourning. A brilliant writer, one of the most distinguished of the younger Spanish men of letters, died by his own hand—the outcome of an unfortunate passion. His story can be told in a sentence. He was young, he was ardent, he was unhappy; life was bitter and he flung himself into death.

The recent revolution in Spain had made it possible for a suicide to be buried in consecrated ground, and Mariano de Larra was accorded all possible funeral honours. The obsequies were virtually ended; the coffin had been placed at the side of the grave; the poems and speeches of eulogy, which had been prepared, according to the Spanish custom, in memory of the dead, had all been read. The silence that followed them was absolute; an intense solemnity fell upon the hushed concourse of people. Some one whispered to the presiding dignitary that there was one more tribute to be offered, and a lad, scarcely more than a child, stepped forward, and standing beside the coffin, facing the assemblage, began to read, in a clear and silvery voice, the following verses:—

This muffled sound that stirs the air,
This funeral bell that tolls in sorrow,
Echoes the last cry of despair
Torn from the still corpse lying there
That in foul earth shall sleep to-morrow.
He saw his work approach its end,
His tarnished life aside he tossed,
As might a woman, for love lost,
Her veil upon the altar lay;
He saw the future as a void,
Empty of hope or fortune's gleam,
And plunged into that timeless dream
Whose waking is to unknown day.

He was a flower the sun has parched,
He was a spring that freshets drain;
We listen for its voice in vain,

The stem is withered of the flower.
And yet its fragrance we perceive,
And the fields' covering of green,
The grassy verdure that is seen,
Flow from that spring's creative power.

So in this world of woe
The poet oft is set,
A blighted plant, that yet
Doth fruits of blessing show.

Sleep, sleep in peace in thy grave alone,
Where thy sealed ears no sound assails
But the sad funeral orison
Another poet makes for thee.
It is love's offering, undefiled,
More precious than is any prayer,
Pure as the innocent tear of a child,
Remembrance of him who is lost to me.

If in far heaven there lies
A home, where poets dwell,
And but this form of ice
May man to earth devise,
Prey of corruption fell;
'Twas a brave deed, I swear,
This bitter life to quit,
To leave this desert bare,
Only bequeathing it
The lifeless body there!

Poet, if in the vast
A memory of the past,
A life like this there be
Beyond our little day . . .
Send me a thought, I pray,
As I send this to thee. *Tr.* E. C. H.

With the reading of this poem, its author leapt into fame. He was José Zorrilla (1817–1893) and he was to become one of the deathless poets of Spain. He was born in Valladolid, where his father held an official post in the

Royal Chancery. When he was ten years old his parents went to Madrid to live, and he was sent to the Royal School for the Sons of Noblemen, where he received a polite education. He became fairly proficient in drawing; he was a first-rate shot; he was in his element in the gymnasium. He read many books, not in the school curriculum—Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, besides the early Spanish poets. He showed marked talent as an actor, and took the leading rôles in the comedies of Lope de Vega and of Calderon, which were given in the school theatre. A curiously fortunate training for his predestined career—history, adventure, sentiment, romance and the drama. Above all, he was discovered to be a writer of poetry, and his verses were read, recited and admired by his classmates.

In 1832 his father, who was determined to make a lawyer of his son, placed him in the University of Toledo, for his legal training. Law, however, was very little to José's liking. He fancied himself much more as a romantic poet, and he began to read Espronceda, the rising star in the poetical firmament of Spain, a romantic of the romantics, only nine years his senior; and the *Romanceros*, those wonderful collections of old Spanish legends and ballads. The result of his reading was the complete abandonment of his legal studies, and his consequent expulsion from the University, to the intense disappointment and the justifiable anger of his father, who was then living in Lerma. Zorrilla was somewhat ignominiously sent home in the care of the guard of the coach which travelled to that city. He had no intention of arriving in Lerma like a parcel, and he was clever enough to elude the guard at one of the stopping places, and, finding a mare opportunely grazing in a field near by, he mounted, galloped off to Valladolid, sold the mare, and with the money was able to reach Madrid. The story, which is at least *ben trovato*, is variously told. This version will do as well as another. It gives a glimpse of Zorrilla's wild and inconsequent behaviour, which was a life-long characteristic.

Arrived in Madrid he was forced to exert himself in order to exist, for even his distorted views did not allow him to expect aid, either moral or financial, from the father whose efforts for his welfare, and generous provision for his education, he had so unreasonably flouted. He had a hard and a well-deserved struggle. His drawings—praised in the class-room ; his poems, so warmly admired by his fellow-students—proved to be unremunerative in an open market. He contrived to live, however, in some squalor, one fears, for at the time of Larra's death he was lodged in a garret, in the poor home of a basket maker, and he wrote his famous verses on wrapping-paper, with an osier for pen, which (in the absence of ink) he dipped into the blue dye in which the rushes were soaking. This well-known episode is an etching of the poet. If there had been a bottle of ink at either elbow, he would still have dipped his osier in the dye.

Though he was penniless, and as yet undistinguished, he managed to found a seditious periodical, which had a very brief existence owing to a Government order for the arrest of the editors. Zorrilla escaped by a balcony—one sees that his fondness for the gymnasium bore fruit—disguised himself as a gipsy—again, his early theatrical experience stood him in good stead—and successfully eluded the police. Chance, always his friend, came to his aid. A revolutionary movement broke out in Madrid ; his small protest against the Government was swallowed up in the larger issue, and he returned to the city of his hopes a few days before Larra's funeral.

In this year, 1837, he brought out his first volume of poems, which attracted the notice of reviewers, but which consisted mainly of imitations of Victor Hugo and of Lamartine.

He had already fulfilled the chief duty of a poet by falling in love, not once, but several times, and his love-poems were neither better nor worse than those of other young poets under the circumstances. *Un recuerdo del Arlanza* ("A Souvenir of the Arlanza") are characteristic in their musical rhythm and their fluency of phrase.

ARLANZA.

River Arlanza, if the source
Whence in Burgos thou dost spring
Stays not its impetuous course
But upon thy stream doth fling
Still its clear and crystal force ;

If its waves, as yet unspent,
Passing o'er thy golden sand
Pour their waters turbulent
On the same familiar strand,
Fragrant with the roses' scent,

They will find upon a height
A dark tower that stands alone,
Whose reflection, scarred with blight,
On the water clear is thrown
Like some vision of the night.

River Arlanza, it may be
Thou its name dost not recall,
For no knowledge is in thee
Of the ardour with which men all
Cling to hope and memory.

. . . . .

Alas ! for her who thinks of me
On the Arlanza's grassy slope !
How canst thou expectant be,
Love, bereft of help or hope,
Prisoned in thy misery ?

. . . . .

Tell her it was all in vain
That my happy songs I made ;
Say their joy I did but feign,
So my grief might be allayed,
So might sleep my bitter pain.

. . . . .

River Arlanza, river fleet,
Freshening all the flowery mead,
Scatter thy waters at her feet,
Tell her she is my spirit's need,
Whisper it with thy waters sweet ! *Tr.* E. C. H.

The young poet was warmly welcomed into the literary *coterie* of Madrid, and he soon numbered amongst his friends most of the distinguished writers of the day, including Espronceda. A friend took him to the house of the older (and incomparably greater) poet, who was confined to his room, recovering from a severe illness.

"I have brought Zorrilla to you," said this kind friend. He pushed him towards the bed. Espronceda put his arms round the young poet and kissed him on the forehead. "Why, he is only a child!" he said. The friend went away, leaving them alone with each other, and during the hour this visit lasted an intimacy was formed which endured until Espronceda's death.

In 1839 Zorrilla married the widow of Don Antonio Bernal O'Reilly, with the complete disapproval of his parents. His wife was thirty-eight, he twenty-two. There were children by her former marriage, and there seemed little prospect of success in the union. The parental opposition was soon justified. For a few years Zorrilla lived happily with his wife, and wrote tender verses in her honour. Then dissensions arose. There were recriminations on both sides, and very probably both had cause for complaint. Poets are notoriously bad husbands, and Zorrilla was no exception to the rule. On the other hand, he accused his wife of being the cause of his estrangement from his parents, and the chief reason for his long exile from Spain. Domestic difficulties are often a vital part of a poet's training. After all, poetry was Zorrilla's life and love, passing the love of women, though in women he found unceasing solace and inspiration.

He was still little more than a boy, and his life had been spasmodic and purposeless. Now he began to understand himself, the crucial knowledge. He saw that he had been the dupe of French romanticism and exoteric scepticism, and he set his face towards the goal which he so wonderfully attained. He put his determination into the well-known lines:

> Christian and Spanish, with faith and without fear,
> I sing my God; I sing my country dear.

Those old *Romanceros* had exercised a stronger influence than he knew, and he began to write of Spain and of the Catholic faith. These were old topics, well known and well worn. They had been sung by many a balladist, by Lope, by Calderon, and many others. They had been the burden of the poems of Fray Luis de Leon, of San Juan de la Cruz, of countless Catholic poets. They belonged to a day that was past. Zorrilla took these ancient themes, clothed them in his own glowing stanzas, tinctured them with his own vivid emotions, and with them won an immediate and enduring popularity.

In 1840 appeared *Los Cantos del Trovador* ("The Songs of a Troubadour"), and Zorrilla became the rival of Espronceda, and without an equal in his own field. "In the *Cantos del Trovador*," says Cortes, "the sweetness of our language and of our versification are brought to their greatest height. They embody no deep thought, they solve no vital problem, and yet they rouse in us the most intense emotion."

Like a true Spaniard, Zorrilla soon turned to the drama as a vehicle for Spanish legend, and in 1844 he published his play *Don Juan Tenorio*, which has proved the most enduring of all his works. By this play Zorrilla lives to-day, and will continue to live. It is a variant of the well-known legend, so often treated by poets in many lands—Goethe, Byron, Espronceda amongst them. Zorrilla's play is so witty, so sparkling, so tender, so tragic, so flippant and so poignantly serious that it stands alone. In 1852 appeared the famous poem, *Granada*, and in 1867 he published *El Drama del Alma* ("The Drama of the Soul"), a poetical play founded on the life of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. It is largely upon these four works that Zorrilla's fame rests, and in Part II. and Part III. of this article a detailed account of them will be given, with many translations of the poems.

There are gems to be found in many of his earlier poems. In the volume called *Toledo*, published in 1837, there are three *Orientales*, modelled frankly upon Victor Hugo, but made Spanish in their transition, and showing the fluency

of versification and richness of colouring which are the chief characteristics of this poet. I quote some lines from the second of the *Orientales* :

Fair Christian captive, dry thine eyes,
I prithee, cease to torture me ;
Look, my Sultana ! A paradise,
A second Eden I give to thee.
Here in Granada my palace lies,
Its gardens full of fragrant flowers,
And from its golden fountains rise
A hundred jets in sparkling showers.
And in the city, Genil's queen,
I have a fortress, grey and old,
That first amongst all forts shall reign
When it thy beauty shall enfold.
The lands along the river's side
Are mine, where swiftly Genil flows ;
Such sovereignty, domain so wide
Nor Cordova nor Seville knows.
There the tall palm tree lifts its head ;
And the bright-flaming pomegranate,
With the laden fig-tree's blossoms red,
Crown hill and dale of my estate.

. . . . .

And I will give thee velvets rare,
And perfumes sweet from Araby,
And scarves from Greece ; and thou shalt wear
Shawls brought from far Kashmir to thee.
With many a soft and snowy plume
Thy lovely brow I will adorn,
Whiter and softer than the spume
That on our Eastern seas is borne.
And pearls thy braided hair shall deck,
And cooling baths the heat eclipse,
And necklaces shall clasp thy neck,
And love shall burn upon thy lips. *Tr.* E. C. H.

I find the following lines in a poem, *El Cuento de Amores* ("The Tale of Love "), which appeared in a Spanish periodical in 1850. It was written in collaboration with another poet, but these lines are Zorrilla's, and show him in a simple and introspective mood :

Past is the burning
Of summer's heat,
The poplar leaves
Are reddening ;
Clean, threshing floor ;
Grain garnered, sweet ;
Ripe fruits await
The gathering.

Midst the broad leaves
Of the fertile vine
Hang ripening grapes
In clusters thick ;
Those lately black
Are ruddy as wine ;
Those white and clear
Are ready to pick.

. . . . .

Oh ! murmuring wind,
On thy soft wings
That brush dead leaves,
There come to me
Of the spirit-world
Its secret things ;
My soul responds
To their mystery.

. . . .

Spirits these are
Of life and truth ;
Wind, tell me why
Within me throng
The memories sweet
Of vanished youth,
Lost dreams and hope
Delayed too long ?

. . . . . *Tr.* E. C. H.

Ten years had elapsed since Zorrilla's marriage, and his difficulties, domestic and financial, became so acute that he left Spain. He was in Paris in 1850, where he wrote and published several volumes of poems, of which *Granada* was one. There he wrote also the very charming and courtier-

like *Serenata Morisca* (" Moorish Serenade ") at the request of the Empress Eugénie, whose recent marriage to the French Emperor Napoleon III. had again romantically united France and Spain. The Empress desired to have an album of Spanish poets and Zorrilla contributed the Serenade, which was, later, published in *La flor de los recuerdos* (" Flowers of Memory "). I quote two stanzas :

I kneel, a wandering minstrel, at fame and beauty's shrine,
The whole world is my altar, my temple is wide space ;
In the dim past I live, and thence I see the future shine,
And held between two centuries my heart has stayed its pace.
Your beauty and your glory, from this strange solitude,
I sing beneath your balcony that evening shades enfold.
Grant me your pardon, madam, if you find my song too rude,
And if its notes disturb your dream, too barbarous and bold.

I dwell in the Moorish ruins that round Granada lie,
There where the golden Darro, with its clear, crystal waves
Flows past your childhood's home ; as, flowing swiftly by,
The Seine to-day the walls of your imperial palace laves.
I dwell in those happy hills, and in those pastures fair
Where in a blaze of splendour the light of the sun is shed,
Whose noonday brightness flung its gleams of gold upon your hair,
Whose sunset crimson left upon your lips their coral red.

Tr. E. C. H.

Of the collection, *Flowers of Memory*, in which the Serenade appears, Cortes says : " It is a book without plan or unity, but abounding in beauty." The phrase is another medallion of criticism, applied to Zorrilla. I translate the lines which Cortes selects in proof of his praise :

I am the honey-laden bee ; my precious hoard I hide
That I may scatter it abroad, on every hill and dell ;
I am the fluttering butterfly, whose gold wings far and wide
Spread odours rare where scent of nard and rich carnation dwell ;
I am the poet with whose song the chords have ever vied—
Its sweetness to increase and its intensity to swell—
Of the shepherd's pipe, the convoluted shell by ocean's side,
The Moorish cymbal, Grecia's lyre, and the harp of Israel.

I am the fragile mote that flies the hurrying wind before,
The humming insect with its bourdon sounding ceaselessly ;

From days long past I come to-day, the late, last troubadour,
Who crosses in the arms of chance far lands and the far sea.
Cheering the hearts of simple folk with the simple songs I pour,
Forward I fare, with a martyr's faith, true to my destiny;
And wherever I go I never fail to find an open door,
And firesides warm, and loving friends who wait to welcome me.

Tr. E. C. H.

He was now so harassed by debt and misfortune that he sailed for Mexico, where he spent eleven years, writing little, but gathering much material for future work. In 1866 he came back to Spain—a sad and disappointed man. His exile had been entirely voluntary, but his vivid imagination persuaded him that he had been banished by his country and forsaken by his God. His passionate verses written on re-entering Spain, are a sincere and moving expression of his ardent patriotism and his child-like faith:

Spain! I return to thee!
So far have I fared away
Ne'er hoped I thy skies to see!
If I die not of ecstasy
Ne'er shall I be death's prey!

Oh! let me kiss thy ground
Humbly, on bended knees!
My happy tears abound
And I yield myself to these;
My joy with prayer is crowned!

. . . . .

Spain of my soul! Ne'er has passed
A day when I pleaded not
That God would hold thee fast
In His love; and now, at long last,
Hast thou thy son forgot?

God sent me with all my load
Of sorrow afar to weep;
And from over the sea I bestowed
Upon Spain, in my heart hid deep,
A song with each tear that flowed.

. . . . .

God! Who knows how in all my sore
Long exile beyond the sea

I hoped to come home, counting o'er
Each slow hour, forsake not me
Now I tread Spain's soil once more!

Tr. E. C. H.

Thus he came back to Spain, thinking of himself as a poor exile, his work finished, his career ended. In reality his return ushered in his apotheosis. He was welcomed as few men have been welcomed; honour crowded upon honour; again he took up his pen, and the work of his later years was not inferior to that of his youth. On February 21st, 1867, he completed his fiftieth year, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude for the miracle which had been vouchsafed him, he wrote, on that memorable day, these stanzas to the Virgin of St. Martin, at whose feet he laid all the trophies of his many triumphs:

Sweet Mother of God's Son, my mother and friend,
When Christ on Golgotha expired, the race
Of Adam, for whom He died, He did commend
To thy compassion and most tender grace.
To-day, when all my youth is at an end,
I come to thee, my soul's first resting-place;
Ages of sorrow and of grief are mine,
Oh! grant me now the shelter of thy shrine!

Thou who the mother art of all who weep
Forsake me not, nor cast my prayer aside;
Thou knowest in my heart thy faith I keep,
The faith that in my childhood's songs did hide;
To the equator I sailed the perilous deep,
My harp my comrade and my faith my guide;
To-day I bring my songs across the brine
To seek the loving shelter of thy shrine.

Tr. E. C. H.

In 1868 Zorrilla went to Barcelona. His journey from Madrid was a triumphal progress. He was fêted and honoured everywhere. The ovations he received rose almost to the pitch of madness. A thousand people escorted him from the station to his home. The Press devoted pages to biographical notices and to praises of his works. Many notable functions were given in his honour. At a reception in the principal theatre an original play,

written for the occasion by a distinguished Catalan poet, was acted, and in it these significant lines occur :

> Don Antonio : Do you imagine that Zorrilla is a Castilian poet ? . . . You are wrong, my child. Zorrilla is Spanish and national.

In mid-April, 1868, the *Juegos florales* (" Floral Games "), those revivals of the old Provençal Courts of Love, which are a feature of Barcelona, were celebrated with unusual impressiveness. The *Juegos florales* are a poetical competition, held annually, at which poets, usually those from Catalonia, read original poems, for the three best of which three prizes are awarded. The first prize is a natural flower ; the second, a gold flower ; and the third a silver flower. This year, in addition to the Catalan poets, representative poets from Provence, Castile and Valencia had been invited, and amongst them was Frédéric Mistral, the father of Provençal poetry. At the public dinner following the poetic contest and the awarding of the prizes the two poets, beloved of their countries, Mistral and Zorrilla, embraced each other warmly. Although both read poems, neither, unfortunately, received a prize.

The next year was one of vital importance in Zorrilla's private life, for it was the year of his second marriage. The story is romantically told by Cortes.

Zorrilla happened to go one night to a theatre where a play by a young Spanish dramatist was being given. The great poet enjoyed the play, and went behind the scenes to congratulate the author. As they talked Zorrilla looked through the drop-curtain and observed a very beautiful young woman seated in the stage box.

" Who is that charming blonde ? " he asked. His companion looked through the parting of the curtain in his turn.

" She is my sister," he said.

" Will you do me the honour of introducing me ? " Zorrilla asked.

" With much pleasure," and he took Zorrilla to the box.

The charming lady was Doña Juana de Pachecho, the

daughter of a famous actress. She was called " the marble girl," partly from her classical and sculptural beauty and partly from the frigidity with which she received the homage of her admirers. Zorrilla, always impetuous, had no difficulty in succeeding with his suit, in spite of the fact that she was engaged to a young Aragonese poet, and they were married on August 20th, 1869. He had been eighteen years younger than his first wife ; he was thirty years older than his second. Doña Juana understood her husband ; she knew that a man who never loses the ardour of youth never ceases to please women, and she did not expect too much. The marriage, on the whole, was a happy one, and this admirable lady, who survived her distinguished husband many years, was honoured for her own sake as well as in memory of him.

Zorrilla was growing old, but he never laid aside his pen and his pen never lost its power. In 1880 he published *La leyenda del Cid* (" The Legend of the Cid ") a modernised version of the beloved Spanish hero, which contains some of the most beautiful lines he ever wrote. Lack of space prevents any extracts from appearing in this article, but a translation of some exquisite lines from the Introduction to the legend will be given in Part II.

In the same year he began the publication of his delightful reminiscences in *El Imparcial*, of Madrid. The Spanish title is *Recuerdos del tiempo viejo* (" Memories of Olden Days "), which were received by the public and the Press with ecstasy. " Zorrilla's imagination," wrote one critic, " makes the simplest and most trivial incidents of his life poetical, *even at the cost of truth*." This is Zorrilla ! Truth was for him an entirely negligible matter.

In 1885 a signal honour was bestowed upon him. He was elected a member of the *Academia* of Madrid. The ceremony was one of great distinction. The king (H.M. Alfonso XII.) opened the session and introduced Zorrilla, who read a poem written for the occasion. One notes, by the way, that Zorrilla was exceptionally happy in his occasional verse. In this poem he recalled his love for his home, for his own people ; his lifelong desire to regain

his father's esteem. He had hoped that his fame might be a monument erected at the threshold of his father's house, and, cherishing this hope, he had kept his heart pure, his honour unstained, and his conscience clean. To such a miracle he had looked forward. It had proved a vain dream. All Spain did him homage; his name rang throughout the land; but his kindred ignored him; the door of his father's house was closed to him.

I fell as fell Icarus. I was as one
Who tries to carry water in a sieve!
God my poor offering would not accept;
God cursed my verses and my heritage;
And I stand here to-day and face my fame
With an empty heart, and with an orphaned soul!

When the clear, musical voice of the poet, now nearly seventy years old, had ceased, the King rose, and presented Zorrilla with the Academician's medal, with the words:—

I have pleasure in presenting this medal to the distinguished poet who has ever been and will always be admired and praised by all who love the beautiful Castilian tongue. Señor Zorrilla is the poet who symbolises Spanish glory and Spanish tradition . . . the poet who has sung in sublime verse . . . the achievements of the Spanish people, and the memorable events of our history. To his glory and to our pride, I bestow upon him the highest literary distinction our literary community has to offer.

It was, I repeat, a signal honour, but one still greater was yet to come. In 1889 he was publicly crowned in Granada—Granada, the city he adored, of whom he had written in many of his poems, and whose name gave the title to one of his most famous works. "Granada," he wrote, "the city of my dreams and of my songs, of my loves and of my hopes."

The magnificent ceremony of coronation was followed by a succession of banquets and festivities that must have tried the physical endurance of the aged poet, but he filled his arduous part with dignity and distinction. His beautiful voice never failed, and there must be many living to-day who treasure its silvery accents in their memory.

Only four more years of life remained to him. His

last moments were soothed by the care of his devoted wife, who herself nursed him through his painful illness, and whose loving hands closed his eyes upon this world as they opened to immortality.

All Spain mourned him. The magnificence of his funeral rivalled the obsequies of Lope, of Calderon, of Espronceda. He had desired that there should be no public ceremony, no imposing funeral trappings, and that his grave should be marked by a simple stone slab, with the words,

THE POET, JOSÉ ZORRILLA,
SON OF VALLADOLID,

but he was so truly a national poet that national honours were inevitable. Even after death fame pursued him. A prize had been offered for the best sonnet on Isabella the Catholic, in whose reign and through whose generosity the discovery of America by Columbus had been made possible. Zorrilla sent a sonnet for the competition, and the judges awarded it the prize. The money was sent to Zorrilla's widow, with a very beautiful letter, signed by the three judges—Emilio Castelar, Juan Valera, and Emilia Pardo Bazan. The sonnet is as follows :

Conqueror of Granada, strait and small
The old world seemed to thee, who for thy land
Sublime ideals didst cherish ; who hadst planned
That a wide destiny on it should fall.
Thou gavest great Columbus aid, and all
The high adventure of his valorous band
Was launched by thee, that on earth's farthest strand
The Cross of Christ should rise, mankind to enthral.
Thus in America thy fame doth grow ;
The golden ships of Tarshish are outvied,
And of Osiris all the armed renown.
Thy throne is in the heavens ; the old gods go ;
And thy broad brow Niagara's waters wide
Encircle with a mighty rainbow-crown. *Tr.* E. C. H.

Zorrilla was undoubtedly a great poet, no less great because others were greater. He was a lyric poet, a religious poet, a national poet, and, above all, a Spanish poet. He has been called " the incarnation of the vast

national legend." He had a marvellous memory and a phenomenal imagination; he possessed a rich vocabulary in one of the richest languages of the world. He was tender, sympathetic and devout, with the simplicity of a child, and the passionate emotions of a man. As I have already said, he was not a thinker, but he was a man of deep and sincere feeling, and it was this quality that endeared him to his people, to the masses, who are never thinkers, but whose emotions are strong and easily roused.

He is never profound, and always diffuse, never satisfied with one word where ten can be used. He wrote almost as much as Lope de Vega, but he said less. Amidst his careless profusion it is difficult to distinguish the grain from the chaff. But the grain is there, and it is precious.

His work is often lacking in unity, and weak in construction, but when the foundations were laid, and the structure indicated, as in the national legends, his facility of execution and his felicity of phrase gave the theme new life and fresh beauty.

He is, too, a very *personal* poet, and, as a recent writer has said, "That, after all, is the explanation of why most of our immortals are immortal—the personal touch without which nothing, with which almost anything will survive."

The supreme explanation of his power over his countrymen, of his popularity and of his enduring fame, lies in the fact that at the outset of his career he struck the superlatively Spanish note. His *Songs of a Troubadour* were a clarion call to Spain, the call of chivalry and of romance. He lived in the beginning of a new epoch in Spanish poetry. The spread of education was bringing its philosophies, its sciences, its doubts, its denials, into the national life. Foreign influence was altering the current of thought, and while he once attained to the stature of the early poets, much admirable work was being done by a brilliant group of writers who left Spanish tradition behind. Zorrilla was the last mouthpiece of the Church and of the nation. He stood for God and for Spain, and he will always be remembered in the literature of his country as its Cid and its Champion.

ELLA CROSBY-HEATH.

THE FUNCTION OF PARODY—II

FOR parody of the gentle kind one turns to C. S. Calverley. He was princely in his craft because he was a poet. He takes you into his confidence, but does not bump you severely when dropping you. He is ever the same gentle and poetic disturber of the peace, and gets his effect without violent exaggeration. He is to parody what Lamb is to the essay.

Opulent, grandiose, intemperate verse, such as is found in Francis Thompson, was carried to the requisite excess in Mr. C. Powell's *Poets in the Nursery*. He presents *Hush-a-bye, Baby, as Francis Thompson might have written it.*

Blanch-amiced, roseal nursling, resupine
In coracle terrene,
Afloat on the aërial hyaline,
Moored to the dominant pine,
Not where its pennoned umbrage spans,
With auspice large and halcyon boon,
Its suppliant visitants,
But where, intemperably higher,
In its immitigable culminance,
Do battailously importune
Solstitial fulgences and spilth of fire,
Or argent rondure of the plenilune
Perdures in its abashless oculance;—
Reck not their too obtrusive suit
But still in you the bruit
Of threne susurral, lachrymosal plain,
That on those dolorosal eyes
Elysian euphrasies
Their mystic, chrismal anodyne may strain.

The second and remaining stanza is in the same key, and we hear the same chords. The parodist exaggerates, but not too much; uses the poet's own words, selected from scattered poems; presents to us the externals of Thompson's original verse where it is most intemperate and purple; and passes judgment upon his sometimes strained syntax.

Here are a few illustrations in what I have called the Critical Parody.

That great Victorian satirist, du Maurier, never did anything better than his long satirical poem, *A Legend of Camelot*, with its five wonderful illustrations, that appeared in five consecutive numbers of *Punch* in 1866. Therein, like Heine, he attacked the very school to which, heart and soul, he belonged. Pictures and text are a never-failing source of delight to me, much as I love the work of the P.R.B. I quote the first few lines :—

Tall Braunighrindas left her bed
At cock-crow, with an aching head
O Miserié !
" I yearn to suffer and to do,"
She cried, " ere sunset, something new ! "
O Miserié !
" To do and suffer, ere I die,
I know not what. I care not why."
O Miserié !

There is no slavish imitation of an original, but the shaft of satire hits the huge target in the centre. Another example I take from the works of Mr. Fronima, with its title *Call Again !* :—

From Rome to Tyre
Was but a week ;
The Knight and Lady
Did not speak.
Lack-a-day day !

He rode before,
She rode behind ;
'Twas customary,
But not kind.
Lack-a day day !

Arrivèd There,
They called on Jack ;
He was'nt In,
They came straight back.
Ah me ! Lack-a-day day !

Here, in simple modern language, the writer has tried to express the spirit, romance, and directness of the ballads of the Chevy Chase period.

But for fun, with a little involved criticism sometimes, in verses that are not always closely imitative, I turn to Lewis Carroll, who has even in these days so much to do with the education of the young. In his *Phantasmagoria* we have *Hiawatha's Photographing*, with its opening :—

> From his shoulder Hiawatha
> Took the Camera of Rosewood,
> Made of sliding, folding rosewood ;
> Neatly put it all together.
> In its case it lay compactly,
> Folded into nearly nothing ;
> But he opened out the hinges,
> Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
> Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
> Like a complicated figure
> In the Second Book of Euclid.
>
> . . . . .
>
> First the Governor, the father :
> He suggested velvet curtains
> Looped about a massy pillar ;
> And the corner of a table,
> Of a rosewood dining table.
> He would hold a scroll of something,
> Hold it firmly in his left hand ;
> He would keep his right hand buried
> (Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;
> He would contemplate the distance
> With a look of pensive meaning,
> As of ducks that die in tempests.

Here we have all emphasis upon the laboured succinctness of Longfellow.

Whitman's force provokes the parodist. I have seen many attempts to get the spirit of him in a few burlesque lines, but all except one are failures. The following lines satisfy me ; they limn the "good grey poet." I have culled them from *Once a Week* for December 1868 :—

I am W'lt Wh'tm'n
You are an idiot.
O intellectual ingurgitations of creeds!
To such I am antiseptic.
I met a man.
Where?
In a gutter. We were at once friends.
O homogeneities of contemporaneous antiloxodromachy!
He *would* try to stand on his head. O divinely-crapulent hysteron-proteron!
"Our meeting," he said, "is a palingenesis of Paradise; hast thou, O philadelphian, hast thou eighteen-pence?"
I embraced him—I wept. I have it not, I shrieked—or—

. . . . .

Whom do I love? Whom do I admire? Not two lounging in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart.
I am not respectable. You are an idiot.
I am W'lt Wh'tm'n.

J. K. Stephens, in his *Lapsus Calami*, should not be passed over. We have his parody on Browning's poem, *Their last ride together* (from his point of view), with its closing lines :—

He never smiles and he never speaks :
He might go on like this for weeks :
He rolls a slightly frenzied eye
Towards the blue and burning sky,
And the cob bounds on with tireless stride;
If we are n't at home for lunch at two
I don't know what Papa will do;
But I know full well he will say to me
"I never approved of Mr. B. :
It's the very devil that you and he
Ride, ride together, for ever ride."

And now a few words as to much clever imitative verse that, from my point of view, is not parody. Popular, catchy, or easily remembered verse is often used as a model, and suffers no hurt, as neither satire, burlesque, nor

criticism is intended or effected. *Punch* has ever been responsible for much imitative verse that cannot be called parody. If there is any reflection on the original it is of a complimentary character, and an acknowledgment of the loan of a model. Verses written for children are often used in this way, and serve as pegs whereon to hang commentaries or criticisms upon passing events or thoughts. Stevenson's verses were easily followed, to wit :—

> Its really very nice to think
> That in the House there's meat and drink,
> With no necessity to speak,
> And all the time £8 a week.

If anyone suffers here it is the M.P. We know how frequently the rhythmic ease of W. S. Gilbert's lines from the operatic libretto, coupled to his wit and the ingenuity of rhyme, are suggestive to the writer of occasional verse, and how closely his stanzas are imitated, yet no parody is intended. But I came across a genuine parody of Gilbert the other day by Mr. Stephen Barrett. The original quatrain is in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and reads :—

> Hail, Poetry ! Thou heaven-born Maid !
> Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.
> Hail ! flowing fount of sentiment !
> All hail ! All hail ! Divine emollient !

This is an apostrophe that, considering the demands of the comic opera, is quite pardonable, nay, is legitimate. But Mr. Barrett does not approve of the sentiment, and writes :—

> Hence, Poetry ! Thou hell-born jade !
> My appetite thou ne'er hast stayed !
> Hence, futile, casual incident !
> Begone, thou sauce ! Thou devil's condiment !

That is active, polemical parody ; and it carries the war into the enemy's camp. Gilbert has provoked something. The spirit of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Satires of Circumstance* was satirized in *Punch* by Mr. Owen Seaman in a series of *Six Misfyttes*, of which *On the River* is one :—

The barge swings slow on the slow stream's breast,
And the bargee leans to his oar, dull brute.
A curious apathy fills his chest,
Though his wife is trailing her off-side boot
In the ochreous ooze, and he hears her purr
As his mate at the tiller makes eyes at her.

A lurch and a slip—she is overboard,
And her lover dives in at the nearest place.
No sign on the part of her legal lord
As the waters close on their last embrace,
Except that he smiles, " I shall miss them both,"
And leans to his oar with a grateful oath.

There are several instances where poets have successfully parodied themselves. The best collection, one has said, in which a poet has held himself up to ridicule, is *The Heptalogia, or Seven against Sense*, published anonymously by Swinburne in 1880. The opening lines of *Nephilidia*, one of the set, read :—

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float,
Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with throbs through the throat ?

There is the alliterative, rampant in its glory. But in these days the master of parody, to my mind, is Mr. J. C. Squire, because of his critical power in *Tricks of the Trade*. Perhaps some readers would prefer him to be less critical and more humorous, but he suits me. When Rabindranath Tagore was first before us I bought his works, one by one, as they appeared. Then, before Mr. Squire's judgment upon him, I ceased to buy. I approve of Mr. Squire's satire in the following, on the second part of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's *Little Drops of Water* :—

Child, I smelt the flowers,
The golden flowers . . . hiding in crowds like fairies at my feet,
And as I smelt them the endless smile of the infinite broke over me, and I knew that they and you and I were one.
They and you and I, the cowherds and the cows, the jewels and the potter's wheel, the mothers and the light in baby's eyes.
For the sempstress, when she takes one stitch, may make nine unnecessary ;
And the smooth and shining stone that rolls and rolls, like the great river, may gain no moss,
And it is extraordinary what a lot you can do with a platitude, when you dress it up in Blank Prose.
Child, I smelt the flowers.

Here, in two verses is the representative magazine lyric, according to Mr. Squire :—

Two dead roses in a book
Where I hardly ever look ;
Two red roses all ablow
Something like a year ago.

Two dead roses, one dead dream ;
Then they swayed above a stream,
Now they lie forlorn and shrivelled . . .
Lord in Heaven, how I drivelled !

True enough ! And how often we have heard the same sort of drivel from the modern concert platform ?

But I must give part of his *Merciful Widow*, which he says is " An Essay in Transpontine Poetry, with apologies to J. . . . M. . . ." Here is a passage :—

Hedda Lucrezia Esther Waters,
The eldest of the widow's daughters,
In early infancy absorbèd
A dreadful liking for the morbid.
She much preferred the works of Ibsen
To those of Mr. Dana Gibson,
And when she went to bed at night
She prayed by yellow candle-light ;

" Six Angels for my bed,
Three at foot and three at head,
Beardley, Strauss, Augustus John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Matisse,
Fold my sleep in holy peace."
The vices to which she inclined
Were peccadilloes of the mind.
Her sisters were much less refined,
And often when they sallied out,
With knife and pistol, kriss and knout,
And other weapons of the sort
Adapted to bucolic sport
And rural raptures in the dark,
They took occasion to remark :
" Why, wot the 'ell's the bloody use
O' 'Edda, she ain't got no juice,
She'll gas and jabber till all's blue,
She'll talk but she will never do ;
Upon my oath, it is fair sickenin'."

And so at last they gave her strychnine,
A thing efficient though not gory,
And Hedda drops from out the story.

We must leave Mr. Squire, and pay attention to a noble army of intellectual tatterdemalions enlisted under the unreadable banners of the free-verse-cum-futurist gang. These fanatics offer themselves as excellent game for a student of parody, for there is no need of a parodist to satirise them. They unconsciously burlesque themselves, and I hope they know how far short they fall of their own ideals. Mr. John Rodker is one of this mixed company where each is a king unto himself ; I dub him a maëlstromist. Here is a short extract from a poem showing him at his best :—

You said
Your heart was
Pieces of
    Strings,
In a
Peacock blue satin
Bag.

I said that such needs no parody: had he written

> You said-your heart was-a boatload of-monkeys-in- a- terrible stew.

or

> You said-your heart was-a basket of-whelps-with their heads-put on the wrong-way.

would not the same effect be obtained?

But I can find you something worse still, or better still, according to your mood, as a study in unconscious parody. Mr. Louis de Esque wrote *Betelguese*. It is described as "A Trip through Hell"; so it is, except to the enthusiastic philologist, who will make a heaven of it. I shall certainly not attempt to burlesque the following passages:—

> Medeas in this vast plain,
> Who blink at yon dysodile lamps,
> Slap thenars and each bifurcous
> As javels drink from Scyphus' bright.
>
> . . . .
>
> Jarbling gumps ride hydras green.
>
> . . . .
>
> Where syrt sucks jargling javels mad,
> And carcants cast a lurid light
> From mildewed screes and mounts that scyle,
> Veiled angueries of battling hell,
> A charnel shard assails the damned
> Thro' vapours green and siffling night;
> Monastic caverns rasp each isle;
> A poisoned skink croaks from a well.

After reading that I went to Lewis Carroll, turned to that great poem with its opening: "'Twas brillig and the slithy toves," and found it to be intelligible and inspiring, and comforting.

Before I conclude, just a few words about prose parodies. This form of burlesque has few votaries. I have not yet found anything to beat Bret Harte in his *Sensation Novels Condensed*, where the Victorian novelists come under his satire. He is not closely imitative, but the manner is there with just enough humorous exaggeration to give pungency to his implied commentary. In *Miss Mix*, I am

not worried when Mr. Rawjester absently ties the poker into hard knots (that is the very thing he would do), throws a candlestick at her, or says that he cannot stand her when she quotes St. Paul's remarks about morals and the better nature.

In Thomas Love Peacock's novels are many parodies where that laughing Aristophanes hits off external manners and internal weaknesses of the writers who provoked him to criticism. The pages of the serio-comic press provide many excellent parodies, and Mr. F. A. Anstey, Burnand, and Mr. Owen Seaman have given much pleasure; but I commend the pages of *Fun* and *Judy* during the "sixties" and "seventies" to the student of parody. In these days a delicate, yet sometimes pungent, aroma comes from the pages of Mr. Max Beerbohm. Mr. J. C. Squire pricks the modern critic, who richly deserves punishment.

I am convinced that the very life of parody is in its critical power. I make no apology for my interest in the subject, for no student of literature can afford to neglect it. The mannerisms of writers are fair game. The poets who fail by reason of their want of poetic finesse are a fair quarry, because they stamp where angels fear to tread. Sometimes the parodist blunders, for he forgets what is due to the dignity of poetry. The writer of genuine parody should be a man of perception, and of poetic instinct, for it is only when the original poem is weighed truly in the balance that the parody can be worth the reading.

At the close of my essay I turn to my philosophic friend, mentally, and assure him that, though I may have wasted my time, I have enjoyed my adventure.

L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

* * *

Particulars of The Poetry Society's lectureships, designed to promote a reasoned sense of values and sound poetic taste, may be obtained by schools and other institutions and organisations able to arrange for a series of lectures from the General Secretary of the Poetry Society, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1. Applications for the services of the Society's lecturers for the early part of 1926 should be made without delay, and also inquiries respecting Spring Examinations in Verse-Speaking in schools and provincial centres.

ATLANTIC

A SUDDEN gust of sorrow comes
And sweeps away the sea's deep drums.

The singing stinging breezes, all
So suddenly at that strong call,

Are gone. I see thy fields again,
Through rain-drops on the window-pane,

My England !—little stations pass ;
I rub my sleeve across the glass,

And feel the rocking throbbing train,
While Grantham spire looms up again

I would give all the ocean's might
For one wet blade of grass to-night !

J. C. BIRD.

ILLUSION

LAST of all men, the human heart shall lie
Entombed in thee forever when thy face
Touched with the final anguish of our race
Turns to the wan sun in the wasting sky.
What then shall echo to thy broken sigh
As death, rapacious for the last embrace,
Lies down beside thee in thy resting place ?
Ah, when thou diest even grief shall die !
Grief, yes, and every heart-created thing,
That gave our pageant colour shall depart.
Ah, brother, ere thou yieldest to thy pain,
Let first the vision of some mystic bring
The last of ecstasy, let thine own heart
Call beauty into being once again.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE*

ALL students of Shakespeare's Sonnets will welcome the appearance of the facsimile edition of the quarto of 1609 published by Jonathan Cape. The copy reproduced is one of the two in the British Museum, the one with the imprint "to be solde by William Apsley." The other bearing the imprint of John Wright was reproduced in facsimile as No. 30 of *Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles*, by Charles Prætorius in 1886. Only twelve copies are known to exist, six of which are in America, and, of the remaining four in England, two are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; one in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, and one in the Rylands Library, Manchester.

Undoubtedly no single volume of poetry has been the cause of such a flood of literature as this thin quarto of 1609, with the possible exception of Goethe's *Faust*, and of the innumerable commentaries by no means the least valuable and interesting are the other two volumes dealt with in this review, Professor Tucker's *The Sonnets of Shakespeare* and Mr. Forrest's *The Five Authors of Shakespeare's Sonnets*.

For a really scholarly, complete commentary on the Sonnets, condensing and co-ordinating all that is valuable in the work of preceding commentators, Professor Tucker's volume may be whole-heartedly commended.

It is not one of those masterful, arrogantly cocksure volumes which resemble the "three books on the soul" of Browning's *Cleon*, "proving absurd all written hitherto," and deciding definitely the exact date of the composition of the Sonnets, and the identity of "Mr. W. H." and the "dark woman." He does not write, as Professor Dowden remarked of Mr. Gerald Massey, the constructor of one of the most elaborate, not to say far-fetched, theories, "with a faith in his own opinions which finds scepticism hard to explain except on some theory of intellectual or moral

* *Shakespeare's Sonnets: a Facsimile.* London (Cape); *The Sonnets of Shakespeare*, T. G. Tucker (Cambridge University Press), 17s. 6d. net; *The Five Authors of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, H. T. S. Forrest (Chapman and Dodd).

obliquity." His decision as to the date is that "if we put down the sonnet period as extending from about 1592 to 1601 without denying that a few (e.g., 107) may be even later, we shall probably come as near to the truth as we are ever likely to get."

Sonnet 107 is the one that seems undoubtedly to refer to the death of Queen Elizabeth, which took place in 1603.

With regard to the identity of "Mr. W. H." Professor Tucker sums up, "On the whole it would certainly appear that the balance of evidence is greatly in favour of Herbert." In this he runs counter to the acknowledged authority of Sir Sidney Lee, who has decided in favour of Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton. But Professor Tucker continues, "Nevertheless, it is more judicial to agree with Beeching, Furnivall, Dowden, Walsh and Mackail that neither theory is proved nor provable."

Again, with regard to the endlessly disputed point as to whether the Sonnets are autobiographical, he concludes, after tabulating very clearly all the arguments for and against, that "the more solid conclusion to be drawn from them is rather that it is a mistake either to treat every piece alike as being concerned with one and the same object of affection, or to regard the whole series as being an equally spontaneous and emotionally consistent record of the poet's relations with that object."

Although the professor's personal opinion leads him to believe that a large proportion of the Sonnets were addressed to William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, he thinks that "a considerable number of the pieces were concerned with another person, or other persons, some were poetical exercises and a few of an occasional character."

This latter point brings us to the ninth section of the professor's Introduction, which deals with the Sonnets as poetical compositions. In this he states at once that the identity of the "fair man" and the correct arrangement of the pieces, though naturally interesting, are after all of minor importance.

We possess the sonnets themselves with their virtues, and it is

for the sake of themselves that we read them. Our prime concern is with their value "to usward." Do they as poems embody "high passionate thoughts to their own music chanted"? Do they satisfy us, as the best art should, by a powerful and beautiful expression of feelings which we might desire, but which for the most part we lack the power to express for ourselves? . . . Is their language rich, noble, replete with force or felicities? Do we feel on reading them "it is good to be here" and that, as Emerson said, to read the Sonnets is like listening "to the tone of voice of some incomparable person"? Where they are simply dainty or conceited, are these qualities displayed in a manner to evoke some pleasure of admiration?

And then he goes on to say that in these respects the Sonnets of Shakespeare are amazingly unequal.

In no few cases they are open to the charge of frigid artificiality and even verbal weakness, and in some instances are quite unworthy of *l'altissima poeta*. Nevertheless the poems as a whole have deservedly ranked among the highest creations of their kind.

But he then points out that this is one of those cases where the half would have been greater than the whole, and he quotes Pattison, Hazlitt and others to show that praise has not been universal.

Undoubtedly the way to enjoy the Sonnets to the full is to take those that appeal to one as supreme, learn them by heart for what they mean to one personally, and to discard those that are so obviously of inferior merit that, as Professor Tucker says, some are of doubtful authenticity and some should be rejected altogther.

And this doubt is the connecting link between Professor Tucker's invaluable commentary and analysis and the second of the two volumes under discussion. In this Mr. Forrest tells us that in the summer of 1918, being then resident "somewhere East of Suez" and poring over the Sonnets, and comparing them with the music of *Venus and Adonis*, found himself exclaiming, when for the first time he tried to read the whole number straight through, "Shakespeare simply couldn't have written some of this rubbish."

Undismayed by finding that the authorities gave his revolutionary theory no support, he proceeded to sort out

the Sonnets into two lists, " the first consisting of Sonnets (65) so bad that they could not have been written by Shakespeare and the second consisting of Sonnets (20) so good that they could not have been written by anybody else." There remained some sixty-nine which he marked as doubtful.

Here, then, was a revolutionary commentator who, although he might have felt slightly encouraged by the doubts of Professor Tucker (whose book was not then published), must have been encased in Horatian triple brass to enter the lists against Sir Sidney Lee, J. M. Robertson and all the orthodox Stratfordians. Not that Mr. Forrest is a Baconian; from any evidence to be drawn from this book, he might never have heard of Francis Verulam, although if he had ever plunged into the turbulent sea of the " greatest of literary problems " as the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy has been named, he might possibly have viewed the authorship of some of the Sonnets from a different angle.

To whom, then, does Mr. Forrest attribute the " non-Shakespearean " Sonnets? Briefly, his theory is that the collection is the result of " Competitive Sonneteering," that

> Shakespeare was responsible for rather less than a quarter, while nine-tenths of the remainder were contributed in varying proportions by four other poets (who may be identified with more or less certainty as Barnes, Warner, Donne and Daniel), writing in competition with him, and each other, in a series of private sonnet-tournaments, which were fought out some time between 1594 and 1599, under the auspices of the Earl of Southampton.

Here, at any rate, we have a complete novelty in theories about the Sonnets, and one that is really extremely interesting, buttressed as it is by a most painstaking analysis and a study so detailed that, as a result, Mr. Forrest is quite certain

> that all Shakespearean scholars will, sooner or later, agree in accepting the general thesis of " competitive Sonneteering " as the one and only clue to the complicated series of puzzles presented by the Sonnets.

Towards the conclusion of his studies Mr. Forrest pleads that we should try and view the Sonnets

> in their true perspective as they appeared to the little coterie for which they were written. . . . It would be a mistake, I think, to approach them in *too* reverent a spirit; we should not allow the commentators to make us forget that the Shakespeare of the Sonnets was not a staid twentieth-century professor, acutely conscious of the sacro-sanctity of everything Shakespearean, but a young Englishman of the Renaissance, who was living his life, not as a *littérateur* in a make-believe world of paper and ink, but as "a man in a world of men," the romantic, exuberant, coarse-humored world of Elizabethan England.

It is rather interesting to take three standard anthologies like Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and Main's *Three Hundred English Sonnets*, and see the proportion of the thirty-two sonnets included in the three selections that are attributed by Mr. Forrest to Shakespeare, and how many to his alleged competitors. Of the thirty-two, we find eleven in Mr. Forrest's list as Shakespeare's, nine as Barnes's, whom he calls the Minor Poet, five as William Warner's or the Lawyer, and four as John Donne's, the Humorist. The remaining three he classes as "occasional"—that is to say, not forming part of the various series into which he divides the competitions—and he does not seem too certain that they are by Shakespeare. Considering that one of these is Sonnet 146, *Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth*, this uncertainty raises a doubt as to Mr. Forrest's qualifications as a judge of fine poetry. He says that "John Masefield (than whom no one living is better qualified to give an opinion on such a matter) calls it the noblest of Shakespeare's Sonnets"; but Mr. Forrest still ventures to differ from him, and he gives his reasons for doubting Shakespeare's authorship. On the other two, No. 66, *Tired with all these, for restful death I cry*, and No. 129, *The expense of spirit in a waste of shame*, he also casts doubt, and yet we venture to think that a large majority of the Sonnet lovers would include these three in any selection they might make as amongst the finest in the language. So true it is that there is no disputing about

tastes. However, Mr. Forrest writes very courageously and very modestly, and he acknowledges that his analyses are bound to contain many errors. His book can be commended for its originality and intrinsic interest, and every student of the many problems involved in the Sonnets should most certainly closely study its stimulating pages.

HORACE ODES AND THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.

THESE two little volumes (Cambridge University Press) are done by Mr. Hugh Macnaghton, Vice-Provost of Eton, with such feeling, so accurate a scholarship and so fine a poetic touch that I am glad to be able to follow Tennyson's advice and discard all idea of picking holes, and only add my voice to what must be the almost universal chorus of approval of a supremely difficult task well accomplished. Comparing Macnaghton's version with those of Conington, Gladstone and Sir Stephen de Vere, brother of that good critic and personal friend of so many English poets, Aubrey de Vere, I should say the Vice-Provost quite holds his own, though he may not rise to the poetic height attained by Sir Stephen de Vere in Horace, Bk. iii. ode iv., which has a truly Miltonic ring in its opening stanza :

> " Descend from Heaven, Calliope, and bring
> The long-drawn breath of thy melodious flute,
> Or the wild throbbings of Apollo's lute ;
> Or with uplifted voice th' heroic anthem sing !
> Is this some phantom sound that mocks my ear ?
> 'Tis she, the Muse ! I hear, I hear
> The voice divine' Methinks I rove
> Listening her song within some sacred grove
> Where through the branches summer breezes play
> And caverned streams in silence glide away."

The ode is the longest Horace wrote, and readers will say that Sir Stephen de Vere's translation would be longer still.

Let us now look at Conington. We may trust him for giving us a perfect translation, and here and there a pleasing poetic ring, for instance, the Neobule ode, iii. 12 is, with its merry air and rhythm, more captivating than any other rendering I have yet seen. Indeed

those of us who knew Conington would never have suspected him of anything so playful, and therefore so befitting. It runs thus :

" How unhappy are the maidens who with Cupid may not play,
Who may never touch the wine-cup, but must tremble all the day
At an uncle and the scourging of his tongue !
Neobule, there's a robber takes your needle and your thread,
Lets the lessons of Minerva run no longer in your head—
It is Hebrus the athletic and the young !

" O, to see him when anointed he is plunging in the flood !
What a seat he has on horseback ! was Bellerophon's as good ?
As a boxer, as a runner, past compare !
When the deer are flying blindly all the open country o'er
He can aim and he can hit them ; he can steal upon the boar,
As it couches in the thicket unaware."

The lines in this translation are long, but so are the lines in the Latin, and it is well when possible to fit the English metre to the original. For instance, ode iv. 3, Mr. Macnaghton's version of " Quem tu Melpomene semel Nascentem placido lumine videris " is very aptly done into lines of eight and ten, but the next ode, " Qualem Ministrum," is more happily done by Conington in lines of eight than by Mr. Macnaghton in lines of ten feet. Let us compare them :

" Yet inbred force by training is refined,
And noble culture fortifies the mind :
Wherever manners, making man, have failed,
Things nobly born ignobly have declined."

And again in the last stanza but one of the same ode Hannibal thus laments :

" To Carthage I shall never send again
Proud messengers, our many hopes are vain :
Our race is fallen, fallen, and the star
Of Carthage sank when Hasdrubal was slain."

These same stanzas done in eight instead of ten by Conington seem to be more Horatian, I think :

" But care draws forth the power within,
And cultured minds are strong for good :
Let manners fail, the plague of sin
Taints e'en the course of gentle blood."

And again :—

> "No heralds shall my deeds proclaim
> To Carthage now : lost, lost is all :
> A nation's hope, a nation's name,
> They died with dying Hasdrubal."

That Mr. Macnaghton is aware of the suitability of short lines for many of the odes is evident to anyone who reads the next three odes in Book iv. which follow on Hannibal's outburst. But taken all the way through the long lines predominate and we somehow regard Horace's odes as mostly written in short lines.

In the thick volume *Horace*, a new interpretation which is full of discrimination and sound sense (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), Prof. Campbell is rather down on Horace for spoiling the bright water of Bandusia's fount (ode iii. 13) by the blood of a kid. It is not nice to dwell on, but the Romans lived in an atmosphere of sacrificial bloodshed which would disgust all of us, and it is useless to find all possible faults with a poet the charm of whose verse has added a pleasure to centuries of his admirers. The professor notices, as did Mr. Wickham before him, that Horace has a way of making a poem end in a picture which differs from all that has gone before, and rightly admires Matthew Arnold's similar treatment, notably at the end of *Sohrab and Rustum* and *The Scholar Gipsy*. The professor, in his interesting volume, has nothing but praise, however, for the magnificent Regulus ode (iii. 5) and rebukes those scholars who cannot see the beauty of the last stanza with its grandly sonorous epithet, "Lacedæmonium," a word whose tone "vibrates in the memory," and he says that when anyone speaks of it as "a blot on the ode" such an attitude "can only be explained by the modern habit of cultivating an admiration for fifth-rate poetry which results in not knowing what effects are even to be expected in good poetry."

Horace is indeed full of lines which vibrate in the memory, and there are whole stanzas which no one could improve upon (*), for he was, if not a convincing moralist, always a great artist. But the professor concludes that "he cannot be translated," thought, metre and language being all fused in his inimitable work.

This will not prevent people from trying to translate what they find so attractive, and when the enormous labour of translating even the odes alone is realised we must give to the last of the translators our most hearty congratulations on having done it all so well and,

* The last stanza of Bk. iii., odes v. and vi., and the last but two of ode xxix. on Fortune are instances, and stanzas 2 and 6 of La Lage ode, i. 22.

may I add, for having printed the Latin and the English side by side.

Only those who have tried it can know how hard it is to make adequate English rendering of the Classic poets, and we must give thanks in unstinted measure to Mr. Macnaghton for having added to his version of *Horace* a similar volume of the poems of *Catullus* done into English verse. True, there is less of *Catullus*, and some of the little poems have an everlasting charm, but he does not interest us in the way that *Horace* does. And his theme is so constantly the same, himself and Lesbia, that he is apt to be tiresome. But the translator has our unstinted praise for his immense industry and his successful rendering of these Latin poets into very pleasing verse. W. F. R.

* * * *

Among the few spring books of outstanding interest and significance may be placed the volume on Swinburne in the new series of *English Men of Letters* (Macmillan, 5s. net), which seems to contain all the peculiarities associated with Mr. Harold Nicholson as biographer and literary appraiser; *The Plough and the Stars* (Macmillan, 5s.), a tragedy in four acts, by Sean O'Casey, who has come into considerable public notice as the author of *Juno and the Paycock*; and *The Romantic Theory of Poetry*, an examination in the light of Croce's *Aesthetic*, by A. E. Powell (Edward Arnold, 12s. 6d. net). The latter is a most timely and serious contribution to the philosophy of deep expression, with which all readers of poetry, and particularly all speakers of it, should be acquainted. Miss Powell recognises that romanticism in poetry has undergone a considerable change, or rather that we have changed our attitude towards it, and she is concerned with attempting to state and examine in the light of Croce's searching analysis, which is having such tremendous influence on all serious modern criticism, the theoretical presuppositions which underlie the great achievements of romantic art and criticism in England. In her first chapter the romantic view is given, and in succeeding six chapters an attempt is made to trace in detail the influences, temperamental and external, which fostered or modified in the writers mentioned the development of romanticism, and to compare the conclusion thus reached with the æsthetic doctrine of Croce, to the explanation of which a valuable chapter is devoted. In the last chapter, which is in the form of an appendix, certain difficulties in Croce's teaching have caused her seriously to modify her earlier judgment upon the romantic contention and unable to accept fully Croce's solution

of the æsthetic problem. Obviously this last chapter is somewhat inconclusive in character, but this merely helps to give individuality to a most careful and comprehensive study which will considerably extend our intelligent appreciation of *Estetica*.

* * * *

The most distinctive book of children's verse which we have seen for a long time has just come to us from Messrs. Harrap—Florence Hoatson's *The Little White Gate* (2s. 6d. net)—a most delightfully printed, illustrated and bound volume. Her verses are neither infantile nor grotesque. The charm of these delicate winsome poems may be gauged from *The Green Banks of England*:

Have you seen the gold in the Green Bank of England ?
Wonderful, beautiful, lovely to behold—
Aconite and coltsfoot, buttercup and daffodil,
Crocus and celandine and dandelion bold !

Have you found the gold on the Green Bank of England ?
You may go and take it, none of it is sold.
Gorse, broom and ragwort, bedstraw and cowslip,
Kingcup and pansy, and silver-reed gold.

Yours is the gold in the Green Bank of England.
Yours for the asking—treasury untold,
Potentilla, primrose, yellow vetch, and trefoil,
Pimpernel and hawkweed, and pussy-willow gold.

In more serious vein and most topical at the moment is *Brother Francis*:

He walks the streets of London Town,
A little Brother dressed in brown.

Up Ludgate Hill he goes and calls,
The pigeons flying round St. Paul's.

He walks across Trafalgar Square,
Because he knows the pigeons there.

And sitting 'neath the Temple trees,
The starlings flutter to his knees.

His sandall'd feet tread softly on
The garden-ways of Kensington.

And furry brethren understand
The pressure of his gentle hand.

Our little Brother—gentle—free
Benedice . . . Domine!

* * * *

" Virginia Stait " is the pen-name of Winifred Russell, who comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors, from Launcelot Lee and Odo de Brent, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, to the colonial governors of three southern states. She has published a small volume, *Sanctuary* (Stockwell), which is like a rose from an old parterre, by which one means that despite its modernity the work of Virginia Stait is classically strict in the uncompromisingly loyal way to the older forms of versification, although she exercises a freedom of choice in arrangement of line and stanza. A paradoxical close kinship between the intensity of Burns and the chaste classic expression of Landor seems to have found a counterpart in the poetry of this singer.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ENGLISH POETS

DR. BENJAMIN COLLINS WOODBURY, V.P., author of *Portsmouth and Other Poems*, and *War Sonnets*, recently reviewed in our Dynamics of American Poetry, has been speaking at Boston on " Some Contemporary English Poets." " Alfred Noyes," he said, " is a true poet. In fact he has been called England's leading present-day poet. Among his chief distinctions is the ability to make poetry a vocation. He has, from the moment of his advent into the poetic field, made poetry pay in dollars. This, he affirms, should be the end of all true poetry, regardless of what others may think. Mr. Noyes does not believe in the permanence of verse libre, nor that it should be written by any poet who has not previously mastered legitimate verse. The cultural background of our poetry has been derived from poets of all ages. ' Free verse ' is not new, nor has it a new incentive, hence it falls within the scope of more conservative forms."

" John Masefield," Dr. Woodbury said, " is distinctive not only for the excellence of his verse but because he, more than almost any of his contemporaries, has caught the true spirit of England. No poet since Chaucer has embodied in his verse so much of this spirit. Masefield's *August*, 1914, has recently been pronounced the greatest single poem the war produced, despite the popularity of the younger war poets. John Masefield's poetry has the vigour of the England that is old, the idealism of the England that is ever new."

Dr. Woodbury described John Drinkwater as " The Prince of

Georgians." "His poetry is always dramatic," he said, "his drama always poetic. Associated in his early years with the stage, he has put into his writings that vision and idealism that comes only to that poet who is at the same time a dramatist. The play that brought him fame as a dramatist, *Abraham Lincoln*, has running through it a thread of poetic inspiration that is, even if isolated from the context, a graphic portrayal in the most exquisite poetic imagery of the true spirit of his great protagonist. This play-poem will undoubtedly always be ranked as his greatest work."

Among the other contemporary poets of whom Dr. Woodbury spoke with appreciation were A. E. Houseman, James Stephens, Alice Meynell, and the war poets represented by Rupert Brooke, Col. John McCrae and Alan Seeger.

* * * *

By the death of Miss Helen Archibald Clarke the Poetry Society has lost one of the most talented and most active of its Vice-Presidents in the United States. She was a remarkable personality, and as a composer of music and a writer of poetry she has left us many fine examples of both these creative arts. She was interested in all the arts, in philosophy and science, and was the founder and director of the Symposium, an association devoted to the progressive movements in these departments of human knowledge. In collaboration with her devoted and life-long friend, Miss Charlotte Porter, who was also her co-Editor of *Poet Lore*, she edited and published several works on Robert Browning and his poetry, including notable volumes on *Browning's England* and *Browning's Italy*, which we had hoped before now to bring to the notice of English readers.

* * * *

Owing to the continued illness of our first American Editor, Mrs. W. Hunt Bartlett, whose initiative and indefatigable efforts are largely responsible for the extension in the United States of the Poetry Society as the representative fellowship in poetry of the English-speaking world, and the consequent development of its journal, The Poetry Review, Mr. Henry Woodhouse has undertaken to act as the Society's adviser and representative in the United States and American Editor of The Poetry Review. We are very fortunate in having associated with us so distinguished and active a colleague. Mr. Woodhouse, who has been a Vice-President of the Poetry Society for some time, is the Editor of the *Scientific Age* and President of the International Science Forum and the Aerial League of America—one of the very busy men charged with inexhaustible and carefully directed energies who find time for the active discharge of other duties.

SALMA FOR THE PEOPLE

"THE beauty of the season of youth returns again to the meadows."

With these words of Hafiz, Captain Cranmer-Byng introduces the published version of his *Salma* ; and, since there are worse definitions of poetry than to say that it is youth, the Persian's *Runeki ahdi shebabesti deguer bustanra* is really more than the keynote of a fine play ; it is the motto of the author's hope for the English theatre.

Now, the thought of a philosophic Lama, bent on the question of his disciple's training and refracted through the English of a bazar letter-writer, comes to us thus : "Education is greatest blessing if of best sorts : otherwise no earthly use." And the same can be said with special truth of the poetic drama ; but unfortunately : "Poetic drama of no sorts is earthly use," would be the manager's confession of faith, if he, too, "sat on wayside in grave meditation."

So, when we see a first play, acted by amateurs outside London, receiving as much Press comment on purely popular lines as did *Salma* when the Birmingham University Dramatic Society excellently gave it as their annual performance at the Midland Institute Theatre, it is legitimate to consider whether the manager may not be wrong in his indiscriminate avoidance of plays written with rhythm, and whether there may not exist a poetic drama "of best sorts" even commercially.

We believe that *Salma* would pass the strict Box Office Test, and it is only the one we mean to apply to it here ; for its artistic qualities were abundantly praised at the time of its production, We shall not even speak of the persons Salma and Shamsudin except by the way ; for though an exquisite pair of lovers must have their effect on the receipts of a play, they might suffer from the general air of grotesque inseparable from such an examination.

The essential Two Stalls, then, of the English drama, the tired business man and his companion, seem quite content with one or more of the following ingredients in their entertainment, quite apart, that is, from the things which make a play good or bad, and have not effect upon the modern *run* ; sensuous spectacle, whether of girls, dresses, or decoration ; the schoolboy tension of mystery and *gunplay* ; sheer laughter ; and a sexual problem other than their own.

That *Salma* should satisfy the first requirement, of colour, light movement, and pleasing femininity, is not especially surprising ; for an Oriental play can compass these things with an insistence impossible even to *revue* : the Two Stalls have their harim scenes,

their dancing and singing girls, and all that Eastern eye-riot which took the world to *Chu-Chin-Chow*. At first it may seem more strange that a play which can be called a drama of April should have *blood-and-thunder* and even *crook* aspects, yet such is the explosiveness of Oriental love that an attempted escape from prison follows naturally upon violent abduction, and the siege of a Moorish castle, with shrieking women, and blood on silken couches, inevitably upon both. It is as hard to introduce a lover into the woman's part of the Palace at Cintra as to effect the average stage jewel robbery ; and Abu'l Fath's basket becomes as crucial a hiding-place as the grandfather's clock in *Raffles*. And Abu'l Fath himself, the Jester with his strolling players, holds, in the small barrel of his figure, as genuine a vintage of laughter as any to be tapped at the most improbable farce, and yet with a richness of wisdom which sets him apart, even from Leslie Henson. As for the sexual problem : how is this Salma, ravished from Shamsudin by the Wali of Cintra, to contrive that, when the lute-player returns after sixteen years to break her out of her prison, he shall find as young and as real a Salma waiting ? Can she, shall she, ought she to train up her daughter by her ravisher to fill her place, moulding her without jealousy to be her lover's lover, Behar, her own lost Spring ? It is a theme which could not fail to captivate Mr. Coward.

So when, as we believe it to have been arranged, *Salma* comes to the West End in the autumn, may not the Two Stalls stomach its excellent proportion, its sheer unstinted beauty, and the rare distinction of its language, for the sake of those other things which they have themselves demanded ? A sufficient run for *Salma* might open the doors to others of this mingled form of finely-written play, a young form with a candid forehead, neither high nor low ; the poet, if he were versatile enough, might renew his intrigue with the drama, and the beauty of the season of youth return again to the theatre.

VORTEX.

* * * *

The following have been elected Vice-Presidents of the Poetry Society :—Dr. Alexander Cairns, Lady Elizabeth Chalmers, The Countess of Carlisle, Lady Keeble, Lady Weigall, Her Highness the Princess Troubetzkoy, The Hon. Eleanor Norton, Dr. J. W. MacKail, Dr. Anders Osterling, The Lady Wimborne, The Earl of Sandwich, Sir Barry Jackson, Mr. Langford Reed.

EPIGRAMS IN VERSE

I.

Man's urge is Work,
His load—Forgiving,
His bondage—Gold,
His splendour—Living!

DORIS ACLAND.

II.

Men love and laugh and work and groan,
In company, but all alone.

III.

The way of Love need never breed surprise:
Love begs a bit, gets more, takes all, then dies.

LOUIS HOW.

IV.

From hour to hour in desperate haste we flee
Striving to overtake time on its windy trail;
But even as we think irrevocably to fail
Death comes, and gives to us Eternity!

V.

So wide is wisdom's open page,
So slight our knowledge death spends at a touch;
So brief the time we hold our heritage,
Most wonderful we know as much!

D. F. RADFORD.

VI.

If you can utter 'vers très libre' among
Your friends, or use a dreadful rhyme like dung,
The blasé world of letters soon will know it
Has once again produced a Modern Poet.

NOËL ALLPORT.

VII.

THE INVALID.

Under this eiderdown I groan
And toss and weep
Give me a counterpane of stone
And let me sleep.

PHILOMEL.

In a very interesting and provocative introduction "*The Soul of Wit*, A Choice of English Verse Epigrams," made by George Rostrevor Hamilton (Heinemann, Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.), the compiler gives a

trinity of formal characteristics of the epigram in verse. First, of course, is brevity; secondly, he says, there are the qualities of conciseness and finality. The typical epigram is complete in itself and not a fragment or mere definition of an idea. A third characteristic of the epigram is "a quality which may be called rhetorical. It has the calculation of rhetoric rather than the abandonment of lyric. It has to make a point in a few words: it delights in antithesis, in balance, in neat allusion, in prepared climax; it considers every word, distributing the weight of the sound, the emphasis of accent, so that every word may tell and the force be concentrated, or at least maintained at the close. A lyric poem is often epigrammatic, and it is impossible sometimes to say with authority whether an epigrammatic poem is an epigram."

Mr. Hamilton doubts whether a thousand really good epigrams have been written and have survived, and considers that work of the past in this form of diminutive poetry has been over praised, while contemporary work has been growing steadily in output and quality. He gives, in a fascinating collection ranging over the whole period of English literature, a considerable number of examples of modern epigrams—many of which, however, do not seem to deserve their place, lacking any startling point, or beauty, or wit, or finality that mark the productions of, say, Landor, Herrick, Gray, Prior, and many lesser known men—Sir William Watson's collection, which started the recent revival, excepted.

Perhaps the success which has attended the publication of Mr. Hamilton's Anthology is partly responsible for the still growing use of this concentrated form of expression which is not necessarily confined to good poets; in fact, it does not follow that the great poet is a neat and effective epigrammatist. As Mr. Hamilton points out, a surprising number of indifferent authors have written one or two good epigrams, and more particularly good epitaphs, which are responsible for the most telling examples of the epigram in verse.

How far some of our contributors have succeeded in penning epigrams in accordance with the above definition we leave our readers to judge from the above examples taken from the contributions that reached us before going to press in response to the offer on page 154. The closing date was too late for any award to be made in this issue, and in consequence we are still open to receive original verse epigrams (not for competition). All that reach us before June 1st will be dealt with in the report on the interesting experiment announced in our last number.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S LETTER

FIRST of all, please read with me a poem, by Mrs. L. Acland, which "just expresses it."

The green ghost of the spring has laid his hand
Upon the sombre, fringèd bough :
With fair, faint semblance of himself has fanned
Awake the dormant colour now.
More pale than a dim vision of delight
Arising suddenly, unsought,
More vague than the intangible in flight,
More swift than unexpected thought
Flitted that green shadow across the tree
Releasing all the budding host,
Loveliest through its insufficiency,
Most marvellous, most subtle ghost.

We are all born poets—except the spiritually deformed—and some of us, at last, are made. Who among us, then, but must be stirred by the Spring ! The cynic may laugh and speak of the rising of the sap, and for once he will be right. An exception and prodigy in Nature, it is he who is unfortunate, knowing neither Spring nor Poetry, which both are green things and new, like the green primal matter of the early philosophers whose genius Andrew Marvell sings, "Annihilating all things made, To a green thought in a green shade." One poet whom you should certainly read, Louis Golding, tells us that "The Wind, it is a green thing."

Here are two more poems of Spring, but the second is also of Autumn.

HYACINTHS : (Noël Allport).

Spring entrapped
By a bud, green wrapped,

And shyly held
In a flower, pink belled :

Spring's happy shout
From a hyacinth—out !

THE HOUR ! (M. R. Cossins).

A faint fire flickering in a darkening room,
The moon arising over apple-bloom,
A late bird singing, thin, uncertain ; these . . .
And old hands slowly stir on fire-warm knees,

And, hardly, down his riven cheeks steal tears,
From what spent sweetness drifting down what years,
From what old happiness of his high noon,
Drawn by the singing-bird, the fire, the moon ?

Is there too much brown there ? Surely it is well known that brown is an illusion—that there is no such colour ? You don't believe it ? Neither do I, but one must bow to the cognoscenti. I do believe, however, that the sadness with which we regard old age is due to the mistaking a comma for a period. But let us return to green again, and be thankful that Miss Leeke is returning at last to Shropshire, since that has induced her to break a long silence with this Song.

I will come to a green country
When the wild bees sing
In the drifts of the damson orchards'
Blossoming ;
Home to a green country
Where the wild bee fills
The valleys so full of his song
That it runs up the hills.

I will come to a green country
When the April rain
Wakens the gnarled old thorns
On the Clee again ;
Home to a green country
When April fills
The brooks with a silver that runs
From the heart of the hills.

There is none on the gay green earth
So glad as he
Who returns with the Spring
To the land of Severn and Clee ;
Home to a green country
In a joy that fills
The valleys up to the brim,
And breaks in the heart of him,
And runs over the hills.

The prize is divided equally among Constance Harper (Manchester), Mrs. Cossins (Richmond), K. Munday (Bromley, Kent), and Mrs. L. Acland (London, S.W.5).

Highly commended :—(*a*) with book prizes :—Rose E. Speight (Leeds), Noël Allport (Polesworth), Henry T. F. Rhodes (Bedford Park, W.4), Gwendoline Goodwin (Sheffield), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Morwyth Rees (Pembroke Dock); and (*b*) E. B. W. Chappelow (Blackheath, S.E.3), J. Cook (Lenzie), Diana Firth (Bedrachain, Egypt), B. Vellacott (Barnstaple), Audrey Bell (Hampstead, N.W.3), Eva Dobell (Cheltenham), F. Keeling Scott (Swaffham), Florence Overton (Stockport).

Commended :—K. O'Neill Bailey, T. B. Gray, Wilfred Gavin Brown, B. H. Storey, J. M. Stuart Young, Eric C. French, F. Kemp, C. R. Allen, W. Adams, Walter Owen, Wm. N. Addison, Cyprian Rice, Misses M. B. Foote, E. Dean, M. Dawson, F. K. Staunton, M. Fleming, A. T. Riddell, Doris Rymer, Hugh Montgomerie, Estelle B. Kemball, Alice E. Collinge, M. Goode, "Editha Melbourne," P. Joshua, Isabel Fiske Conant, Mrs. T. P. Fielden, T. H. Miller.

There is a delightful late entry on "Poetry and Science" from Miss Aquah Laluah of Sierra Leone who is undoubtedly a poet born, but must bear for a while yet the yoke of a stern self-discipline. E. Gertrude Harper (Bradford), is very good indeed for her age; she must continue reading and writing; the rest will come by living.

Bradford reminds me that I hope to meet many more Northern contributors at Leeds (Hotel Metropole), at 4 o'clock on May 15th, when after a good Yorkshire tea, we shall hear Mr. J. W. Aizlewood, LL.B., on the virtue of clarity in poetry.

Do not forget, please, to send 3s. 6d. in good time to Mr. Philip Hall, 41, St. Michael's Road, Headingley, Leeds.

Southern contributors I hope to meet at the Lyceum Club, 138, Piccadilly, at 5 on May 6th. This is a Kensington Centre Meeting. I am to open a discussion on "Some Modern Poets." On May 8th we are to have a Poets' Fellowship Meeting, particulars of which should be requested from the General Secretary, 16, Featherstone Buildings. My subject there will be "How to Write a Poem."

In response to requests for a poem for criticism, I set *The Little God*, by Katharine Howard.

> Mother says there's a little god
> Lives in my garden.
> I asked her : "In the tree ?"
> I asked her : "In the fountain ?"

And she said yes, that she,
Plain as plain could be,
Everywhere could see
The little god.

"What's he look like, mother?"
"Oh," she said, "like the flowers,
Like the summer showers,
Like the morning dew—
Like you."
She says he's everywhere
In my garden—I can't see him there.

I have an interesting letter from Langford Reed, the Limerick man, but must keep that till next time. Will "Dorothy Ewens" please communicate her name and address? The same information is desired from the author of "To a Handful of Anemone Petals." Will contributors please always write name and address on the back of every sheet?

O. C. DE C. E.

THE WOODHOUSE "SCIENCE & POETRY" PREMIUM AWARDS

HARDLY one of us lacks the emotional experience necessary to a good poem on Illusion; most of us, too, have at some time or another come under the fascination of a household "pet"; but Science and Poetry! I expected mere didacticism, the kind of essay in verse which has its human counterpart in the quite uncourtly commissionaire, covered with tassels and gew-gaws. Yet nearly every entry contains something memorable. M. Foote-Whitford sings a romance of Science and the lady Knowledge which ends in—the birth of Poetry. The execution, however, is not quite worthy of this excellent idea.

Winifred Meeke seeks reconciliation in the fourth dimension: "What is the fourth dimension but the Soul?" a splendid beginning to a poem which, unfortunately, is utterly careless of rhythm. Mary Alethea Woodward sings of Love, Doubt and the Tomb. That is a novel and remarkable correlation with our subject. Albert E. Dewey concludes:

"Song needs the nest, and nest the living song.
To Poesy and Science both belong."

Audrey Bell says :

> " Science, the man, probes into Nature's Law.
> The poet, woman-like, her first smile saw,"

and writes another excellent sonnet, not on our theme, to celebrate the victory of David's harp when Saul's wise men were impotent to cure his melancholy.

The best summing-up of this kind, perhaps, is Emily A. Crowder's :

> " For Science is the poetry of the Mind
> As Poetry is the science of the Soul."

And Dr. E. C. Armstrong writes :

> " True Science is the telescope of Man
> Through which the Poet visions such a soul."

I greatly admire the hymnal simplicity of this by Cecilia M. F. Johnston :

> " Science, whose enlightening ray
> On the path of progress falls,
> May the bard whom it enthrals
> Ever follow with his lay,
> As when in a bygone day
> Milton heard its mystic call,
> When he wrote of Man's first fall,
> Thinking much he feared to say ;
> Now as when Galileo saw
> Whirling worlds their course pursue,
> May the bard from science draw
> Themes of wonder, ever new,
> Following thus this mighty pair
> Below the earth, beyond the air."

T. E. Casson wilfully ruins an achievement by the vernacular of the common-room near the end. His poem is " *A Sonnet to Professor Shäfer*, who read a paper to the British Association in January, 1915, asserting that radium is the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone."

> " You who, if words have meaning, can indue
> All living flesh to live and not to die
> Immortally, tell in philosophy
> The Form of Nature naturing, the true
> Natura naturata ; and subdue

All fear beneath our feet in poetry
Wiser than Virgil or Lucretius, ay
The greatest birth of Time, and prove it, too.

O mental acrobat, leap forth through Time,
The Kantian form of thought, to the other side
Where others, Paracelsus Theophrast,
Cornelius Agrippa, Bacon, hashed
The bally business, you, the true sublime,
Leap through the ruddy circus-hoop and ride."

Genie Griffin De Wolfe's poem is very unequal, but this is good :

" Matter is imprisoned light.
Thought is but imprisoned sight."

The order of the names in the various categories is alphabetical. The prize of £10 is divided into four equal parts between

Isabel Baynes Badcock, Bures, Suffolk.
L. E. F. Barry, Montreal, Canada.
Clyde Robertson, Denver, Col.
A. Doris L. Wilson, Renhold, Bedford.

Honours :

Julia P. Dabney, Brookline, Mass.
Katharine Howard (for " Kinship "), San Diego, Cal.
Julie Closson Kenly, Washington, D.C.
Walter K. Lewis, Ramsgate.
Evelyn M. Watson (for II), Buffalo, N.Y.
Mary Alethea Woodward, Portland, Oregon.

Highly Commended :

Mrs. L. Acland, London, S.W.5.
Vera I. Arlett, Worthing.
E. C. Armstrong, D.D., Williamsport, Penna.
Audrey Bell, London, N.W.3.
Carlyon Bellairs, London, S.W.1.
H. Derezinska, Strasburg.
Albert E. Dewey, London, S.W.6
Laura Amsden Fowler, Long Beach, Cal.
Francis E. Hodder, Shoreham.
Blanche Jones, Margate.
H. Knight-Eaton, Guadeloupe.
Annie L. Knowles, Manchester.
Marguerite Pollard, Worthing.
Miss E. Stewart, B.A., Penicuik.
Elizabeth Toldridge, Washington, D.C.
Amy Watson, Sheffield.
Elizabeth Wild, Berkeley, Cal.

O. C. de C. E.

*** A number of the " highly commended " " Woodhouse " and " Tyng " Premium Poems are published in the Spring number of " Poetry of To-day."

THE TYNG ANIMAL FRIEND PREMIUM AWARDS

THE first poem to be read began "You are only a dog." Later it was found to be only one among many. All these were eliminated. "Only a" and "Just a," used in affectionate deprecation, cannot possibly cohere with poetry. Next, all the Sunday School recitations were sorted out. Some of these were really excellent and should prove very effective indeed, but the conditions of the competition must be observed, and these require "a poem." For this reason, Mme. Derezinska's work, magnificent in places, must also be disqualified, since it is about a war horse. The spirit of the award must be observed also, and that has led, further, to the exclusion of a very mysterious and wholly charming manuscript which you must really see. It is said to have been "found near Hurstwood, Burnley, where the poet Spenser lived. The name Alibi survives in the district and is borne by the cook of the present Bishop of Burnley." If Spenser wrote it, this MS. must be a copy, since the spelling is not rigidly Spenserian.

1.

What ailes belle Alibi ?
Eh, what's to doe,
That she doth mope and crie ?
Her catte is dead
Who was her lover true.
He is yperished.
Weep, maids, about his bed.
Ay me, ay me, sing low, sing high
The doleful dumps of Alibi !

2.

Take off, sad dames, lay by
His golden bell,
Tinkling no more ; untie
His ribbon blue.
And whiles ye ring his knell
And his poor corse bestrewe
With cypresse and with yew,
Ay me, ay me, sing low, sing high
The doleful dumps of Alibi !

3.

How doth she sob and sigh !
Ah wellaway !
He was too young to die,
He could do all but speak,
His eyes were leaves in May.
His tabbie coat was sleek
With many a ringéd streak.
Ay me, ay me, sing low, sing high
The doleful dumps of Alibi !

4.

Ye who from him did flye
Did ye but hear his voice,
Ye rats, your enemye,
Ye mice, your foe,
Is perished ; rejoice !
Pace forth, pipe high, pipe low
Whiles we who share her woe—
Ay me, ay me, sing low, sing high
The doleful dumps of Alibi !

Curious antiquaries may make something of a subscript, F. H. Henn, which I understand is quite clear in the original.

Coming to the serious poems which fulfil the conditions both in the letter and in the spirit, it seems impossible to allot the single

prize of £10 to any one of them without injustice to the others. The award is therefore varied as follows :

First Prize (£2) :

Victor Ballan, Redhill, Surrey, for " Chummy."

Second Prizes (30*s. each*) :

Vera I. Arlett, Worthing, for " The Cat."

Morwyth Rees, Pembroke Dock, for " Ballade to Kim, a Cocker Spaniel."

Sydney Snell, London, N.W.11, for " A Dog."

Rose Pastor Stokes, New York, for " A Divorced Woman to her Dog."

Third Prizes (£1 *each*) :

Laura Amsden Fowler, Long Beach, California, for " Prayer for a Departed Cat."

A. Doris L. Wilson, Renhold, Bedford, for " In Praise of Buster, my Friend for Weal or Woe."

Honours :

E. M. Atkinson, Walton-on-Thames, for " My Dog."

A. E. Corbett, Leeds, for " To My Cat."

Minna Rosa Dowson, Margate, for " The Saga of a Cat."

Diana Firth, Bedrichain, Egypt, for " To Tepef-Nefer, a Dog of the Sixth Dynasty."

E. M. Frampton, Wakefield, for " Independence."

Helen Reedley, Burnley, for " A Boy to His Cat."

G. A. Martin, Saigon, French Indo-China, for " The Outcast."

John Andrew Mitchell, Sheffield, for " Jack the Rat."

Ruby V. Smith, Brandon, Norfolk, for " To a Great Dane."

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, Ft. Kisco, N.Y., for " My Springer Spaniel."

K. O. Wilson, Princeton, N.J., for " A Dog's Prayer."

Highly Commended :

Prof. F. H. H. Adler, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, for " To a Pet Seagull."

Eva Dobell, Cheltenham, for " On the Death of a Little Dog."

Irene G. A. Holloway, Cardross, Dumbarton, for " Bob—In Memoriam."

Evelyn M. Watson, Buffalo, N.Y., for " My Dog."

The writer is sorry to have completed a very pleasant task. The poems were fine. What they would have been like had the contributors only known my Airedale, " Brutus," defies the imagination.

O. C. de C. E.

"THE LISTENERS"

Some Attempts at Explanation

THIS competition produced a good number of very interesting letters and adjudication has not been easy. It will be remembered that competitors were asked for an interpretation of the poem—*i.e.*, to suggest what in their opinion was the conception in the poet's mind when he wrote it.

The replies fall mainly into two classes—the subjective and the objective. To some, the castle and the traveller, the horse and the moonlight are realities and even the "listeners" themselves are real, if ghostly and invisible, presences. To others, and these perhaps are in the majority, the whole poem is symbolical. For them it typifies in striking pictorial fashion, aspects and experiences of life. "The soul at war with sense" in Tennyson's phrase or—as most of the essayists conceive it—man's heart face to face with disappointments and disillusionments when youth is over.

These contrasting interpretations are both legitimate. Mr. De la Mare himself, when asked for an explanation, wrote as follows:

"The poem means for any reader whatever interpretation that reader puts into it. If he can find none, then the poem is at fault; but obviously a poem can only mean what it says, and everything that is implied in what it says"—thus repeating what many other poets have said in similar cases. As the forms of interpretation are so different they cannot fairly be compared with one another, therefore I propose with the Editor's permission, to duplicate the prize and have awarded half-a-guinea each to the writers of what I consider the best interpretation of the poem in each class.

Mr. Frederick Kemp, of 30, Horndean Street, Catford, S.E., takes the prize in the symbolic and subjective class, and Miss Rene Winstone, of Banbury, in the romantic and realistic division; though the introduction of a new variety of "spirits"—which apparently are neither of this world nor of the next—is a little daring and one may add, unnecessary. Other interesting letters are published. These help to show how varied may be the points of view in poetic interpretation.

Miss Notts comparison of *The Listeners* with Poe's *Haunted Palace* is interesting, though she naturally stresses the resemblances rather than the many contrasts.

Miss Houldsworth's quotation from Alice Meynell does not cover the whole poem and Miss Dobell's assumption that Mr. De la Mare was only striving to create atmosphere is a little unsatisfying. Her letter, however, is well expressed and is given as not falling into either of the main classes.

To the suggestion of Helena Derezinska that the poem was possibly inspired by a picture one may reply that an artist is still more likely to be given a subject by the poem.

To all competitors I offer my best thanks and congratulations. There was not a jejeune or feeble letter among the many sent in.

Miss Ellen Stewart's paper is a good example of the Romantic style of interpretation, though the last paragraph assumes a knowledge of "the listeners" and their limitations, which can hardly be justified.

Other papers to be commended were those by Lilian Bird, Kettering; E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln (who should have confined herself to one interpretation), and Enid Finnemore, Birmingham.

Hilda Vincent, Shortlands, sent quite a good paper, but it was rather too long, and was an expansion of the poem rather than an explanation of its meaning.

HOLLIS B. FOWLER.

On the Meaning of Mr. Walter De la Mare's Poem, "The Listeners."

I

From the idea that there may not be any hidden motive in such exquisitely wrought narrative as Mr. Walter De la Mare's *The Listeners* one turns with a certain feeling of regret.

The reader, reciter or hearer of its musical meaninglessness must indeed be insensitive to the magnetic power of poetry if he feels no compulsion to seek an explanation. Even the oxotic or the quite absurd, when tuned to satisfy the ear, has a spiritual significance none may deny.

Whether Mr. De la Mare's dramatic instinct is here allowed for or not, certain it is that confusion of purpose cannot be attributed to one with his poetic sensibilities. It would, therefore, be unreasonable as well as unfair to pass over as a mere extravagance of diction such intriguing phrases as "a host of phantom listeners," and "that voice from the world of men," and "Tell them I came . . . that I kept my word," and ". . . the one man left awake."

The poet has created atmosphere to clothe his accented forms, not forms for the purpose of intensifying the atmospheric effect.

I hazard a not unlikely interpretation of the poem:

World-weary, well past the vigour and fire of youth, yet not so old as to be resigned to the serene calm of age, a man, in a moment of tense spiritual conflict, confronts himself.

Vainly he endeavours to revive the inspirations of other years, forgotten sympathies, sentiments which are now but cold memories,

or associations of these things of the spirit which have long since ceased to exercise their influence upon him.

He prays.

To all his entreaties there is no response.

Youthful hopes and emotions, manly ideals, the vigour of the will, the power of the imagination, all are lost, dead. Only their ghosts remain, "listening" behind the door now shut fast against him.

He makes one final bid for reconciliation with the past selves of his youth and his prime manhood. Realising that it is of no avail, he gives up the effort and resigns himself to the inevitable, though not without declaring that he has at least attempted to be true to himself to the last.

Thus, the moment passes, and he is left dimly aware that, somewhere in the "shadowiness" of his submerged consciousness, are the emotions and ideals which, so long outgrown and outworn, can never re-enter or again influence his life.

The Listeners is the simple story, retold in parable, of the total disillusionment we must all experience . . . the common heritage of our humanity.

FREDERICK KEMP.

II

In this beautiful, musical poem we are introduced to an adventure. He is the sole survivor of an old family. After many years of travel he comes home. How long he had been expected, we cannot say. We only know that one by one all the members of his family had passed over. Their spirits, however, still hover about the old home —still waiting for him, for he said he would come. As the traveller gets near his destination it is moonlight, but he cannot wait for the morrow and we feel the atmosphere is strange on this still, moonlight night. At last he knocks at the old door, but there is no one to welcome him, "but he felt in his heart their strangeness. Their stillness answering his cry." He senses the supernatural—the air is heavy, there is someone there he does not see. He is impelled to speak, "Tell them I came and no one answered, That I kept my word," he said. He may feel the spirits are those of messengers, who work between our plane and the next. They will convey his message to his dear ones. These will know he was true to his word and this will give them comfort. They will not be so earth-bound and their progress onward will not be impeded by any earthly concern. They will wait for him again, surely, but next time on the other side.

RENE WINSTON.

III

Very often, because the author merely suggests, poetry seems to mean nothing. Poetry may be said to resemble a box made of rubber, into which all forms may be fitted, and all dimensions : the reader's interpretation filling it.

May it not be hinted, then, that the subject of *The Listeners* was taken, say, from some painting (somehow it has a certain *thickness* of painting) which the author had chanced to see, and the fabric was built upon that, with the meaning—what one likes ?

Or, on the other hand, let us say that this delicious piece does mean something. Then the Traveller is Love knocking on a closed Heart which is the desolate house. He knocks thrice, and then into the night for ever departs. And the Listeners—the phantoms thronging the stair, who are they ? They are the host of human instincts replying—or longing irresolutely to reply to the passing call, for not once do they ever break through the walls of frigid stone.

HELENA DEREZINSKA.

IV

The messenger from the world of reality, under the stress of his high, appointed task, through the forest and into the night comes with his message. He seeks to utter it, to share it, to fulfil the task to which he is called. Once, twice, thrice he cries for audience with increasing eagerness, only to be met with that heart-breaking silence with which all those sincere souls, whose eyes are unscaled, are familiar. Men live in shadow and silence, in light no brighter than of the moon ; in the depth of leafy entanglements and isolation ; in somnolence and apathy. Comes one with energy, willing to enter into their very night and identify himself for a while, for their sakes, with them in their condition. He calls not from afar, but knocks at their very door. He comes with the vigour of prophecy and the vision of reality. He is a " voice from the world of men," of living facts and fellowship. But his cries only stir the air, and the only answer he receives is that which the lonely messenger forever hears :

" . . . their strangeness,
Their stillness. . . . "

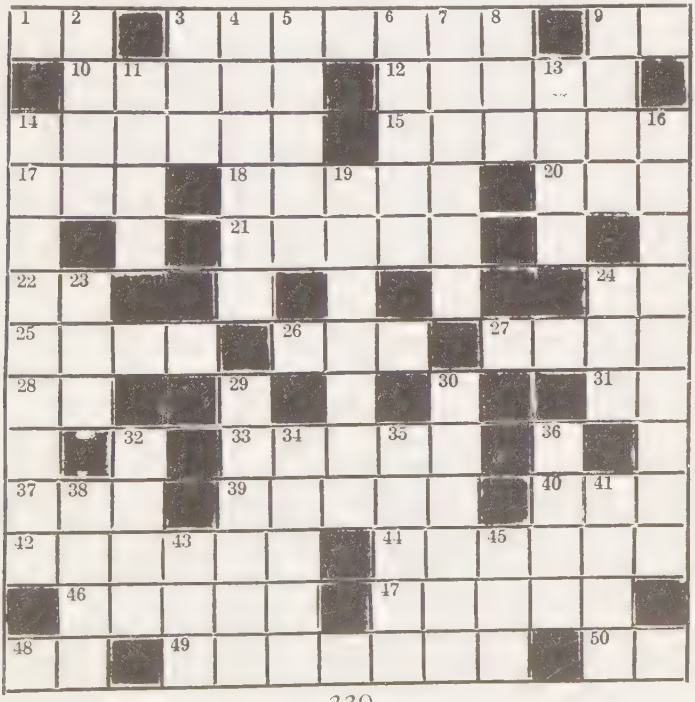
He makes no impression and is compelled to turn away from those to whom he is sent, but with an accusation, the hardest of all to face : that they refused to answer his call. He is the " one man left awake," and on he goes, whilst they are left to their fatal quiescence.

D. GLAN MORGAN.

POETRY PROBLEMS:

A TENNYSON EXERCISE.

WE have been urged to follow up the fascinating Browning examination set by the ingenious *Torquemada* by further similar cross word puzzles in rhyme based on poets and poems. To compile this type of cross word exercise requires much more skill and definite deep knowledge of one subject than the ordinary cross word puzzles demand, but we have been fortunate in securing a very happy Tennyson exercise from *Helen Reedly* as a natural sequel to the very successful Browning puzzle which set up a demand for more. One of the Lucchesi busts of Tennyson is an appropriate gift to offer in recognition of the best solution, accompanied by answers to at least three of the associated questions, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are very pleased to present a leather-bound copy of Tennyson's complete works as a second prize, although we are sure no incentive is needed to stimulate interest in these "problems" and produce a large number of replies from readers. To enable overseas readers to enter, solutions, which must be addressed to "The P.P. Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1," will be received up to June 14th.



ACROSS.

1. This the long, laborious miles
Of palace, this the giant aisles.
3. Nursed by a lady back to life ;
But yet he took her not to wife.
9. Reversed before good women long ago,
I stand in the same row.
10. I may be seen
Not far from 9 on this side of a queen.
12. The beams that through me shine
Make prisms in beakers brimmed with wine.
14. Not die, but live a life of 14 breath,
Proposed as an alternative to death.
15. A jumbled part of what in bower high,
A queen was working when her lord went by.
17. This with the mists and smitten by the lights,
Such were his two ill plights.
18. A hollow whose lips were dabbled with blood-red me
He hated exceedingly.
20. Who would be she,
Combing her hair under the me ?
21. Find here $\frac{5}{7}$ jumbled of the this
To some brighter world—a costly kiss.
22. These roamers said their home
Was far beyond the wave : they would this longer roam.
24. Forbidden though it be,
" Get this my ale," said he.
25. Me peaks shadowed with pine
Slope to the dark hyaline.
26. When winds were bound within their cell,
Upon her this a shadow fell.
27. The passion-flower shed at the gate ;
A splendid this and the rose wept she is late.
28. Over-fine he censured these
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies.
31. The end of these which hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west.
33. To fill the can and have a me
(Jumbled here) inviteth he.
37. 'Twas his belief that somehow good should be
The final end of me.

39. Add 26 to jumbled me,
The last of Arthur's Knights you'll see.
40. Between the horns of me and deer,
His own forefather's arms appear.
42. These thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit do remain.
44. What cut from love and faith is she,
But some wild this of the brain asks he.
46. See his customer declare
To this the hot and hot his care.
47. And arms, arms, arms to fight my me,
"Where can I get them?" questioned G.
48. Left of Flores in the Azores.
49. In the this black as night
He his troth did plight.
50. This backwards through the land we went,
My wife and I had some dissent.

DOWN.

2. 'Twas Walter called the miss
A petty female this.
3. A certain kind of she
Kills her babe for me.
4. Tressed with redolent ebony,
Like rays of darkness she had me.
5. If he hoisted the drawbridge the obstinate girl
Said she'd swim like a this to dine with the earl.
6. Of day's delicious (jumbled) me,
Making full close, night crowned him starrily.
7. I in a dream heard all the people cry
"7 is come again, he cannot die."
8. She imprecated that
Hard earth should me her flat.
9. Such strength of spirit his he wished to be,
As of a river which doth forward me.
11. Fairer than me amongst the fields of corn
She seemed, that maiden from her lover torn.
13. "Yet hold me not for ever in thy me,"
Implores that ancient he.
14. $\frac{9}{10}$ of the age of a lover when he
Inquires what at twice it the world will be.

16. In a realm of pleasaunce these
Before thick rosaries.
19. This, plus d,
The holy gods must be.
23. A princess in a pet
Acknowledges a debt.
24. And the ear of this cannot hear and the eye of this cannot see,
But if we could hear and see this vision, were it not He ?
29. She could see
The sun flame on his plural me.
30. Add 24 to me,
And he saluteth thee.
32. Her pensive beauty, perfect me,
Subject to mood, shone mystically.
34. Plus head and tail, these call
Over a certain hall.
35. Initials here
Of heroines five appear.
36. Half child, half woman, she had wound
An orange scarf the stony this around.
38. "The old order changeth," answered *his* chief,
Me one good custom should do mischief.
41. It seems to him some unseen monster me,
His filthy hands on his philosophy.
43. 'Twere well to question him and me,
If he preserved his old loquacity.
45. 'Twas Julian this her to a chair of state,
Where dumb she sate

II.

1. "The metrical anarchy of his Adelines and Madelines" (Edmund Gosse). Is he right ?
2. Define the metres of "Maud."
3. Give instances of the influence of Wordsworth, Browning, Milton, Homer.
4. Explain Tennyson's partiality for the word "blood."
5. Define Tennyson's attitude towards (1) Human nature ; (2) Dreams.
6. An eminent authority refers to T. as Browning's "*great* contemporary." Discuss this epithet.
7. Give six instances of T.'s (*a*) verbal felicities ; (*b*) his keen observation of Nature.

EXAMINATIONS IN VERSE SPEAKING UNDER THE REGULATIONS OF THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)

PASS LISTS.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1926.

Certificate Class.

Junior Division.—Honours : Marjorie Dean (special distinction); Doris Perkins, Marjorie Lewis. Special Mention : Stella Selby, Betty Nottage, Joan Taylor, Bertha Weiner. Pass : Lily Milstone, Sybil Antrich, Bertha Pograbinsky, Margaret McCarthy, Bertha Fraylich, Rebecca Josephs, Jeanette Ely, Joan Opie.

Senior Division.—Marjorie Haberman, Lily Finkelstein.

Adult Division.—Honours : Mary Moore, Mildred Hooper.

Bronze Medal Class.

Junior.—Cynthia Meddowes.

Senior.—Honours : Mollie Barnes (special distinction).

Adult.—Honours : Floe Lucraft, Millicent Bailey (special distinction), Greta Towler.

Silver Medal Class.

Juniors.—Pass : Kathleen Watkins, Clara Smocleare, Doris Rosenberg.

Seniors.—Honours : Eileen Allbrook (special distinction). Pass : Barbara Boulter, Marcelle Neri.

Adult.—Capt. Charles Tate, Albert Williams, Margaret Sawtell, Rene Winston.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, MARCH 27TH, 1926.

Certificate Class.

Junior Section.—Special Distinction : Brenda Bolding ; Honours : Hilda Joyce Hobson, Pamela Dillon, Sylvia Mindel. Commended : Vera Valentine, Dorothy Hutchinson, Marjorie Ackroyd, Betty Kerfoot. Pass : Olive Nicholls, Esther Agnes Buck, Joan Nicholson, Patricia Moss, Lucia Wassibissin, Mary Wallington.

Senior Section.—Special Distinction : Elizabeth Bevan. Honours : Audrey Deborah Allan, Peggy Roberts, Constance May Crowther, Diana Mary Hewitt, Eileen Sybil Hedley. Commended : Audrey Blundell Jones. Pass : Phyllis Haberman, Nancy Philippa Draper, Philida Waterfield.

Adult Section.—Honours : Joan Waddington. Pass : Elizabeth Knight, Annette Walker, Elsie May Browne.

Bronze Medal Class.

Junior Section.—Honours : Joan Oliver, Jasmine Lane, Joan Eastman. Commended : Joan O'Pie, Betty Harris, Sadie Specterman.

Senior Section.—Honours : Beryl Pring, Monica Brett, Katreen Lack, Gwendoline Martin-Harvey. Pass : Sally Romer.

Adult Section.—Honours: Elsa Josephine Fyffe. Commended: Lieut-.Com. Cadogan. Pass: Annie Bishop.

Silver Medal Class.

Adult Section.—Honours: Doris Savagar, Dolly Scouloudi. Pass: Ruby E. Mitchell, Floe Lucraft.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, MARCH 20th, 1926.

Certificate Class.

Junior Section.—Special Distinction: Wyvis Ray. Honours: Elizabeth Bryant Stearn, Sheila Bower, Laura Bennett, Joan M. Appleton, John Richard Skilbeck, Eva Donaghy, Phyllis Hartas, Janet Lloyd. Commended: Eveline Allen, Betty Boddy, Bessie D'Alby, Marjorie Pickrell, Maud Raine, Irene Roberts, Joan Spark, Abigail Wilkinson. Pass: Theo Mallinson Taylor, Eileen Slater, Freda Richmond, Elizabeth Kirk, Elsie Glover, Marjorie Fell, John Westwood Crosby, Stanley W. Coldray.

Senior Section.—Honours: Mary Pearson, Gordon Lumley, Winifred M. Dawson. Commended: Gladys Barker. Pass: Dorothy Woolston, Nora Ross, Lydia Nellist, Kathleen Lloyd, Olive Flush.

Adult Section.—Honours: Edith Morland, Agnes M. Mawson, Doris Fryer, Hilda Chambers. Pass: Ethel F. Booth.

Bronze Medal Class.

Junior Section.—Honours: Joan Hird. Commended: Freda Glasby Rawe. Medal: Bessie Watson, Olwen Morris, Melicent Embling, Betty Bow.

Senior Section.—Honours: Norman Maddison. Medal: Elsa Dale Coldray.

Adult Section.—Honours: Frederick Henry Pennock.

Silver Medal Class.

Junior Section.—Medal: Margaret Jean Barrowcliff, Margaret E. Appleton, Winifred M. Dawson.

Senior Section.—Medal: Edith Hodgson.

Adult Section.—Commended: Catherine Crawford. Medal: Mary Henderson, Monica Smith.

CALDER GIRLS' SCHOOL, MARCH 25th, 1926.

Certificate Class.

Junior Section.—Honours: Cynthia Melrose. Commended: Norah Tilston, Helen Boothroyd.

Senior Section.—Honours: Margaret Allen, Mary Mackendrich, Mary Wilson, Marjorie Smart, Eleanor McGill. Commended: Noreen Simm, Violet Higson. Honours: Barbara Shackles, Betty Ashby, Isobel Mackinlay Smith.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS.

Senior Section.—Special Distinction: Marie McGill. Honours: Dorothy White, Cecile Victor, Kathleen Sykes. Commended: Joan Adair, Joan Poole, Ruth McRae, Mary Hamilton. Pass: Muriel Ahier.

MANCHESTER, MARCH 24TH, 1926.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.

Senior Section.—Pass: Ethel Meredith.

Adult Section.—Special Distinction: Takouki Kamberian. Honours: Madge Moss, Blanche I. Ibbotson.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS.

Junior Section.—Honours: Joyce E. Tuson.

Senior Section.—Honours: Marion Gleave.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS.

Senior Section.—Commended: Marion Gleave.

Adult Section.—Commended: Norah L. Allman. Pass: Dorothy L. Marsh, Winifred Hemm.

LAUSANNE, MARCH 13th, 1926.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.

Senior Section.—Honours: Norah Heywood, Irene Maslen, Nancy Passmore, Nelly Vogel. Special Mention: Marjory Anderson, Rosemary Calwell, Yvette Cohn, Ethel Oldfield, Marjorie Robinson, Aileen Sankey. Pass: Barbara Curtis, Lorita Wardlaw, Peggy Barlow, Betty Langenbeck, Kathleen Coffey, Nancy Lewis, Jacqueline Walther, Nini Jago, Aileen Johnson.

ST. HELEN'S, NORTHWOOD, MARCH 4TH, 1926.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.

Juniors (8).—Honours: Kirsty Clark, Barbara Kingsford, Mary Canning (special distinction), Hilary Jukes, Mary Canning, Mary F. Burrows, Gwenda Pomeroy. Pass: Joan M. Adams, Ann Harvey, Mavis Goslett, Olga Coates, Audrey White.

Seniors.—Honours: Eileen Comber, Marjorie Cushman, Betty Mackinnon. Pass: Eileen Jarvis, Rosemary Collie, Margaret Mothersill.

Adult.—Honours: Katrine Mary Phillips, Marjorie Bond.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS.

Juniors.—Honours: Joan Moore (special distinction). Pass: Audrey Jarvis, Joan Rae.

Seniors.—Honours: Cecilia E. Griggs (special distinction), Joyce H. C. Ashwell, Sylvia Morris.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS.

Senior.—Joan White (special distinction).

THE PROVINCIAL GOLD MEDAL RECITAL.

The Manchester Guardian gave a judicious independent account of the provincial gold medal examination at Sheffield under the headings: Poetry Society's Gold Medal: A Severe Test: Only One Candidate Satisfies Examiner.

"The first examination outside London for the gold medal of the Poetry Society was held at the Y.M.C.A., Sheffield, on April 19th. It took the form of a public recital of two or more short poems or parts of poems, self-chosen by each of the 19 candidates, all of Sheffield, all silver medallists, and 16 of them women.

"This disproportion which is found in varying degrees in all verse-speaking contests, and may be set down to causes partly vocational, partly temperamental, and partly æsthetic, touched the choice of pieces with more of sentiment than a better balance of the sexes would have produced and than an ideal programme could admit. For, of course, it is not recitation as commonly understood that the Society stands for, but 'artistic excellence in the vocal interpretation of poetry,' or, as it also and more simply put it, 'distinction in the art of speaking verse,' yet this not as an end in itself, but rather as a means of developing the general appreciation of poetry by making it more of the social art that music is—that is to say, by getting poetic feeling publicly communicated as the most sensitive readers have experienced it, and the beauty of language conveyed as only the most perceptive mind, the most sympathetic spirit, and the most cultivated voice and speech can convey it.

"Not all the poems given were good vehicles for this high aim. Some lent themselves rather to the easier effects of sentiment, complaisance, and narrative interest, and seemed directed more to the average audience than to the ideal, and most of those that actually were good vehicles were chosen by candidates without some of the qualities essential for their use. Verse was seldom spoken as verse, either as to its linear division or as to its rhythmic ordering within the line. There was a general excess of the falling and emphatic cadence. Rhymes were seriously undervalued, and the lyrical quality of the poems was perverted by the itch to act.

"These faults were so common and so pronounced that the judgment of Dr. H. H. Hulbert, the Society's senior examiner, might have been anticipated. He found that only one candidate had passed the test, which, he explained, was the severe one of technical perfection. He awarded the medal to Miss Dorothy Smithson for the rhythmic consistency and dramatic significance in her rendering of Austin Dobson's *Good Night, Babette*. Lady Mabel Smith, V.P., made the presentation."

SCIENCE AND POETRY

I

SWEET Poetry throughout the universe
Gleans where she will, and with consummate art
In strange new beauty orders every part,
And while men tranced her harmonies rehearse,
Lo, Science says, for better or for worse
Mine she must be, and with me delve and dart,
For man's advancement, into nature's heart,
And—as did Balaam—bless when bribed to curse.

So, while she sings, he through a slender wire
Impels his ardent voice, and lights her way
With little lovely lamps of steadfast fire,
From stormy lightning wrung; and every day,
New deeps and heights exploring, will not tire
Till he hath won her, and the spheres obey.

II

One vision sharing and one pure intent
Science and art, like happy man and wife,
Together labour, and their only strife
Is to enchain sweet joy to betterment.
Strange hidden powers he makes subservient,
And trusts her healing hands with drug and knife,
While she with beauty fills the house of life,
And wings with him o'er sea and continent.

Lo, at her will, rise statue, tower and wall,
Sound, colour, words, range them in rhythms sweet,
Which his strong arms will not let fade or fall,
While his exploring mind and body fleet
Ride upon Nature's waves; till one and all
He brings in proud submission to her feet.

III

Sweet Poetry and Science hand in hand
Fare through the universe, and mighty strides
He maketh, deep in thought, while him she guides,
And proudly measures what his feet have spanned,

Or marks his charger's paces, high and grand,
When every vibrant element he rides ;
And in his coming conquests she confides,
And softly sings to make men understand.

For vivid lightning and dividing space
He tames and overcomes, and pierces through
The lofty skies, that he may scan the face
Of heavenly bodies, and another race
Haply discover ; yet, like lover true,
Her heart he chooses for his dwelling place.

IV

When into Nature's heart grave science peers,
And for man's welfare humbly seeks her aid,
To gentle art he giveth unafraid
His hand, well knowing that they both are seers,
And while her presence animates and cheers,
He trusteth her with phial and with blade,
And, spurning wealth and comfort, undismayed
In unity they serve and charm the spheres.

In joy she sings while on his busy round
He to man's measure tameth, one by one,
The mighty elements, till light, heat, sound,
On wave, and wire, and wheel impelled and whirled,
With mind and body wing ; and, like the sun,
They warm, and bless, and beautify the world.

V

After deep probing in the hearts of things,
From out the universe, each questing mind
Brings forth the treasure it alone can find,
And sweet, courageous words in rhythm sings,
And music's marvel out of silence wrings,
And form and colour doth in beauty bind.
Yea, and new healing offers to mankind,
And gives to soul and body brave new wings.

And from the master-mind each kindled thought
Of men, new flowering in his firmament,
Through time and space in starry light impelled,
Directs with jewelled fingers men distraught,
Till from the swirling seas they come content
To his safe port of peace unparalleled.

ISABEL BAYNES BADCOCK.

CAROL

JESU, lyte of all the worlde !
Thou to whom my hearte doth call
When the stormes affryte it,
Hede me, for it is so smalle
That a starre could lyte it.

Jesu, lyte of all the worlde !
If too black my heartës darke
For Thyselfe to handel,
Lyte it with Thy wordës sparke
For Thy Christmasse candel.

AUDLEY MAINE.

TO KEATS

THOU canst not die ! Death holds no grave for thee,
Whose habitation is the twofold sphere !
Thou art the soul of immortality !
No tomb shall cover thee, no ghostly bier
Consign thee to a narrow, earthly bed.
Thyself hast set aloft a torch, whose flame
Leaps higher with the ages ; art thou dead
Who bear'st the sceptre of eternal fame ?

Thou canst not die !—whilst every pendant star
Recalls thy brightness, and thy sweeter song
Echoes each nightingale : as these things are
Imperishable, so art thou ! So long
Thy spirit lives and knows no age or place
Saves its proud heritage—all time, all space !

CONSTANCE HARPER.

EVENING CHURCH

TO the grey sanctuary at eventide I come,
The first faint lamps are lit along the windy street,
Day, the adventurer, has turned again towards home
With shadows round her feet.

I am grown weary of strife and youth's unending quest,
The fair mirage called Joy that glimmers through the gate
Of to-morrow ; here in the quiet aisles is rest
And peace inviolate.

The beauty of organ notes, pealing through pillared space,
Carries my spirit far from earth's unquietude
Into a haven of faith, and, silent in my place,
I know that God is good.

Out in the darkening street the people come and go,
Restless as tumbling waves in a turbulent sea,
Over the fading sky the clouds of sunset blow,
And birds sing in a tree.

My heart is like a bird singing to God, alone.
The heavy feet of time, the years with their troubled eyes
Silence it not, while beauty and love are blown
Across eternal skies.

NANCY POLLOK.

A SEA SONG

A WHITE moon's burning on the inky sea,
And silver spilt about the dove-grey sand,
The unquiet ocean crooning endlessly
Her unrequited love to the cold land.

I think one day her long strained bonds will break,
The swelling tides of passion rise to this ;
The thirst of immemorial years to slake,
Drowning the earth in one vast, lingering kiss.

BARBARA E. SMYTHE.

TO WHAT GOAL?

THE task of cleansing the Augean stable in one day would be less impossible than to speak adequately of all the modern poets in one article. We are forced to omit mention of several well-known names. Rupert Brooke and Flecker are two of such omitted, partly because they have been spoken of innumerable times, and also by reason of the predisposing of men's minds toward the work of these two that arises from the pathetic interest of their early deaths. The judgment of future years may decide that neither gave so certain a promise of greatness as their own circles have predicted for them. Then there are many living from whom we hope to have finer work, Lascelles Abercrombie, Lawrence Binyon, H. D. Lawrence, and others whose names will at once occur to readers. We propose rather to turn our attention to the growing numbers of contemporary writers who have, for the most part, thrust traditions and forms behind them, or, in keeping to such forms and laws, have substituted the personal element for the eternal.

Mr. Collins in his elaborate survey of "Modern Poets" (Cape), himself speaks of "the chaotic problem of modern poetry"; it sometimes appears to us that it is not the problem that is "chaotic," but the poetry. Then, without attempting to enunciate laws about "æsthetic perceptions," and how these are related to "personality," we make an endeavour to understand and see whither and to what goal the modern verse-writer is tending. Now, Mr. Collins provides us with a sure scale in which to weigh much of the work of these men and women of the present day; it would be well if his words could be set forth in warning above the ink-pots of the ready verse-writer. He says: "A soul that is conscious of little beyond its own unrelated experience cannot mirror the general reality." Bearing this truth in mind, and before proceeding to any consideration of the volumes of verse now issued in great numbers, we remind ourselves with severe austerity, of this truth, that authentic poetry must ever depend on the "rare union of visual and emotive memory." This dictum rules out ruthlessly the output of those who

write verses from mere "visual memory," equally with those who draw from the wells of their emotions alone.

The greater number of modern verse-writers may roughly be portioned into varying camps—those who reiterate the names of flowers and trees and descriptions of fields, rocks and seas, and in all this display no deeper signification than is recognised by the rest of their fellows; those who minutely record emotional experiences which are, on the whole, common to the generality of folk who are not too busy for this somewhat morbid introspection; and those who apparently believe the eight or even four lines of verse of the ephemeral quality that was appropriate for inscription in the "Albums," brought forward by the gushing maidens of a past day, constitute poetry. Then there are those who attempt long serious poems, which is, at least, a more praiseworthy ambition. With innumerable samples of all these classes we strive to divine the trend or the ultimate achievement of the modern verse-writer.

It is perfectly true to assert that a poet must no longer mould his poems solely on the model of past masters of that art, but it is equally certain that—to fulfil his high position adequately—he must present us with something better, or at least as good. A few poets, long since dead, were termed nature poets, and there are living writers who claim for themselves this title. But the "return to nature" has been misunderstood, and therefore overdone. Nature reveals deeper profundities than an April mood of "Violet and primrose A-blossom about her feet"; she conceals more tremendous mysteries than can be expressed in "the flowers are telling something to the bees," or "the wind is telling something to the trees," to term such lines as exemplifying the nature school is as inept as to declare that if we cry, "the conductor is telling something to the fares," we are typifying the study of the human heart. The reviewer in *The Observer* very justly says (of *Moby Dick*) that "in all great art, something is hinted that is above and greater than the matter of the story" (or poem), "lights and glooms from

what is ulterior, tremendous, and undivulged." Here, concisely, we perceive what is lacking from the work of most of the modern poets, something " tremendous and undivulged " that should be hinted at above the categories of April flowers or December smuts, above the evident March wind, or those multitudinous moons, above those over-indulged heart-beats, those pernicious melancholies of small souls. But, says the too ready verse-writer, will the public read what is more profound ? Has it read *Moby Dick* ? We have heard men, business men, non-reading men, rave over it—we have only known trivial souls reject it. The public is not altogether the Ass that writers imagine it to be.

On the emotional side, which may broadly be said to possess no visual powers at all, women writers are the worst offenders. In a volume called *Poems* (Ernest Benn), Edna Clarke Hall wails almost entirely of love, which seems somehow strangely to have evaded her in spite of her frenzied appeals, and also of her longing for death. Truly, after listening to such cries as, " I hate my life, and wish that I might die," and " Cold as ice, and heavy as lead, Better it were if I were dead," and " I so hate my life I wish that I might die," one echoes Cowper's line, " Her peevish hearers almost wish *she* had." No one can raise a great cathedral by piling up his own broken crockery, even though the tedious operation is repeated until the ungainly edifice o'ertop the trees.

On the other hand, we have, as Mr. Shanks puts it in the *Quarterly*, writers who imagine that the " production of rather lively and bizarre words, which, however arranged, do not mean anything in particular," constitutes them poets.

Under this category we find Mr. Collins bestows great attention to, and much praise for, the poems of H. D. Now we have accepted from our great poets work that, at times, demands our close attention in order to understand, but we have never claimed this to form an extra laurel for their brows ; and, at least, we do eventually come to comprehend what it is (to put it vulgarly) they are driving at. H. D., however, in her poem of " Demeter,"

cannot be understood, no matter how ferociously you grapple with it. But Mr. Collins and some of her compatriots claim for her that she is more possessed by the Greek spirit than nearly any other living poet, whereas the Greek art made its direct appeal in play, poem or statue, as evident, true and beautiful. There is a distinct attitude of pose in H. D.'s poems—that attitude so frequently exposed by the modernist beside some of whom Oscar Wilde was a simple creature. We see no overwhelming marvel in "Ah, could they know how violets throw strange fire." It is rhythmic and fanciful, but does it mean more than if you said, "Ah, can they know how nettles have grey beards?" or as much as if you cried, "Ah, can they see how children wear gold crowns?" We are not desirous to belittle H. D.'s work, but the rather to deprecate the over-laudation it has received.

From America arrives an anthology vauntingly entitled *The Poets of the Future* (The Stratford Company, Boston), between the covers of which thirty of these forerunners utter banalities about the wind: "changing winds on strange seas," "I am the great eternal wind," "I am wind that is ghost of a wind," "Moon wind, Moon wind," "Wind combs long grasses," "The wind has risen from her bed," "the winds that swirl and lightly cry," "the soft wind whistling thru a tree," "the wind's a shepherd," and reiterated assertions about this unhappy wind that lead nowhere. Shelley wrote of "The West Wind" it is true, but in his melodious song we realise that "rare union" of visual and aural memories with an emotion that well-nigh every heart can echo. The editor, Henry T. Schnittkind, says, with an engaging candour, of the free verse included, that "free verse, so called, is nothing but bobbed prose, it is not poetry." It may be that a few of these writers will ripen into poets; Charles Picken has a charming little visionary poem, but one song does not make a singer.

There is a distressing lack of masculinity, or of that broad free outlook that we have grown to regard as masculine, in too many of these modern poets. They toy with April

breezes, or mew like cats in bye streets when we would have them battling with the typhoons of life. Even if women are able now to swamp the voting powers of the country, must they also, with their narrow introspective vision, swamp the intangible art of Poetry ? We venture to hazard the belief that any intelligent class of schoolgirls could have written the verses that make up the slender volume of *Fool's Gold* by Barbara Ling (Blackwood). Let it be decently buried with the epitaph that the authoress has, with unconscious humour, prefaced it, " Here lie shimmering pennies in a shallow pool." All this would indicate a desire for a serious work of art, such work as Dr. C. H. Herford speaks of in his lecture on Pushkin—Pushkin who grasped life as he found it, himself an ardent disciple of Shakespeare but no mere copyist of that great example. This brings us to Frederick Irving Taylor's *Epic Poem* (Selwyn and Blount). We hold that if an author has spent much time and thought, not to mention ink and paper, on a piece of work we are bound to bestow on it our serious consideration and an attempt to understand his meaning. For forty pages we are told of a somewhat pedantic maiden, Edras, and a demon lover, Azral. Azral is peculiarly circumvented each time in his fell designs by being turned back into " leprous flesh " at the moment he is being successful with the " pensive Edras." He disappears the second time in an alarming fashion. He yields up his " borrowed dust " and, " shadowless, the Griffin plumbed the void." We yearned to know what Edras thought of this strange exit, but we are carried away and shown " Horrors, at glimpse of which e'en hideous death shuddered," monsters in " the grewsome stew " and " ordure of the nether slime," of " turgid mouthing mid purpureal wrath," and a fiend that " girned gruesomely," (we would like to know how this is done, it might prove useful if practised on unwelcome visitors.) The pensive one disappears and we are shown " A Vandal King " hunting a boar that curiously " Bared its fanged groin " (is our anatomy at fault here ?), this queer beast " gnarring hideously " prostrates King Orgol. Baal thereupon makes

his entry and urges the still recumbent monarch to War. Orgol returns to his palace and orates (a simpler word were surely out of place amid this " gnarring " and " girning ") to his lords in language that is reminiscent of the ex-Kaiser.

> Brave warriors all. Muse not of compacts framed
> With petty States that fringe our blest domains ;
> Treaties of formal duties, mutual rights.

A milder mannered minister attempts to dissuade the mighty Orgol, saying,

> Some Isles there are, safe-anchored towards the West,
> Where peoples bide, who, tho' of divers birth,
> Yet hold, in common, Honour's sacred trust,
> And dedicate their lives to liberty ;
>
> . . . .
>
> Beware this Lion and his sturdy cubs.

The King replies " That Lion of the West, forsooth, is old," and the feast ends. " Warriors and women yelled : ' The War—the War,' " We seem here to find ourselves in human and sorrowfully remembered events, but Tatania swishes us back to Edras and to Azral's " uncanny leave " of her ; then the book concludes with a promise of later volumes. So far as we have gone, Milton's *Hell* assumes greater dignity, but it may be that judgment should be suspended until the later volumes appear ; at least it is a healthy sign in the realm of poetry that any writer should attack such a subject all undaunted by the volumes of *Paradise Lost* on his bookshelves, and the author has seriously set himself to a serious task and has sternly avoided all mere elegancies of expression ; we shall look for the concluding volumes. In the Foreword, J. H. Crossland asks who will be able to distinguish which lines that he quotes are Milton's or are Taylor's. But this is, undoubtedly, to touch on the very weakness there may be in the poem. " The plumes that whisk the stars " immediately evokes a picture of the fearful whirring wings of a beaten multitude, whereas " While in spent throes we kicked the firmament " reminds us more of naughty children on their backs wildly kicking at a preceptor. And we would further remind ourselves that strange words to suggest

loathsomeness is no more a sign of strength than is brutality. The " sweet reasonableness " of Christ has proved to be stronger and has outlasted the brutal viciousness of Nero. Neither does the cheap profanity of Dorothy E. Reid (*Coach into Pumkin*, New Haven University Press) express anything other than a silly sneer,

> God shook His head, but I heard Him sigh.
> Poor God. He was very tired.

Is it possible that the countrymen of Walt Whitman, who wrote in so strong a virility, are content to receive such " poetry " as this Dorothy Reid pens ?

> Moon, moon, give me your gown,
> Silver and lilac, rain them down,
> . . . .
> Wind, wind, ride me along.
> I have no bridle but one wee song ;
> Gently, wind. It is far from strong.

Alack ! it is indeed " far from strong " ; the stormy sigh of a damp charwoman would blow it away, let alone any wholesome wind that knew its business. There is at least strength in F. O. Mann's verses, *London and Suburban* (G. Bell and Sons). These are of the school of Bret Harte and other writers of familiar matters, but the poem *Irregular Union* has a beauty of tenderness and insight that lifts it into poetry, and the author reveals an inner vision, albeit he writes of sordid affairs.

A. W. S. gives us a dreamy, mystical, serious poem in *The Isle of Mystorak* (Allen and Unwin). The author says truly of himself that " I follow my master, Chaucer . . . after whose noble steps I humble pace ; A bard of gentle mien, benign and kind, with humour twinkling in his pleasant face." We perceive the humour in the face of A. W. S. His poem is in defence of the delightsome joys that a certain knight, Sir Gatholon, had gathered together in Mystorak, and how these were scattered and destroyed by an Emperor whose troops carried bright " jewelled crosses." Without entering into the question as to whether any cross that signified real Christianity could or would destroy innocent delightsomeness, the poem is full of

delicate beauties—not mere hot-house beauties, but fresh, with a genial humour hidden beneath them. It is a romantic poem in the best sense of that word—in addition to which it is hopeful to meet with a poet who does not pretend to be able to write verses on any theme, from a maiden's heart to a sausage pie, for that is the feeling left with us after Vachel Lindsay's volume of *Collected Poems* (Macmillan Company, New York)—and not only to write on every conceivable subject but also to illustrate his work with queer drawings, in which monstrous censers swinging in monstrous gales seem to preponderate. He informs us that he lectured on his own particular gospel and has recited his own poems to "about one million people" (let us devoutly trust he means to say "one million persons"). He also repeats four times in his preface that he claims the privilege of this versatility. Breathlessly we accede to this claim. Our mental state is akin to that physical indigestion that supervenes after eating freely of every course at a Lord Mayor's dinner. We are told by Vachel Lindsay that we must carefully study his "map of the universe" when reading some of the verses. Frankly, we do not desire to do so. Is the Divine Muse to become a system of hieroglyphics? If some critically minded person chose to extract from this volume of 562 pages of verse such poetry as is worthy to live we might enjoy it. As it is, the heavy tome produces an equal heaviness of mind. We acknowledge the author to be possessed of an amazing "versatility," but we experience the giddiness that comes after watching an agile acrobat.

It would appear evident that there exist those who write poetry, either because they must, because their genius gives them no rest day or night unless they do; such an one was Francis Thompson, neither ill health, nor starvation, nor the desolate horrors of the Embankment could stay his mind and his pen; there are others whose intellect is of the classic mould, and these are not content with their own unrivalled prose, they therefore, of set purpose, plan out their teeming thoughts in poetry; such an one was Milton; others who possess a dreamy and

somewhat unsocial character which leads them to thoughtful and beautiful ideas which they can best express in lines obedient to the laws of verse, of these were Wordsworth and Tennyson; a few can boast of a mind and a heart open to all mankind, with the added gift of being able to give their wide impressions to the world in sonorous living lines, such were Chaucer and Shakespeare. Then, too, some are singers, singers whose melodies are unforgettable and replete with philosophic truth, as Coleridge, Shelley and Keats and others. But these are dead Masters and the poets of to-day demand "pastures new" and almost a new language, even requiring at times the assistance of a megaphone in order to impress the hearer with the "jazz" quality of their verses. We understand that Edith Sitwell's "poetry" can be better appreciated when one such word as "she" or "that" is blared out louder than the rest. We pass no comment on this truly novel fashion of enjoying poetry except to say that it would certainly have astonished Shakespeare or Milton. We can imagine how the one would have laughed and the other poured out vials of hot wrath.

Whither are these modern writers of verse tending? And, what is far more important, do we so imperiously need their outpourings as to be unable to live nobly without them? That is, after all, the crux of the whole question; conceive how immeasurably poorer the world would be without the great authors of all ages, how inconceivably meaner mankind would have grown without these lightships on the seas of life. Even so sordid an event as a Strike calls forth the quotation of William Blake's great lines spoken over all England by the B.B.C. Will men take comfort and find heart again in any future devastating event in the poetry of the Barbara Lings, the Edna Clarke Halls, the T. S. Eliots and Dorothy Reids? Nevertheless, it is urged, there must be minor poets; we hold that the term minor should apply only to the output and not to the quality. For instance, Mr. Lewis Hind has published a volume entitled *Second Best Poems*. But such a title is in itself contradictory; an unknown author may write a

perfect poem and write one only; he is therefore a minor poet, but that one poem cannot be second best. We fancy that Mr. Lewis Hind has applied his own personal preference as the criterion, but personal preference is a judge in whom we have no confidence whatever; we have known those who have found beauty and soul-refreshment in the work of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Whilimena Stitch, but that personal preference does not make these estimable persons poets. The trend of all such writers is to the horrid depths of "prettiness," and we can comprehend the revolt of those who, rather than wind out "sweet" lengths of shallow moralising, bound to the other extreme and cry aloud of ugly discordant matters in ugly revolutionary discords. The over-sweetness of the Victorian artists inevitably produced the Cubists, for even an emetic is acceptable to a palate cloyed with a surfeit of Nougat. This acceptance of the sweet and pretty in the place of the stern and beautiful is what pervades the *Collected Poems of Alexander G. Stevens* (Edward Vidler, Melbourne). The early death of the author unconsciously disposes us to sympathy with his manifest love of solitude and of nature, but justice compels us to say that he gives no evidence in his poems of that inward fire that calls up the "lights and glooms" of true Art; poetic and tender and pitiful in their sorrowful anticipation of death, they are all these, but no more. For him his own lines are the most complete epitaph,

> "Blow gently, winds, above *his* grave
> *His* life was gentle, yield to *him* a gentle music."

The ultra modernists would, no doubt, turn from the *Selected Poems of Douglas Ainslie* (The Hogarth Press) as being "old fashioned." Well, the daylight and the dew are old fashioned but exceedingly to be valued. There is much beautiful verse in this volume. *Christ and the Birds* is a gem of imagination, and Douglas Ainslie has "the power of words." He does not so much describe as with a touch produce the picture and answer "our taut hearts." To what far-off golden memories does this carry us?

> In the hills on the horizon
> Evening dies the death of roses.

Romance, too, glows in his ballads of Scottish heroes, in spite of the fact that patriotic verse is seldom poetry, the reasons being that the facts are too well known to allow the imagination free play, also because of the inevitable partisanship—which is fatal to poetry. It is a strange phenomenon that a patriotic poem or musical march will rouse a multitude to fury or to heroism and yet not be poetry or music in the real sense of the words. But Douglas Ainslie's historic verses bear within them a deeper and more universal comprehension. In *The Battle of Larg* he commences one stanza in a prosaic enough style "Woman and child the Norseman slew," but it concludes with the sure touch of the poet's hand—

> But many a tiny child ne'er knew
> Why it waked with wings in Heaven,

this, in spite of that mean word "tiny" (which should be relegated for use by women novelists only), is a revealing glimpse into a poet's mind.

Another lover of Nature, Alfred Williams, rises above purely visual memory and weds the profounder things of life in his rapturous companionship with Earth's varying aspects. But more surprising than this "visual and emotive" memory displayed in his poems (*Selected Poems*, Erskine Macdonald) is his affinity to the great singers of the past. *The Renunciation* might have been written by one of the Poets of Dante's Circle, and the ghost of Shelley seems to hover over the *Ode to the Morning* and *Love's Memory*. Alfred Williams, alike with Burns, wrote his poems during manual toil; his lines on India, especially the beautiful *Noon*, were penned whilst his body was battling with the heavy duties of a private in the Artillery or lying on a Hospital bed. Well may he cry:

> My soul is free as ambient air,
> Although my body pinioned is.

It is a hopeful sign to find one who, living apart from vicious coteries, and out of hearing the foolish plaudits of petty circles, writes as a bird sings and yet in his singing reveals the wide, hungry soul of a contemplative man.

The reviewer in the Literary Supplement of *The Times* of an earlier volume remarked that the time had come to " pay him the compliment of treating him as one who has made good his claim to be a man of letters." What egregious nonsense is this ? We might say with equal perspicacity that Carlyle made good his claim to write a new dictionary, or Wordsworth a claim to be a good schoolmaster. Mr. John Bailey also sounds a half apologetic note in his introduction, " Mr. Williams would be the last to lay claim to be one " of the supreme poets, and " We may do worse than go to school with him." Alfred Williams makes no claims—he merely is. As for doing worse than go to school with him, we imagine how the poets, their brows bathed in sunshine and their feet among the asphodels, must rhymically laugh at such timorous appraisement. Thus and in such fashion we suppose the peacocks and the jays croak about the lark, " such common feathers, my dear, but we might perhaps do worse than let him teach us to sing." If by " supreme poets " is meant those whose work is at all times perfect, then Alfred Williams is not one. His blank verse is occasionally very blank indeed.

> Nor is the market-place to be o'er-looked,
> For much within may warrant our regard.

This causes us to believe we are distressfully wandering through a *Daily Mail* exhibition at Olympia, and, of a native,

> He with his friends may gather and partake
> Of feast more sumptuous, of pork, or egg.

Personally we never saw any native eat pork, but that is a detail. Alfred Williams' poems lead us to indulge in the pious hope that, under the levelling hand of Time, the flow of Beauty and the angry rush of revolt may blend together and " like friends once parted grown single-hearted " may unite in producing a wider swifter river of poetry than we have, so far, known. If this " divine far-off event " does not come to pass we can perceive no future for the Muse of Poetry but her degradation into a naked savage wildly dancing amid the ashes of her lost greatness.

ARTHUR HOOD.

WHEN SPRING SMILES IN NIPPON

AS the plum-blossom which leads the dance of all the flowers in old Japan begins to smile we rejoice at the advent of Spring. We admire the plum-tree as she nobly gleams in white, pink and crimson. By the strange law of association the mere mention of the "Umé-no-ki" —plum-tree—recalls to our Japanese mind the sweet nightingale—"Uguisu." One of our poets pictures for us a lovely girl hiding herself behind her paper screen and listening to the passionate notes of the bird as it shoots through the branches of the plum-tree, the emblem of purity and elegance—

I fain would draw my "*shohji*"
To see the nightingale:
But fearing to alarm her,
I crouch behind the screen,
Flooded in the ecstasy
Of that o'erflowing passion!

To enable you to realise the rich magnificence of our noble Umé in full bloom I should have to take you with me to Tsukigasé or Hakkeiyen, where you could bathe your eyes in the lavish beauties of hundreds of them, forming an ocean of vivid colour, rendered still more intoxicating by their all-pervading fragrance.

For two score miles along the banks
Of winding Tsukigasé,
The plum-tree petal's snowy white
Outglows the lovely vale.
The famous Chinese orchard with
Three hundred trees at Seiko
Is but a faint reminder
Of this ocean of rich bloom:
Days after my departure thence
My flowing sleeves are bathed still
In its delicious fragrance.

Colour with movement is also the dominant charm of those inevitable companions of Japanese flowers—the capricious tribe of butterflies who ring all the possible changes of tint, and often outvie all the jewels of the mine with their flashing wings—

Daintily gambolling butterfly,
Nodding at bud and flirting with blossom,
A flower midst the flowers of my garden you go :
But none of these joy-flattered flowerets can know
If you'll perch on her bosom
Or leave her to sigh.

If by romantic chance you went astray in our countryside you might well hope to have the following delightful experience recounted by one of our poets—

I had lost my way in the open field
Where a lovely girl was gathering
Violets under the smiling sun :
And I asked her to guide me home
She nodded and pointed the way with her flowers
Towards a spot where two gay butterflies
Leisurely fluttered off in the azure.

SPRING RAPTURE.

Oh, glorious Spring !
Each living thing
Breathes beauty past compare :
Flowers fly, and butterflies,
Like flowers, scent the air.
But which is flower or butterfly
I vow I can't declare.

It is the happy lot of our beloved and distant Sun-Rise Yamato-Land, which, like England, " never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror," to be enveloped with the sweetest of blossoms, the embodiment of our national spirit—*Yamato-Damasii*—once every year.

What is the Yamato Spirit
That flames 'neath the Eastern sky ?
When asked, let your answer be :—
" That spirit you also see
In our fragrant wild cherry bloom,
That smiles in the face of doom,
And in beauty is ever ready
For our Land and Mikado to die ! "

Feast of the Cherry-Bloom.

As all the world knows, flowers play a great part in the home life of Japan, where the world-famous cherry blossoms may be regarded as one of our best known national symbols—

Are these flowers a mist ?
Or is this a mist of flowers ?
Of what an unimagined blend
Is this Spring morning made !

"Have you been to O-Hana-Mi this year ?" This is the question you will surely be asked in Spring-time in Japan.

The sweetness of the delicious sound of "O-Hana-Mi" (honourable-flower-viewing-picnic) would remind us—Japanese wanderers in the West—of the young Spring smiling ablaze in Nippon. Rich and poor, high and low, irrespective of age and sex, all the Nipponese devote one week or more to "O-Hana-Mi" (Cherry-Blossom-Hunting), a chase in which our eyes alone are allowed to take part. For, as all good and beautiful things in this world, the loveliest of all flowers will never wait for us to suit our own conveniences.

So we hasten to go and admire the flowery atmosphere of Spring in Japan to our hearts' content, lest we repent the delay. For, as the poet says of the withered blossom,—

Can this be the bloom
Whose loveliness daunted us
Three days ago ?
Ah, hapless fate
Of this fleeting world !

About the middle part of April Japan is at the height of her floral glory and at the top of her cheeriest mood of gay excitement. As there is democracy in our poetry in Nippon so there is democratic spirit in our Flower-Viewing-Picnic. Everybody is swept along by the surge of the "O-Hana-Mi" parties, who simply throng the banks of the Sumida River—Mukoh-Jima—in Tokyo, where avenues

of cherry blossom in full bloom, miles upon miles, convert the whole people into primeval children in their admiration of the heart-melting beauties of Nature.

Temple Bells.

While we enjoy our picnic under the shade of flowers, eating dainty "susi," drinking sparkling "saké," dancing our national "odori," and producing a concord of sweet sounds upon the "samisen," all passers-by are generously invited to join the party. The people are seen robed in their best kimonos. It is just like attending the first-night show of some West End theatre in London, plus an expansive spirit of sociability in a larger scale permeating the whole atmosphere. This is really the time to study the Oriental fashion at its best, unaided by artificial light. Apart from the actors, public entertainers, and other artistes and children, strict etiquette forbids Japanese men to appear in public in gay and gorgeous colour. But this festival forms a striking exception to the general rule, as on those joyous occasions the male sex is permitted to don its most priceless silk robes and burgeon into a daylight fancy ball.

Then the Japanese woman is Spring herself, when each living thing breathes beauty and rapture. Listen! How calmly chants the temple bell, while on its softly thrilling vibrations there float a few of the light petals fallen from the cherry blossoms. One wonders if they are flowers or butterflies. Wherever you go, guided by the sweet chanting of Nippon's very ancient temple bells, you hum the popular old tune "Kané wa Uyéno Ka, Asakusa ka" —the Sound of the gong. Is it from the Uyéno Temple or the Asakusa Shrine? Wherever there are temples or shrines in Japan you are sure to find flowers. And there are hundreds and thousands of them scattered throughout the country. Then it is indeed that you begin to sigh with the pain of an overfulness of joy, as the poet says—

> Oh that in this world there were
> No exquisite Blooms to tempt us!

Then, surely, our minds would feel
A joy more serene and tranquil
In this all-glorious Spring.

From of old we are warned not to carry long swords on our loins in going to see the honourable flowers. Where peace reigns supreme the sight of arms is repugnant. The same principle forbids the use of motor-cars. The best way of approaching the " Mukoh-Jima " in order to enjoy the lavish display of cherry blossom in full glory is by water, by the river boats of Tokyo—such boats as you often see in Kokusai or Hirosige prints.

Of course, no Nipponese of good taste would forget to invite some Geisha who excel in singing and playing as well as in dancing. By the time you reach your destination in their gay and graceful company you will find yourselves overflowing with the joy of Spring. Indeed, it becomes extremely difficult to choose between the lovely cherry blossoms and the equally lovely human flowers that speak our tongue.

From time immemorial this festival has been the season in Japan when love romances burst into blossom. These cosy boat parties are garden-beds for forcing the buds into flowers. This is the time when peevishness and ugly-heartedness depart ; and all faces beam with joyous smiles. Love and love-longing cannot tolerate their presence, nor can the yearning lover, who sighs :

Oh, would that I were
The soft silk that enfolds her ;
Or, the bright happy mirror
That smiles at her face !

During this great yet simple festival, in which all the members of the Japanese family partake together, willow and cherry blossoms mingle in vivid colour to re-make the Mikado's capital into a priceless brocade of Spring. Amid the flowery richness of that scented air Fuji-Yama radiantly unveils his face, flawless with perpetual snow. On the calm surface of the crystal-clear, transparent River Sumida dances the shadow of Mount Tsukuba, catching hands in

that gleaming mirror with the swaying willows that border that lovely stream. That scene, dreamily enveloped with the eight-fold mist of fragrant purple, is truly an altar for feminine beauty, reflected in a hundred kindred lovelinesses. There, too, like snowflakes, the peaceful " Miyakodori " birds swim glidingly along, adding beauty of motion to the whole enchanted air, while quietly singing the " Kimi-Ga-Yo " anthem, a prayer for an everlasting reign for our illustrious Mikado.

In order to see the cherry blossoms in their dazzling glory one has but to have a run to Yosino, where one can view the ravishing sight by the thousand. Indeed, it has been worthily said that the beautiful Nature of our country can even transform the stubbornest of aliens to its own spirit, thus naturalising them to the very heart's core and beyond all risk of relapse.

Could we but show now
To many a stranger
On alien, dim shores
The glorious dawn
Of Yosino's Spring,
With the scented mist
Of our radiant cherry,
Surely they would soon be softened
With souls transfused to a Japanese semblance,
Full of craving, devoted passion
For our dear islands . . .
Our ancient Sun-Rise Yamato-Land.

The loveliest view of Spring in all Japan is on the Arasiyama Hill in Kyoto. As we stand on the Togekkyoh Bridge with fallen petals of cherry blossom floating like butterflies through the perfumed air, we see beneath us rafts swinging down the rapid waters of the blue Katsura, while around us brightly clad village girls from Yasé and Ohara poise above their laughing eyes light loads of the daintiest flowers.

Then comes Wistaria—The Dainty Fuji-No-Hana :

As we mourn the early faded
Cherry-bloom and sweet peach blossom,

Comes wistaria, slender lady,
Softly smiling, white and purple,
To console us for our loss.
Exquisite in grace, yet modest,
What a lesson can she teach us ;
Like a lovely lady, lovelier,
In delicious clinging languor,
As she leans on a strong arm,
So wistaria, when she clings
To a bamboo-stem or pine-tree,
Or trails gracefully along
The half-moon Kameido Bridge,
Mirroring her sweet reflection
In the waters of Tokyo,
Where she fills admiring lovers
Full of rapture with her beauty
And e'en draws the shimmering carps there,
Gold and silver, dappled, scarlet,
To do homage to her grace !

Happy Nippon when Spring smiles in the land ! Spring is the season when all the world's people should visit her shores ; and thus be welcomed by her devoted worshippers of flowers, and the butterfly.

Long glowing miles of flow'rs in bloom,
Whose fragrant petals all enchant thee,
Woo endlessly thy longing soul
To flutter on from bud to blossom :
Thou, too, my dainty butterfly,
By passion martyred, chase new beauty,
Nor ever sink to soothing sleep,
Nor wrap a child-like dream about thee !

Everywhere colour, even music being imagined as voicing beauty ! So sensitive is the Japanese mind on each phase of the wealth of colour that the following poem may be taken in a literal sense as expressing our embarrassment in presence of our flowers, or metaphorically when thinking of charming ladies :

When Spring scatters bloom on each tree in the garden
How, how can I choose the one flower for my vase !

GONNOSKÉ KOMAI.

RECOMPENSE

BE with me, laughter, when the last, thin shout
Dies in my veins, and like a wavering spark
The last and glittering April gutters out
Before the windy tyranny of the dark;
Winnow my flesh with your clean, tempering breath,
Rattle my bones with your immortal mirth,
So may I shake a gusty stave at death,
And greet with praise the sovereignty of earth.

For in the long, cool silence of the tomb
No windy arras of the dawn are spread,
No gusty April showers sun and bloom
Upon the sterile dust that is the dead;
Be with me, laughter, on the last, lone mile
To make my baffled pilgrimage worth while.

WADE OLIVER.

THE LONELY HUNTER YET REMEMBERS

ONCE did I tread the starry ways with singing,
And blithely walked with wonder on the height;
Mine eyes I dared to raise
To the supreme and ultimate delight.
Far was I flung
Down the dark precipice of the ageless night,
But could not die. . . .
And in my ears were ringing
Echoes of that lost glory that had sung
About me in the sky.

Now I walk again
This summer lane where a green twilight closes
About my ways.
The symphony of bird and insect throbs
Through air with clover-sweetness redolent
A little wind sobs through the wild hedge-roses,
Pauses—then sobs,
Like one, who knowing pain,
Has learnt white ways of peace, but sighs—"and yet. . ."
Heart, we are well content,
But—can we quite forget?

BARBARA E. SMYTHE.

PARADOXES IN THE LIFE AND POETRY OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Within the honored Quaker's home the ruddy light
Of half-burned logs leaped up the yawning flue
Like thirsty tongues. Outside, a crazy crew
Of shrieking little winds whirled through the night,
Pell-mell, like frenzied lunatics in fright.
The chill old moon's unearthly blue streamed through
The feathered lilac tops, its ghostly hue
With many sparkling silver stars be-dight.

I pressed my face against the narrow pane :
The same old lilacs shivered on the bank,
The same old stars winked sleepily on high,
The same big-throated hearth glowed red again,
The same " Cold Moon " of January sank,
The same true Quaker gentleman passed by.

IT may be bad form to introduce a great man with a little sonnet, but one who talks daily with persons who knew the gentle Quaker, one who snowshoes to the low-browed homestead with a white front like a false shirtbosom and painted red with Yankee economy the rest of the way around, one who watches the flames leap hungrily up the giant flue of the old kitchen, one who rides his Morgan over every hallowed acre and in winter fingers rare first copies and intimate letters dares to place a crown of iron upon a golden life. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote one day, " If my life is spared the world shall know me in a loftier capacity than as a writer of rhymes." Unlike many of our beloved poets, his life was loftier than his rhymes. It is our pleasant task to indicate a few paradoxes in both his life and poetry.

1.—John Greenleaf Whittier was a man of limited culture and opportunity, yet he has captured the affections of all truly educated men.

Asked by a friend in 1882 to give an account of his life, he answered " There is little to give. I can say with Canning's Knife-Grinder : ' Story, God bless you ! I have none to tell you ! ' " Both parents were Friends. He was born in

the house built by his first American ancestor two hundred years ago, an unusual happening in youthful America. "Our school," he writes, "was only for twelve weeks in a year, in the depth of winter, and half-a-mile distant." On "First" days they rode eight miles to Amesbury that they might attend Quaker services. The only annual entering his home was an almanac. There may have been twenty books in their library. The Bible, Milton, biography and Burns awakened his mind. After reading Burns he says, "I began to make rhymes myself and to imagine stories and adventures. In fact, I lived a sort of dual life, and in a world of fancy, as well as in the world of plain matter-of-fact about me." He was out of his home county of Essex only a few months during his lifetime.

One day his sister sent *The Exiles* to Garrison's *Free Press*. It was published June 8, 1826. Some months afterwards the newscarrier came along on horseback and threw the paper out from his saddle-bags. Young Whittier was mending fences. He read his poem in the "Poet's Corner." He confesses, "I stood gazing at them in wonder, and my uncle had to call me several times to my work before I could recover myself." This unlettered boy was destined to capture the heart of the world.

2.—Violating the conventions of versification, Whittier became a great poet.

No scholar would think of calling Whittier "the poet's poet." Edmund Spenser was right when he said "Poetry is not to be gotten by laboure and learning." The poet himself speaks of "the harshness of an untaught ear," and wishes that one-half of his poems were in the sea. Whittier would have shown no sympathy with the modern slogan, "Art for art's sake." He considered the "excellent philosophy and common sense" of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* superior to the dreams of Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Like our greatest novelist Hawthorne, he was a preacher without a pulpit. Whittier becomes great as a poet in direct ratio to his escape from the early story-telling legends and the preachy *Voices of Freedom*. The turning point in his life is glorious fifty. *The Gift of Tritemius*,

Skipper Ireson's Ride, *Telling the Bees*, *My Psalm*, *My Playmate*, *The River Path*, *Cobbler Keezar's Vision*, *Mountain Pictures*, *Andrew Rykman's Prayer*, and *The Eternal Goodness* are destined to live for ever. Whittier idealised his Haverhill birthplace in *Snow-bound*. It is our *Cotter's Saturday Night* and in it we look upon early New England. The doors of magazines and publishing houses had been bolted for twenty years : now he became famous and well-to-do. Listen to the beauty of his lines : " The night-stars glimmered down," " A wild and broken landscape spiked with firs," " The dry leaves whirled in autumn's rising blast," " Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled, " Wielding the dull axe of decay," and " Tears that fell like fiery rain."

His similes are superb : " A year has gone as the tortoise goes, Heavy and slow," " To fling their loads of custom down like drift-weed." " Each day's tide-water washing clean away, Like letters from the sand, the work of yesterday," " Ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea the sky."

Whittier's verse abounds in names and photographs. The fathers of faith, the enemies of freedom and entire families walk across his pages. Like Edwin Arlington Robinson, he pierces the veneer of appearances and shows us men as they are.

Although the poet was colour blind he paints beautiful pictures ; although he knew nothing of music he helps us hear the harmony of the stars. As Dante loved the stars, so Whittier loved the sun's afterglow. One forgets false rhymes, unintended Yankee dialect and other defects as he discovers his romanticism, his sense of mystery and his subjectivity.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's relatives thought he might as well have been a fiddler as an author. When William Lloyd Garrison visited Haverhill to plead that young Whittier might be given an education, his father replied " Sir, poetry will not give him bread."

3.—John Greenleaf Whittier was an ardent lover who never married.

While editor of the *New England Weekly Review* of Hartford, Connecticut, living a solitary life, delicate in health, Whittier wrote: "I can say that I have clasped more than one fair hand, and read my welcome in more than one bright eye." Many of his love-poems date from this time. Long afterwards he touched upon these episodes in *Memories* and *A Sea-Dream*. Turn to *School Days*, with its picture of a little girl fingering her apron nervously, sorry that she spelled the word that sent her above the farm lad. Whittier had not forgotten the golden-curled girl forty years after the grass had grown over her grave. Picture this bright-eyed boy squeezing the hand of his playmate as blossoms fell like snow. He sighs years afterwards:

> And still the pines of Ramoth wood
> Are moaning like the sea—
> The moaning of the sea of change
> Between myself and thee.

In *The Countess* Day is wedded to Night, a Count to a Peasant. Love bridges the gap. For one brief year they walk under the moon, kneel in the village church and then Death claims the lovely girl. As one stands by the slate tombstone of the Countess, caged to prevent vandals from chipping the stone, he recalls:

> O Love! so hallowing every soil
> That gives thy sweet flower room,
> Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
> The human heart takes bloom!

Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, daughter of Doctor Sparhawk, "the best man Whittier ever knew"—pronounces *Benedicite* the best love-poem of this lover who never married.

4.—John Greenleaf Whittier spiritualised the hard life that crushed him.

He writes: "My health was never robust; I inherited from both my parents a sensitive, nervous temperament, and one of my earliest recollections is of pain in the head, from which I have suffered all my life. For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time, often not so long. Of late my hearing has

been defective. But in many ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving: and, grateful to the Divine Providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth." Imagine this frail boy suffering the hardships of early New England winters, sometimes so cold that he needed to wait to thaw-out before his teeth could chatter! He was overworked, and never recovered from the hardships imposed upon him and yet he glorifies the joys of childhood in the country in *Snow-Bound* and *The Barefoot Boy*. We find him preaching the equality of man before the power of love in *Amy Wentworth* and *The Countess*. *Maud Muller* typifies the lost opportunities of country life:

> For all sad words of tongue or pen
> The saddest are these—It might have been.

5.—John Greenleaf Whittier was a dreamer who could scheme.

Like Daniel Webster, whom he abuses in *Ichabod*, his life was embittered in youth by ambition. His political poems are rhymed oratory and suffer consequently as poetry. He helped to organise the Liberty Party. In 1835 he served in the Massachusetts Legislature and was a member of the Electoral College in 1860. With Garrison, he resolved to surrender fame and to be as harsh as truth. In a day when it was as unpopular to be an Abolitionist as it is to-day to be an anarchist, he wrote to Garrison: "I am not insensible to literary reputation. I love, perhaps too well, the praise and goodwill of my fellow-men; but I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book." Like Sir Philip Sidney, he might have said, "If there are any good wars, I want to attend them." He used every legitimate means as an astute politician to advance the cause of freedom, fighting fire with fire. "He read Burke, and was prompt to apply Burke's principle: 'When bad men combine, the good should associate.'" He wrote as a boy that he would rather have "the memory

of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson, than the undying fame of a Byron." One illustration of his political activities must suffice. On January 10th, 1836, Whittier wrote to Mr. Thayer of Haverhill, referring to Mr. Caleb Cushing: "The anti-slavery folks have circulated a petition to Congress in the village, and it has been signed by about one hundred and twenty legal voters. We shall plague Cushing with it, but he had as lief see the old enemy himself as see it. 'Tis nothing to the dose we shall fix for Congress next year."

6.—John Greenleaf Whittier, a prophet of peace, sharpened the swords of the North during the Civil War.

He exclaims as he surveys, " men, like fiends, plying the foul and monstrous trade whose harvest-field is human life " :

> Let Christian hands no longer bear
> In triumph on his crimson car
> The foul and idol god of war.

He mocks men who kneel amid the " deeds of murder done " and labels them pagans. In his *Centennial Hymn* he magnifies goodwill and peace " freighted with love's Golden Fleece." Yet Whittier hurled his " wizard leaves of the press " against slavery. He agonises :

> O my God ! for one right worthy to lift up her (Revolutionary heroes) rusted shield,
> And to plant again the pine-tree in her banner's tattered field

Surely no poet in America sharpened more swords than the gentle Quaker and yet he hated war.

7.—John Greenleaf Whittier was without a pulpit, yet he was a powerful preacher.

As a boy he was a mystic. Driving home the cows he asks : " Why am I different than the cows ? What have I got to do in life ? What is life ? " The first settler in Whittier's family was a Huguenot. His son married a Quakeress, thus the rich stream of inward religion was introduced into the family. Like " The Quaker of the Olden Time," the poet was calm, firm, true, unspotted.

He "rather felt than saw," he "listened to the inward voice." He says:

> God made all men equal, none could rise above
> Nor sink below that level of God's love.

He hates sham. Read *Among the Hills* with its clever thrusts at Christians who act as though the Sermon on the Mount had been "outdated like a last year's almanac." He hates intolerance. In *The Two Angels* Pity and Love go out from God's side. Sin brings its own punishment. It is enough to cut Skipper Ireson loose with his sin and shame. He places the authority of the human spirit above the Bible. He believes that more light is to break from the sacred page. He preaches that life is larger than creeds. He finds a God of Love in man and in nature. Sir Edwin Arnold said to him, "You, Sir, born in the purple of the Muses, never were and never could be a Calvinistic Puritan." Whittier answered, "Nay, thee is right: the world is much too beautiful, and God far too good." He answered those who thought that he stressed love and compassion too much by writing *The Eternal Goodness* in which he breaks loose from "iron creeds," arguing that God must be as good as man—"Nothing can be good in Him which evil is in me." He longs for the touch of unseen loved ones, he is unable to pierce the veil, but he trusts. No poet in America has given more comfort to the bereaved.

One evening the author of these paradoxes climbed the drumlin in Amesbury on the side of which John Greenleaf Whittier is buried. The afterglow of the Merrimack Valley faded, a planet adorned the lavender horizon, the moon flung off her veil and looked into the gleaming river. Shadows lengthened. Silver light painted nine marble shafts. An owl hooted. A poet zig-zagged down the hill with uncovered head, conscious of a presence, the presence of one who pervades the Merrimack Valley like a benediction.

HARRY ELMORE HURD.

STAR-HARVEST

YOU who plough in the dusk,
The dusk of the books of years,
Imagined loves and hates, history-making wars,
A long dead bravery and sweetly calméd fears,
You reap the stars.

You who sow in the dark,
Your thoughts in a closéd book,
Poetry, plays or prose, saga or tale or rune,
Where, when the critics have done, those who love you look,
You reap the moon.

You who plough in the dusk,
You who sow in the dark,
Your treasure is roses and musk,
Your song is the song of the lark;
Though you starve behind prison bars,
Though your body be withered and wan
What is this to a man
Who has reaped the moon and the stars?

DIANA FIRTH.

DRAGON FLIES

BLUE monkshoods stand in legions by our way,
Tall sentinels to guard my Love from dread.
An icy stream dashes itself to spray;
The pine boughs rustle fragrant overhead,
And pointed pinetops stab with green sharp spears
The blue of heaven, and by the stream below
Blue dragon flies dart swiftly by, like fears,
Fierce gorgeous fears, that flash, and wheel, and go.
Warm golden sunlight dapples the cold stream;
Snow mountains glimmer through dark swaying boughs;
The distant valley quivers like a dream
Through a blue haze; and peace no lark may rouse
Wraps my dear Love, asleep beside the stream.
Blue dragon flies flash lightly through her dream.

MORWYTH REES.

NEW NARRATIVE POETRY.

AMONG a group of writers of poetic narratives several claim an epic quality for their verse, yet only one, to my way of thinking, really shows that other quality, of greatness, with which one associates true epic. John G. Neihardt's *Song of the Indian Wars* (Macmillan) is the third volume of an Epic Cycle of the West, and tells in intensely dramatic lines of the gradual overrunning of North America by the white races and the bitterly brave resistance offered by the Red Indians as they were thrust back from the great bison pastures of the Plains. Mr. Neihardt has taken infinite pains to obtain correct data. These have passed through the crucible of his poetic imagination and come forth as a noble epic poem. The courage exhibited and the suffering endured by both races are almost incredible, but the author has made his incidents entirely convincing. A few passages will serve to show the vivid style of the writer, though they cannot adequately bear witness to the strength of the entire work. A locust storm is re-created in a few lines :

> Then presently there fell
> What seemed a burlesque blizzard out of hell . . .
> A snow of locusts . . . tawny flakes at strife,
> That, driven by a gust of rabid life,
> Smothered the windless moon ! The lush grass bent,
> Devoured in bending. Wagon-top and tent
> Sagged with the drift of brown, corrosive snow.

Tense moments of watching and warfare are conveyed by—

> Some naked rider loomed against the glare
> With hand at brow to shade a searching stare,
> Then like a dream dissolved in empty sky.
>
> . . . silence, like a sky-wide blanket, dropped
> Upon the landscape, empty as the moon.
>
> . . . Everywhere
> The buzzing wasp of war was in the air.
>
> . . . And the Winter strode
> Numb-footed down that bloody stretch of road
> At twilight, when a squadron came to read
> The corpse-writ rune of battle, deed by deed.

The book ends on a very poignant note—the death of the last great Sioux chief :

But when at length the lyric voice was dumb
And Crazy Horse was nothing but a name,
There was a little withered woman came
Behind a bent old man. Their eyes were dim.
They sat beside the boy and fondled him,
Remembering the little names he knew
Before the great dream took him and he grew
To be so mighty.

The Death of Smail Aga, rendered into English verse by J. W. Miles, M.A. (Allen and Unwin, 2s.), also deals with racial clash, the age-long struggle of the Serb against the Turk. The original poet is Ivan Mazuranic and his tale an historical one recording the tyranny of Smail Aga, his cruelties and his final destruction by Novitsa and his avenging Band. The original poem is reputed to express passionately and splendidly the very soul of the Serbian people, by whom it is universally known and loved. It is hardly surprising that the translator is not altogether successful in his attempt at reproduction. There are some excellent passages, such as :

That race fear thou whose wont it is
With lightsome heart to die.

The great Creator gave the birds the sky,
Quiet hollows and the longed-for nest ;
Unto the fish the waters, and the sea's blue depth,
Translucent dwelling, with wide space to move ;
* * * * *
Yet with Earth's good insatiate still
Remains the Moslem's eye !

and though one can feel the strength of the material upon which he is working, much of the English phrasing is clumsy and does not succeed in stirring the desired emotion in the reader's heart, however much pity he may recognise as being due to the suffering nation. The first edition of this book was published under exceptional circumstances, by Serbian refugees, at Salonica, during the War.

The Doom of Atlas, by Wm. Jeffrey (Gowans and Gray, 5s.). An unquestioned dignity and a culminating sense of nobility is shown in this version of the titanic struggle and eternal punishment. Atlas reconciles himself to pain :

. . . Thou hast set the deeps
Above me stationed thick with tribes of stars

And wandering comets . . .
Unto what purpose I no knowledge have,
Nor Jove himself, who over Earth bears rule.
Yet as a ploughman on a stony heath
Holds the iron ploughshare to its painful course,
From morning strength to evening weariness,
Watching content the brown soil ripple, sure
Of benison at autumn's end ; so I
Keep steadfast to my task . . .

and recounts the failure of the conflict :

We failed. We fell into that dungeon vale ;
As pine trees fall in tempest so we fell ;
But lodged within my heart there lived a rune,
By Earth the mighty mother breathed one morn,
How death, decay, blank sorrow, and defeat,
And curst corruption, and all serpent ills
Should be mankind's refining fire, a spur
That pricks to conquer ; so a wondrous peace
Came flowering through my soul though stunned I stood,
Alone in leadership, fronting the god.

The other poems in this volume, including *Jesus and Magdalene*, though still noble and dignified, are prevented by a certain inflexibility of rhythm from making the same appeal to the reader.

The Cattle Drive in Connaught, and Other Poems, by Austin Clarke (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). A lusty hardihood and a truly lyrical quality are aptly mingled in this story of Queen Maeve's quarrel with her husband as to which of them owned the greater wealth. The Queen took a mean advantage in the hour chosen for attack :

" Queen Maeve sat up in bed and shook once more
Her snoring husband :
' And I cannot sleep
An inch for now my head is full of words
. . . and is there any doubt that I
Had greater wealth when we were wed than you
Had bargained with my hand . . . have I not filled
The west with lowing herds, have I not fleeced
The hills ? . . . Have I now or have I not ?
Tell me have I not hung this draughty house
From family looms and put a golden bit
Upon the winter, silence on the floor

With rushes that forget their dancing, kept
The churn in clotty buttermilk, the cauldron
In bubbling oatmeal, spun the heavy flower of wool ? ' "

But after the cattle drive and the counting half-witted Caolite is heard singing mockingly outside the door :

" Yet for all that they say and for all that he gave
The King has more cattle and meadows than Maeve."

Two Lives, by William Ellery Leonard (Heineman), and *Peter Rae*, by George Dickson (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.), are both very human documents and concern the intimate experiences of the persons recounting the history of their own lives. The former is a story of inherited insanity, while that of Peter Rae is of a young engineer apprentice who loses an eye in the War and eventually goes blind. There are some very clear-cut cameos of early impressions in the workshop :

I sometimes think with pleasure still
Of when I first pulled down a drill
To make it cut—the shining ease
With which I pressed through steel like cheese,
The belts above me flapping, whirling,
The dead true spiral cutter twirling
Long curling strands up, and the sound
Of clever motion all around.

Mr. Leonard can invest even such homely things as household furniture with pathos and romance :

The things are gone. Odd, how man's brain will share
In woods and metals of insensate earth :
Who rubs the brazen andirons of our hearth
To-night ? Whose face is in that mirror ? Where
The bed of many slumbers, and the chair
She hung her day-clothes over ere she prayed ?

In these books it is not the themes but rather their somewhat morbid treatment that creates a mood of depression. True tragedy evokes awe in the reader rather than horror or dismay.

Even in anthologies, at the moment, there seems to be a tendency for long poems to appear among the still large number of short lyrics that are published. In two recent numbers of *Poetry of To-day* this is noticeable, though these longer poems are retrospective in quality and not of the episodic kind. *The Raphsody of the Passing Soul*, by Hugh Moorland ; *Shelley*, by Editha Jenkinson ; *Night on Boxhill*,

by Victor Ballan ; *Anthony Fallen*, by Henry Thorley ; and *Renunciation*, by Edith M. Walker, are instances of this. Mr. Alfred Noyes' epics are confirming the reputation based on the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. Mr. Irving Taylor's daring challenge to Milton has been much discussed, and all readers of THE POETRY REVIEW will be acquainted with Arthur Hood's appreciations of Mr. Allen Brockington's excursions in narrative poetry.

* * *

The Sonnet, To-day and Yesterday, by David Morton (G. P. Putnam's Sons), should be read as one would read a sonnet of the Renaissance. Mr. Morton writes from an indwelling intimacy with the sonnet, to-day and yesterday. He knows that the elements natural to the sonnet lie in age-old writings from the heart of ancient races. Their expression is seen in the Biblical songs and laments, the Book of the Dead, the Greek Anthology and others. The flood and recession of feeling—two units of the latter-day sonnet—first spent themselves in these old literatures. Later this same flow of emotion enters the sonnet as its natural measure of content. It holds the flush of thought as it comes naturally to man. Locked in an unstudied sonnet, he finds rhythms and psychology of mood indigenous to man's need. "Man's own passionate spirit created the form in its own image." From this internal understanding he regards the Petrarchan and the Shakespearean forms of the sonnet. He lends ear to periods of change as underlying like changes in human articulation. But, after discussing the experiments of the Restoration, he maintains that the Petrarchan limits seem best in which to sing the fundamental experience.

Page by page we see how the sonnet has lain in the trend of human articulation. We see it moving down the ages, wrought with their intrinsic spirit. He quotes Milton "on his deceased wife," and, on a similar theme, Arthur Davison Ficke :

> They brought me tidings ; and I did not hear
> More than a fragment of the words they said.
> Their further speech died dull upon my ear ;
> For my rapt spirit otherwhere had fled—
> Fled unto you in other times and places.
> Old memories winged about me in glad flight.
> I saw your lips of longing and delight,
> Your grave glad eyes beyond their chattering faces.
> I saw a world where you had been to me
> More than the sun, more than the wakening wind.
> I saw a brightness that they could not see.

And yet I seemed as smitten deaf and blind.
I heard but fragments of the words they said.
Life wanes. The sunlight darkens. You are dead.

It is as if Life *now* goes down the way with the sun on his face, or the rain greying his heart. Time has removed the layers that mummified man and his creative expression. Thirteen poems in an appendix further his argument all by present-day writers—a curious assortment: Masefield, Katherine Mansfield, Gibson, Brooke, Sassoon, Frost, John V. A. Weaver (who always writes with his ear to the ground), Margaret Tod Ritter, Pulsifer, MacLeish, Kettle, Millay, Wylie, Baring and Huxley, but, perforce, no lines from David Morton, who is a writer of pure-toned sonnets. They have the inspiration of the moonstone, devoid of fire, but utterly lovely. For the student *The Sonnet, To-day and Yesterday* is the highest form of textbook—a work that conveys atmosphere and "presence" of the sonnet, even while it sets forth its technical phases in definite black and white.

* * *

Having been encored to the seventh edition in America, in her first volume of poems, *The Janitor's Boy*, Nathalia Crane, the child-poet of Brooklyn and America, now invites our attention in *Lava Lane*. To her varied audience she can appear in diverse roles, according to the perceptions of its personnel. To some, she may be the delightful justification of the new era in child-training, where the little mind is turned loose in *all* print—be it history, travel, folk-lore, romance, plays, biology, or poetry—with only the slide-rule of phonetics for bar-tether. Here, she may seem no different from all her sisters, except in her selective "intake" and that she knows her world "conditioned by a secret." She retains the wisdom which is a common birthright to all children before they have watched their elders resolving their treasures—art, music, literature —to their component parts.

"And yet that prophet catechized the canyons of the mole,
The babies cribs were rumpled and he raked the adder's hole."

Analysis blunts the perceptions, revealing nothing, when one treads "holy ground."

"No background jammed the vision" is the child's natural statement of the situation. To some, she translates the joy of a child who can give expression to her thoughts—spacious, rangey

thoughts whose outlines are clipped and fitted to her pleasure, with little interference, except when " someone is shaking the dais."

" The beauty and the duty when the guards go out to stroll."

" The tiger tiptoed down the years, the monkey bit his tongue,
The secret rested sweetly where the purple grapes were hung."

As a child might string her beads, colour by colour, pass these favourites before us.

" The light of a Nightingale lantern,
The glimmer of Arthur's sword,
The bugle of Balaklava,
The pipes in the Havelock van,
The faith of a gearless Godiva,
The ending of Kubla Khan."

Or she may seem the child who has been given the keys to the king's treasure-chamber. She sits within, spread about with all that holds her heart and eyes and imagination. Then, " Now let *me* try ! " and she is off. The lines seem to leap and run for her as she claps her happy hands. We are with her in the treasure-chamber. Outside the door, hearing the noise, the uninitiated are questioning immoderately what we are finding within. " The hunters are down on their knees."

MR. KIPLING AND YOUTH.

IT is an asset towards prosperity, even for those whose lot will be cast altogether in one land, to get full and first-hand information about the men they will meet later. You know the formula better than I. The style of a man's play, plus the normal range of his vices, divided by the square of his work, and multiplied by the coefficient of his nationality, gives not only his potential resistance under breaking-strain, but indicates, within a few points, how far he may be trusted to pull off a losing game.

This knowledge can only be acquired in the merciless intimacy of one's early days. After that, one has to guess at the worth of one's friends or enemies ; but Youth, which, between ourselves, sometimes knows almost as much about some things as it thinks it always does about everything, can apply its own tests on its own proving-grounds, and does not forget the results. . . . When you move up into the line, and the Gods who sell all things at a price

are dealing you your places and your powers, you may find it serviceable, for ends outside your own, to remind a friend on the far side of the world of some absurd situation or trivial event which parallels the crisis or the question then under your hands. And that man, in his station, remembering when and how the phrase was born, may respond to all that it implies—also for ends not his own. . . .

You will be delivered to life in a world where, at the worst, no horror is now incredible, no folly unthinkable, no adventure inconceivable. At the best, you will have to deal and be dealt with by communities impatient of nature, idolatrous of mechanisms, and sick of self-love to the point, almost, of doubting their own perfections.

The Gods, whom they lecture, alone know what these folk will do or think. And here, let me put before you the seductive possibility that some of you may end your days in refuges for the mentally afflicted—not because you will necessarily be any more insane than you are at present, but because you will have preached democracy to democracies resolute that never again shall their peace be troubled by Demos. Yet, out of all this welter, you will arrive at prosperity, as youth, armour-plated by its own absorption in itself, has always arrived.

In truth, there is but one means by which you can miss it, and that is, if you try to get the better of the Gods who sell everything at a price. They continue to be just Gods, and should you hold back even a fraction of the sum asked for your heart's desire, they will say nothing, but they will furnish you with a substitute that would deceive the elect—that will deceive even you until it is too late. So I would advise you to pay them in full, making a note that goods obtained for personal use cost rather more than those intended for the honour and advancement of others.—At the annual banquet of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, Oxford.

* * *

Mr. Henry Meade Bland, who has been associated with the Poetry Society for several years, has been appointed special lecturer on poetics for the Extension Department of the University of California. How important and influential this position is likely to be may be gauged from the fact that Mr. Bland's first appearance in his new rôle was at the College of the Pacific before the Faculty and the student body of 800—more than a handful of auditors.

ON THE REVIEWING OF *THE POETRY REVIEW*.

WE are in receipt of some ill-natured complaints reflecting on our book reviews, probably emanating from a neglected author. Malicious and ill-informed gossip is too common among the possessors of too much conceit and too little sense of honour to be taken seriously by properly constituted minds, but we refer to these particular complaints in the hope of nipping their evil fruits in the embryo stage—if it is possible to catch up a naughty lie—and because they afford an opportunity of reminding new readers and others who may not have recognised the obvious that the best traditions of journalism control the reviewing of THE POETRY REVIEW. More books within the particular scope of THE POETRY REVIEW are submitted than can be noticed. It is a problem not only of the moment, but of long standing how best and most effectively to deal with them. It is of no interest and value to mention we have received a slender volume containing some pretty verses, and we have not the space to devote long articles of the "Quarterly" type to what may be considered important new books. We have tried "group-reviewing" of representative or associated books by competent and experienced reviewers who are authorities on their subject or are known to have sound discriminating judgment on poetry in general. To a very large extent the general reviewers choose their own books, and they do not write to the instructions of the Editor except as regards the amount of space to be occupied. They write no dictated opinions, their views are not "blue-pencilled." With a very extensive acquaintance, from many angles, of book reviewing as practised to-day, we can assert THE POETRY REVIEW review work is done more thoroughly with less prejudice and less intrusion of the personal factor than on any other publication, save one. We do not accept any reviews from "outsiders," no offer from a stranger or unknown contributor of a review of So-and-So's new book is accepted by us, and we do not accept notices of books sent to a private individual for the purpose. We permit no deliberate log-rolling of either friends or strangers, and the books of acquaintances are sent to strangers for review. Whatever they may be worth, our opinions are unbiassed, impersonal and sincere. Some years ago a well-known literary man who had been contributing review articles for some time expressed astonishment that he had been dealing with books by colleagues or acquaintances of the Editor without being aware of it; he had been given no special instructions or information; he had been left free to express his own opinion. This experience has been repeated in other quarters since.

One part of the complaint referred to had reference to the

apparent neglect of five alleged important volumes. If the complainant had not been anxious to manufacture a grievance he would have been less hasty in formulating this charge. One of the books referred to had not been received for review; either the publisher or the author distrusted the judgment of THE POETRY REVIEW or knew we had no inflated opinion of its alleged importance —and we observe the convention of not noticing books that are not formally submitted for review; two of the volumes in question had been sent for notice to reviewers who had not sent in their articles, busy people with other work in hand of greater importance to themselves; another book had just been received, and it should not be necessary to point out that a bi-monthly periodical cannot deal with a book the day after it is received and that even if a review is done promptly it cannot be published for several weeks and may be held over for one or more issues. This is inevitable until we can publish at more frequent intervals or are able to increase our pages; neither the sole or even the primary object of THE POETRY REVIEW is to review new books, and our critic who expects us to review all the books received without delay recognises this by complaining also that in each issue we do not have articles on all the poets, dead and alive, and surveys of the poetry of all other countries in addition. We are expected to exhaust ourselves in one big effort, and to repeat this process of abnormal inflation and omniscience six times a year. This is the only periodical devoted to poetry, and we publish as much prose matter in each issue as the majority of our faithful readers can digest. The fifth volume included in the indictment we did not intend to notice at all, in exercise of the editorial discretion that the receipt of a review copy carries no obligation to mention the book. We intentionally neglect certain pretentious and trivial books of which nothing good can be said; it is better to ignore a bad book than to do it the honour of castigating it. Some books that escape notice we neglect unintentionally on account of limitations of space and resources. We would rather discover merit in a little volume of poems by a new writer than repeat adulations of the latest fashionable poet, who can command whatever space the daily newspapers have to give to poetry. We have a special function to serve, an unique position to fill: our duty is not to follow the lead of the daily papers or to imitate any other periodical.

Another count in our critic's indictment is that preference is shown a particular firm. If the complainant had not been in a hurry to formulate a grievance he could have found out for himself

that the obnoxious firm had proportionately fewer books noticed in The Poetry Review than many other publishers, and that those which were noticed were dealt with without prejudice and not always favourably. His complaint reminds us of another one of a different nature, but with the same intention. A person with a grievance against the management is reported to have complained he had been misled by being told that Lady Margaret Sackville was the first president of the Poetry Society. He could only have been misled by expecting to be told something else, and finding that the simple historic fact did not fit into his case. Truth is stranger than fiction to some perverted mentalities.

* * *

MORE EPIGRAMS IN VERSE

VII.

Tobacco.

Great virtue lies in thee, beguiling Leaf,
That stay'st the Emperor's care and navvy's grief:
Had Rome but known thee, Vandals ne'er had broke her,
Nor Troy been lost, had Priam been a smoker.

J. C.

VIII.

A Song of Degrees.

At twelve he sang of God above;
At seventeen of death and love;
At twenty-two of seagulls' wings;
But now he rhymes of little things.

IX.

To the Ultra-modern Poet.

The piping note of bird in bush
Thy poet's rapture hath betrayed:
When that thy reed to scroll did rush
It was an anguished bird that brayed.

Frederick Kemp.

X.

On a young English missionary drowned on his way from a leper island.

His Lord said " Go." From isle to isle he went,
And lepers heard good news by Jesus sent.
A little while and then his Lord said " Come
Here to Me on the sea " and took him home.

H. R.

XI.

On Perseus, the favourite who dropped dead at the end of the race. He was owned by a woman.

Mistress, I stayed the course, but win your race
I could not ; Death's dark horse eclipsed my pace.

Philomel.

XII.

Truth.

The universe is not so far
But one may cross to his own star
And time, though endless in our dreams,
Is not so endless as it seems.

XIII.

Definition.

Here is philosophy defined :
Smooth out the brow and think with the long mind

XIV.

Paradox.

Often he who sucks the shower
Is the thirsty one,
And he who plants a yellow flower
Often plucks the sun.

Mavis Clare Barnett.

Cooperstown, N.Y.

* * *

Owing to the general strike the Annual General Business Meeting of the Poetry Society (Incorporated) had to be postponed from May 15th to Tuesday, July 20th, at 3.30 p.m. The former notice and arrangements re business and delegates apply.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A SERIES OF OPEN COMPETITIONS ORGANISED BY THE POETRY SOCIETY.

In Aid of the Re-Building and Endowment Fund.

THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund being a national affair, it is desirable that general participation should be sought and encouraged, and that all people who are in any way associated with Shakespearean activities should be asked to undertake some work which would give them an intimate personal concern with the fund and help them to realise its national significance.

With the approval of the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, the General Council of the Poetry Society has therefore resolved that such an effort shall be made, and that a series of competitions be organised by the Poetry Society as a contribution to the erection and endowment of a national memorial to Shakespeare in his birthplace.

How Verse Writers May Help.

Poets of all countries are invited to enter a competition for

(1) the best sonnet written on the Shakespearean model,

(2) the best quatrain,

(3) the best poem of any length or form,

Shakespeare being the subject in each case. In each division the Silver Medal of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will be awarded for the best poem received, and a special certificate, the number to be regulated by the number of entries and the merit of the poems deserving this recognition, awarded to all commended entries. *The poem adjudged to be the best in all the three divisions will be awarded* A GOLD MEDAL.

The most suitable four lines for the purpose will be engraven on the walls of the Memorial Theatre. The honour will not be restricted to the quatrains only. Any four lines from any of the entries will be eligible for this distinguished use.

It is proposed that the model poems be read at the Shakespeare Festival in London on April 23rd next, and that the hundred best poems received, or any other number that the adjudicators may commend for the purpose, be published in a memorial volume to be sold in aid of the fund. Entries are invited not only in English

but in any other language in which writers may desire to celebrate the genius of Shakespeare, special arrangements having been made for the adjudication by qualified authorities of poems in French, Scandinavian, Japanese, etc. A special recognition will be accorded to meritorious non-English poems.

Each competitor will be expected to enclose with his MS. a contribution of not less than ten shillings or three dollars to the Shakespeare Memorial Fund, the money thus received being a direct contribution to the fund. (Towards the expenses of the medals and other awards Sir Charles Wakefield, V.P., already a handsome donor to the fund, has contributed 5 guineas.)

As an expression of appreciation of Shakespeare and of this poets' fund in aid of the Memorial Theatre contributions of not less than ten shillings are invited from any verse writers and others who may not desire to compete but who wish to participate in this effort, and will be suitably acknowledged together with the competitors' contributions. Contributions and entries in this section must be addressed to the Shakespeare Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1., not later than December 31st next. All entries and contributions will be acknowledged as received, but a stamped (½d.) addressed envelope must be enclosed for this purpose.

THE SHAKESPEARE RECITALS.

In order that the very large number of readers of Shakespeare, including trained speakers of verse, may be individually given an opportunity of being associated with the fund, an extensive series of Shakespeare recitals, constituting a national competition, has been arranged. Certificates and silver and gold medals are offered in competition for the reading or speaking of speeches from the plays of Shakespeare, and also for the presentation of single scenes from the plays.

For the purpose of this competition, a preliminary round will be held in the competitors' own areas, a second round in a convenient centre, *e.g.*, the capital town of the district, and the final in London on Shakespeare's Day next year.

A Shakespeare Guild has been formed, divided into two classes, (*a*) competing members, (*b*) non-competing members. Each class will receive a special certificate of membership. The certificate will be issued to non-competiting members who subscribe not less than five shillings to the Poetry Society's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund, to which the proceeds of the Shakespeare recitals will be credited.

In order to enlist the interest of as large a body as possible, the competitors will be divided into three classes—above 18, between 14 and 18, and under 14.

Full details and entry forms may be obtained from the Shakespeare Recitals Secretary, The Poetry Society, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1. Applications are invited from readers who are able to take charge of the organisation of local groups or assist in applying this scheme in their own district, and especially from school principals and teachers of English.

* * *

Apropos an anthology of primitive American Indian verse, discussed (with examples) in the March number of THE POETRY REVIEW, we may mention that our vice-president, Dr. Derrick Lehmer, professor of mathematics in California University, has made an extensive collection of native song-themes during his travels among the Hopi and Navajo Indians in Arizona, and has preserved them in the form of phonographic records. He declares that "the endless repetitions, the explosive interjections and the lack of accompanying harmony are enough to make the song intolerable" to European ears. However, in his own recently-published collection, "Seven Indian Songs from the Yosemite Valley," Dr. Lehmer has given us a transcription of the crude airs that has real artistic beauty. If lacking in tune, Indian music is rich in atmosphere, and faithfully reflects the sounds of the forest and mountains and all wild nature. As this sympathetic investigator explains, it is "born of a world about which we know little. Did we know we should understand and appreciate."

* * *

Miss L. E. F. Barry, our Montreal representative, who gained distinction in the Woodhouse Science award, notifies us of the following open competitions for short, original, unpublished poems arranged by the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors' Association (Montreal Branch): Open to any writer over 16, a prize of $15.00, offered by Mrs. R. E. McDougall, for the best English lyric poem; over 16, a prize of $15.00, offered by Miss A. Beatrice Hickson, for the best French poem on any subject; aged 16 and under, a prize of $10.00, offered by Mr. Warwick Chipman, K.C., also a prize of $10.00, offered by Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Byers, for a short poem on any subject.

For conditions write Miss L. E. F. Barry, 580, Union Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

IN PRAISE OF BERMUDA.

THE Government of Bermuda, through the Bermuda Trade Development Board, authorises us to offer £20 in premiums for the best poem or poems in praise or descriptive of the Bermudas.

This competition is an open one and without restrictions as to form or length of the entries, which, however, should be sufficiently brief and concise for popular use. The best poem may be widely published here and in America, and a selection of the poems may be used by the Bermuda Government in their publications. Entries must be received not later than December 1st, and addressed: "Bermuda," The Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1.

The awards will be made by Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., etc., President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who when Professor of Poetry showed a deep personal interest in and acquaintance with the poetry of the overseas dominions.

The secretary of the Trade Development Board, Hamilton, Bermuda, the department of the Bermuda Government which exists for the purpose of furthering the commerce and promoting the advantages of the islands as winter and summer resorts, will be glad to send to intending competitors pamphlets descriptive of this fascinating British colony, so closely related also to the United States, which has already many associations with English poetry. We all know Andrew Marvell's appropriate reference to the "remote Bermudas," and Thomas Moore's praise of the "Little fairy isle,"

> "You'd think that nature lavished here
> Her purest wave, her softest sighs."

Waller speaks of "Bermuda walled with rocks . . . that happy island where huge lemons grow," and Shakespeare's "Enchanted isle" of "The Tempest" is identified by many writers—including Washington Irving, who knew Bermuda well, with this exquisite coral group in the Atlantic. Even to Anthony Trollope's rather prejudiced mind, Bermuda had "many gifts of nature to recommend it," and among the many American authors who have admired it, Mark Twain found Bermuda "the right place for a jaded man to loaf in."

* * *

The usual general premium offer is continued. For conditions (including criticism) see previous issues.

IN HONOUR OF SERVICE

THE LOUIS BENNETT, JR., POEM CONTEST

OUR poets are invited to aid in defining the value and character of the factor expressed in the word "Service," in the broadest meaning of the word, this definition being desired as a preliminary step to the establishing of awards for meritorious services in memory of Lieutenant Louis Bennett, Jr., the American boy who dedicated his life to the cause of Service and was shot down on August 24th, 1918, while serving in the 40th Squadron, Royal Air Force, in France, after he had shot down three enemy aeroplanes and nine observation balloons in nine days.

Prizes aggregating $100.00 are offered through the American Section of the Poetry Society and THE POETRY REVIEW by the Aerial League of America on behalf of the mother of Lieutenant Bennett, Mrs. Louis Bennett, who will be recalled as the giver of the Memorial Window to the Air Force placed in the Westminster Abbey, in 1922, and of other memorials in recognition of SERVICE.

The $100 is divided as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $10; third prize, $10; fourth prize, $10. The six next best will receive special mention. Two prizes of $5.00 each and three "honours" will be awarded to the best list of poems on the subject of Service from past or contemporary poets and eminent prose writers.

The contest closes December 1st, 1926. Entries should be addressed to the American Editor, Poetry Society, 280, Madison Avenue, New York. No restrictions are imposed as to the form of poems that may be submitted, or to the aspect or aspects of this broad subject that may be treated.

Lieutenant Bennett's life was exemplary in that he sought to serve for Service's sake, and he joined the R.A.F. in his desire to be of utmost service in the world war. Likewise his selection of aviation came through his belief that this new art would become one of the most useful branches of human endeavour, and because he felt that he could be of utmost service in developing it than in other occupations.

As I had occasion to state in my address at the unveiling of the monument to Lieutenant Bennett, at Wheeling, West Virginia, ten years ago, a fine young American, looking about twenty years old, called on me and said:—

"My name is Louis Bennett. I am from West Virginia. I am going through Yale and have read the address you delivered at the Sheffield Scientific School. I'd like to get into aviation. I think

I can SERVE better in aviation than elsewhere. I'd like to learn to fly and to organise a reserve flying corps for West Virginia and train men so we'll be ready to serve if we are needed. Otherwise we'll make ourselves useful by developing aviation."

The entire U.S. Army Air Service at the time consisted of a dozen young officers, half a dozen aeroplanes, stationed at the Army's only air station, a leased field at North Island, San Diego, and we were considered extravagant because we had asked for an appropriation of one million dollars for this baby Air Service. The legislation authorising aerial reserves had not even been considered, therefore no aid could be anticipated from the War Department, and there were no text-books or directions to guide Mr. Bennett and his companions.

This state of affairs did not discourage him a bit. He proceeded to carry out his plan, and in less than two years his achievements justified us in publishing the prophecy that :—

"The West Virginia Flying Corps cannot but prove a highly beneficial organisation to community, state, nation, as well as the countries allied with the United States in the world war."

As the records of four nations show, Captain Louis Bennett, Jr., of the West Virginia Flying Corps, and his worthy companions, fulfilled the prophecy in a most admirable manner. They achieved all this entirely through their own efforts, surmounting incalculable obstacles, entirely out of desire to *serve*.

Mr. Bennett did not ask for help of any kind from us, who were prepared to contribute to some extent to start such efforts in different states and universities. He just asked that he be permitted to serve wherever he could be of service; he offered himself to the general proposition of SERVICE. While serving in the war he filed with us his application for post-war service. He offered to participate in scientific experiments and to pilot an aeroplane in the then projected transatlantic flight. Therefore, it is most appropriate that the monument to Lieutenant Bennett should bear, as it does, the inspiring symbolic title "Ready to Serve" and that awards should be established in recognition of meritorious services.

It is a happy coincidence that Mrs. Bartlett, the founder of the American Section of the Poetry Society, was the leader of the group of representative American women who participated in the movement to develop aeronautics during the war, and Mrs. Bennett, the mother of Lieutenant Bennett, was actively interested in that movement during and after the war, and offered the first prize for aerial life-saving devices, the contest for which was held under the

auspices of the Aerial League of America in 1919, in which English inventors participated; and thereafter gave the beautiful window placed in the nave of the Westminster Abbey, as a memorial to the officers and men of the British Flying Services who fell in the world war, which was unveiled and dedicated by the Dean of Westminster, and accepted by the Secretary of State for Air, on May 26th, 1922, at an impressive ceremony attended by the R.A.F. guard of honour, the commanding officers of the R.A.F. and representatives of the Admiralty and War Office, the American Ambassador, the Air Attachés of the foreign Powers, and other dignitaries.

It is also appropriate that the poets, who have been the greatest interpreters of ethical values, should be asked to aid in defining the value and character of the factor expressed in the word "Service."

As I stated in the editorial printed in *Scientific Age*, in connection with the announcements of the international poetry contests organised by the American Section of The Poetry Review :—

"New ages bring new truths, new discoveries, new inventions, new achievements and new philosophic concepts, and these influence the basis of human relationships. The mechanics of living change, and the component parts of scenes of daily life differ from the old. It is more the poet's mission than anyone else's to interpret the new truths, and to depict in a brief poetic picture their outstanding values. When poetry fails to carry out its mission, the world is poorer for lacking the stimulus of good poetry, and poetry sinks for having failed in her mission."

The Poetry of Service.

Poetry has not failed in the past to interpret the basic truths underlying the factor called Service. The poets have appraised the collective acts of mankind and of people, nations, body politics, institutions and individuals through the ages and have valued those acts which were beneficial above those that were not. Recent events have made a new appraisal desirable.

The world has gone through a terrific war and an even more terrific period of reconstruction, during which history has written one of its most dramatic chapters; over ten million men died in the fight, mighty nations have passed away, an economic loss of over five hundred billions has been suffered by the world. It is beyond us now to fully measure the consequences. The issues have been mighty and fundamental; the events have overshadowed the events of other ages, the earth and its wealth have been redivided. We are not quite sure of many things—but we feel sure of this, that

the world is made wholesome by the men and women who serve and are ready to serve.

We must express this great truth in the language of the world and convey it to the world, or in the words of Mrs. Bartlett, "To the million millions . . . calling for more light!" We need the poet's clearer vision, so we may not be blinded by the vividness of world events, or confused by the din of contention, the claims of personalities, the clamour of the thousands who seek recognition for this or for that thing which appears so unique to them or in the daily run of life, and which threatens to overshadow the fact that this world is made wholesome by the men and women who are ready to serve! We need the poet's subtler power of expression to engrave on the world's mind the fact that Service is the poetry of Life and the Keystone of Civilisation.

Only the poet can interpret this great truth in its many aspects, giving to each aspect its value, as a diamond cutter cuts the facets of a stone and gives to each facet its individual brilliancy, which radiates the quality and lustre of the whole stone! Above all things, we need the aid of the poet to convey to the changed world in the languages of to-day, in expressions that will endure, a confirmation of this great truth: That service to-day, as ever before, carries that finer measure of compensation which has been expressed in the statements through the ages, that we *have that which we have given.*

The lasting compensation that comes from serving mankind, as expressed in the subtle realisation that we have that which we have given, has been expressed by many. Thus Seneca: "*Hoc habeo quodcunque dedi.*" I was interested to find in a letter I received from Gabriele d'Annunzio that he has adopted the Italian equivalent as his motto: "*Io ho quel che ho donato.*" Others have expressed that thought: that we have that which we have given. Its origin is not clear. The Old Testament contains that message, with the advice to cast your bread upon the waters.

An ancient Persian poet wrote: "What I kept I lost; What I spent I had; What I gave I have." Kipling's Envoy carries a similar message.

As we think of this very simple but profound truth, *that we have that which we have given*, we see a multitude of testimonials, and towering above them, in holy procession, we find these greatest interpreters of the proposition of Service: Confucius, Taotze, Gautama Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Isaiah, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Mohammed and Lincoln. They live

because they serve. They became leaders of hundreds of millions because they preached Service.

They have stood between humanity and the phantom dimness that surrounds the great riddle of being. They hold the gospel of Service as a lighted torch to guide our searching minds, and though at times they have seemed only like the dim flash of a lighthouse in the vast, dark night, they have helped to guide us and prevent spiritual shipwrecks when we sought, but could not penetrate, the unimaginable vastness of the unfathomed mysteries that surround our existence. Hence they have lived and live in the minds of hundreds of millions, credited with the contributions they made and make to the *summum bonum*.

Likewise these servants of mankind in the field of non-commercial science have that which they gave: Ptolemy, Hipparchus, Ovid, Plutarch, Hesiod, Thales, Heraclitus, Aristotle, Copernicus, Francis Bacon, Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, Halley, Newton, Alexander Wilson, Sir William and Sir John Herschel, Humboldt, John Kepler, Herbert Spencer, Erasmus and Charles Darwin, Franklin, Huxley, Agassiz, Buffon, Lamarck, Haeckel, Lord Kelvin, Tyndall, Langley, Lowell, Le Conte, Fabbre, Flammarion, Burbank, Todd, Edison, Brashear, Pickering, Burroughs, Barrow, Robert Wood, Bailey, and other astronomers, physicists and biologists. And Pharaon-Necho, Hamo, Marco Polo, Columbus, da Gama, Vespucci, the Cabots, Magellan, Hudson, Ross, Sir John Franklin, Peary, Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, Abruzzi, Nansen, Bartlett, and other great explorers are credited with the lands and places which they discovered!

Homer, Pindar, Horace, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, each representing a different period from the others, and hundreds of others, are credited with what they gave. As Edwin Markham splendidly pointed out, Poe suffered starvation while living, but lives in an abundance of honours. And so it is with the inventors, rulers, warriors and others who served. They have that which they have given in service much more than that which they achieved in prowess, in armed camps, in conquest. They have been credited with the essence of what they gave that was worthy of enduring.

Alexander the Great will be remembered by posterity for his efforts to eliminate the causes for war between Europe and Asia, much more than for his military conquests, and what appeared the least of his acts at the time, that of supporting Aristotle, has had most influence for good. Aristotle, acting with the means granted him by Alexander the Great, contributed more to civilisation,

through collecting and spreading information and knowledge and poetry, than Alexander the Great did by conquering the world.

Measuring Julius Cæsar's deed at the end of close to twenty centuries we find that his stupendous military achievements are overshadowed in far-reachingness and influence upon civilisation of the Leges Juliae, the famous laws of Rome, the reform of the Calendar, and similar reforms. As we measure his success to-day we may doubt the value of his military achievements, by which he kept the barbarians—*i.e.*, most of the races that make up the population of the United States, England, France, and other great nations of to-day—away from Rome, but you cannot doubt that his laws and reforms have been great moral forces through these years, and that his code of laws established ethical as well as juridical principles that prevented unscrupulous rulers, lawmakers and judges in the past from meting out injustice in the guise of justice. Likewise, the names of Darius I, King of Persia, is familiar to us now because of scientific achievements connected with establishing the first mounted post, and Isabel of Castile is remembered more as the supporter of Columbus's exploration project than for all her acts as Queen of Spain. The Code Napoleon, the codification of law promoted by Napoleon, has served the world and will continue to do so to the credit of that great leader. He has that which he gave!

Ex-President Roosevelt once pointed out to the writer that he was more often praised for having helped Peary undertake the North Pole expedition and having caused the appropriation of the funds for the Langley experiment and the purchase of the first Wright aeroplane than for all his other acts combined. Somebody could be found to question the praising of all his other acts, but no one questioned these acts, which brought about the conquest of the North Pole and the conquest of the air.

Time has minimised their other acts, leaving outstanding their contributions to the *summum bonum*. In the words of Alice Hunt Bartlett :

> " A drifting fog seems tenderly to screen
> Whatever lurks unlovely from our sight,"

and service towers

> " In the realm of dreams that rises past life's door."

One who serves the cause of things worth doing, for the glory of things well done, is not dependent upon the measure of reward for the satisfaction of living which is the soul of happiness.

There is little likelihood of such a reaction as is described by Mrs. Browning in *The Lost Bower:*

"I have lost the dream of Doing,
And the other dream of Done . . .
First recoil from incompletion
In the face of what is won."

Nor is one inclined to say with Swinburne:

"I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep."

Matthew Arnold found the cure for such a state of mind in the symbolic examples of service presented by the stars which render their service in the greater cosmic order of things which is beyond our understanding:

"Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er sea and to the stars I send:
'Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!'

'Ah, once more,' I cried, 'Ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!'

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer—
'Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they,

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,—
'Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!' "

The Urge to Serve

Service is the most stupendous of the ideals that have guided mankind through the ages.

It has been the keynote of all great religions and philosophies.

The religions that were not founded on Service were forgotten, their deities become simply statuaries and their temples structures.

It has converted men and women into benefactors of mankind. It has made great heroes, philosophers, saints and scientists.

Those ancient poets who wrote the early books of the Bible, the Zend Avesta, and other sacred books of different races never tired of urging service, and they always began with the inspiring example of the gods who created all things.

The services range with needs of the time, their intellect, their philosophic concepts, their ideals. Thus, in the Zend Avesta, Ahura Mazda defines the value of services:

"O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! Which is the first place where the Earth feels most happy?

Ahura Mazda answered: 'It is the place whereon one of the faithful steps forward, O Spitama Zarathustra! with the log in his hand, the Baresma in his hand, the milk in his hand, the mortar in his hand, lifting up his voice in good accord with religion, and beseeching Mithra, the lord of the rolling country side, and Rama Hvâstra.

O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! Which is the second place where the Earth feels most happy?

Ahura Mazda answered: 'It is the place whereon one of the faithful erects a house with a priest within, with cattle, with a

wife, with children, and good herds within; and wherein afterwards the cattle continue to thrive, virtue to thrive, fodder to thrive, the dog to thrive, the wife to thrive, the child to thrive.'

O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! Which is the third place where the Earth feels most happy?

Ahura Mazda answered: 'It is the place where one of the faithful sows most corn, grass, and fruit, O Spitama Zarathustra! where he waters ground that is dry, or drains ground that is too wet.'

O Maker of the material world, thou Holy One! Which is the fourth place where the Earth feels most happy?

Ahura Mazda answered: 'It is the place where there is most increase of flocks and herds.'"

This urge to serve and to service is reflected in the literature of all ages, all races, all nations. After stating and restating the commands and extolling the ideals, the bards would encourage, as did Plutarch: "Let us not be weary of well doing."

Many of the poets urged active service. Carlyle said that: "Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven."

Lord Lytton urged serving with action:

"To gladden earth with beauty, or men's lives
To serve with action, or their souls with truth,
These are the ends for which hope survives
The ignobler thirsts of youth."

The same advice is given by Charles Kingsley:

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* is an epic to active service.

Alfred Austin points out that lack of opportunities for heroic deeds need not deter us:

"But if in unheroic days
No great deed may be done,
Let me at least deserve this praise:
'He lived and died as one
Who looked on life with fearless eyes,
And with intrepid mind;
So leaves, where now he silent lies,
An honoured name behind.'"

Subtle and sublime is the appeal in William Cullen Bryant's lines :—

" So live, that when our summons come to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

These express the inherent measure of ultimate reward which the one who serves receives and of which he cannot be deprived: The satisfaction of living, which is the soul of happiness.

As Wordsworth expressed it :

" Nor doubt that golden choir
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The soul to purer worlds."

Service is only of value as it is valuable as an addition to the *summum bonum.* The service of the man with the hoe may appear infinitesimal, but it is unmeasurably greater than that of the aimless idler.

Many poets have said with Lowell : " And blessed are the horny hands that toil." Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, *Excelsior* and the *Village Blacksmith* are epics to Service.

The Duty to Serve

The duty to serve and the failure to serve have aroused the poets through the ages. Thus Job, who was no mean poet, charged those who failed : " Ye are all physicians of no value."

Dryden supplied two classic lines that will continue to be applied to worthless government officials for many ages to come :

" Mouths without hands, maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense."

Cowper supplied this characterisation for idlers :

" An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands."

Those who fail to serve are apt to say with Robert J. Collier :

" A bitter fortune ours who all too late
Take inventory of a squandered soul."

With the sonnet from which these lines were taken Collier wrote :

> " The times are searching. Youth has had its fling of follies. Even those of us who have been unconscious Hedonists and Dilettanti, must cast our masks aside if we would show ourselves equal to some little part in this great time."

Thus the keener insight of the poet has carried through the ages this additional truth, that the world in its ultimate judgments deals as sternly with the idle members of society as the Pythagorians—who regarded as dead those disciples who wearied of trying to be useful and drifted into idleness—by making them dissatisfied with life.

The above only gives an idea of how the poets of the past, beginning with the bards of old, have carried the lighted torch of Service through the ages.

It is hoped that the Louis Bennett, Jnr., Service Poem Contest will give an opportunity to those who inherited the sacred legacy to guide us as their predecessors guided those before us to a greater appreciation of the value of being in the service of things worth doing, for the glory of things well done.

HENRY WOODHOUSE.

INTERNATIONAL POETRY CONTESTS ORGANISED BY THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

ELEVEN international poetry contests with prizes aggregating $800.00 have been organised by the American Section of the Poetry Society since 1923, as follows :

Year 1926.

The Civilisation Poem Contest for the $100 offered by The International Science Forum, of New York, for the best poems on Civilisation. First prize, $50 ; second, $20 ; third, $10 ; fourth, $10 ; and the six next best will receive the Forum's Diploma of Merit. Two premiums of $5.00 each and three honorary mentions will be awarded to the best selection of poems on the subject of Civilisation already published by past or contemporary poets. Contest closes November 15, 1926. Entries should be addressed to "Civilisation," The American Editor, Poetry Society, 280, Madison Avenue, New York.

* * *

The Service Poem Contest for $100 offered by Mrs. Louis Bennett through the Aerial League of America, in memory of her son, Lieutenant Louis Bennett, Jr. (who lost his life while serving with

the 40th Squadron R.A.F.), for the best poems on the subject of Service, in the broadest meaning of the term.

First prize, $50; second, $10; third, $10; fourth, $10; the six next best will receive honorary mention. Two premiums of $5.00 each and three honorary mentions will be awarded for the best selections of poems or quotations on the subject of Service already published, by past or contemporary poets or eminent prose writers. The contest closes December 1, 1926. Entries should be addressed to "Service," The American Editor, Poetry Society, 280 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Year 1925.

The Illusion Sonnet Contest for the $50.00 prize offered by Mrs. Paul de Blois Laighton.

The Tyng Contest for the $50.00 prize for the best poem about a domestic pet, offered by Mrs. Lucien H. Tyng.

The Science Poem Contest for the $50.00 prize offered by *Scientific Age*, New York, through Mr. Henry Woodhouse.

Year 1924.

The Poe Poem Contest, for the $200 prize offered by Mrs. William A. Bartlett, Mrs. Charles D. Dickey, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., and Mrs. Percy Stewart, for the best poem on Edgar Allen Poe—awarded to Mr. Edwin Markham.

The Parr-Gere Music Poem Contest, for the best poem on the subject of music for the prize of $50.00, offered by Mrs. Florence Parr-Gere, the noted American composer-pianist.

The Foster Ballad Contest, for the $50.00 prize offered for the best ballad by Jeanne Robert Foster, author of *Rock Flower*, *Neighbors of Yesterday*, *Wild Apples*, and other works.

Year 1923.

The Bartlett Sea Sonnet Contest for the $50.00 prize, offered by Mrs. William H. Bartlett for the best sonnets about the sea.

The City Sonnet Contest, for the $50.00 prize, offered by Mrs. William H. Bartlett for the best sonnets about cities.

The Watson Star Poem Contest, for the prize of $50.000, offered by the Aries Club of Buffalo, N.N., in honour of Miss Evelyn M. Watson, the blind poet, for the best poem about stars.

In each contest hundreds of entries were received, from different parts of the world, and the movement has been welcomed and praised in literary circles and in the Press of the two continents, which have printed upwards of one thousand announcements and articles about these contests.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S LETTER.

HERE are no less than eight splendid poems. So far as honours go, each of the authors must be allotted the prize-winner's rank. It is unfortunate that only four of these—Marion Allison, Nancy Pollok, Edith Walker and "Helen Reedley"—are previous recipients. The others, I fear, must share the prize between them. They are W. Adams (Belfast), Elizabeth F. Alden (Thame), Diana Firth (Poundsgate), and Marguerite Pollard (Worthing).

Highly commended, with book prizes, are E. B. W. Chappelow (Blackheath), Monica T. Merlin (Kensington), John Cook (Lenzie), Morwyth Rees (Pembroke Dock), Minna Rosa Dowson (Margate), Aquah Laluah (Sierra Leone), and certain previous prize-winners.

Commended are Dolly Scouloudi, Benn Sowerby, H. S. Miller, Noël Allport, J. W. Hardwick, M. B. Foote, Winifred M. Cousins, Florence Cortis-Stanford, Winifred Barrows, S. Marguerite Goode, Albert E. Dewey, Alban Robson, V. Rawnsley, Margaret Ormiston.

We miss Miss Florence Overton this month; and where is Mr. Heaven? *Anemone Petals* on p. 162 turns out to have been written by (Mrs.) Doris Acland. We are not surprised. It is a very lovely thing. Miss Barbara Smythe, of Perth, suggests a meeting of the Poets' Fellowship at Edinburgh. What support would there be? Will readers who like this idea please communicate with us? Scarborough, too, I fancy, would be a jolly *rendezvous* for a meeting. Perhaps Miss Editha Jenkinson (and now Miss Marion Allison) and other resident "fellows" would let us have their views? At present we oscillate in the middle North between Leeds and Manchester.

Mr. Langford Reed is a very welcome trespasser on this page. Here is the promised letter:

"*To the Editor of* The Poetry Review.

"I have only just noticed that on p. 58 of your admirable magazine the Premium Editor suggests that *The Manchester Guardian* were incorrect in spelling 'kinema' as here shown. Surely 'kinema' is right and 'cinema' wrong? The word is derived from the same Greek root as 'kinematics' and 'kinetic.' Whoever heard of 'cinematics' or 'cinetic'?

"Anyway, whether you agree with me or not, I trust you will forgive me for perpetrating the following on the matter."

Kinema or Cinema?

Behold! two rival factions are
  At loggerheads about a word:
Should "kinema" be "cinema"?
  Or is the latter more absurd?

I asked a great man of " the trade,"
Which did he favour—" cin " or " kin " ?
Suggesting " kin " received some aid
From the whole word's Greek origin.

" If that be so," quoth he, " I'll still
Say ' cinema,' that royal freak
King Tino's prejudiced my will
Against all origin of Greek ! "

A bishop, rich and pious, was
The next whose view I tried to win.
He spelt it " sinema " because
He wished to emphasise its sin !

Then a philosopher I tried,
A son of toil, who swung a pick,
" It's ' kinema,' of course ! " he cried ;
" I'll prove it, too, in half a tick.

" When one's ' fed-up,' and all ajar,
And luck is rather out than in,
'Tis then one touch of kinema
Does make the whole world feel a—KIN ! "

" If you deem this worthy of a smile and will not fine me for sending it, it is yours for free disposal. Apologetically,

LANGFORD REED."

Our only justification for a further reference to this matter is that all craftsmen must be concerned for the purity of their medium.

I. Cinematograph is the right form, first, out of courtesy to the French inventor of the instrument, M. Marey. That is a consideration which must be decisive, even when the inventor is wrong, as in the case of Edison, who invented a kinetoscope.

II. M. Marey, however, happened also to be right. The Greek alphabet is very different in appearance from our own, but has some similar forms. Their P was our R, their H our E, their X our CH, their semi-colon our question-mark, and so on. It has no letter C. When English words are formed from Greek roots there is a traditional system to be followed. Even were this system wrong, to alter it would require the respelling of hundreds of words. (On the " kinema " basis, a letter I recently received would read : " You are kynikal and 'uperkritikal ; you look for faults with a mikroskope ; you are yourself no poiet—for what are a couple of dozen of poiems ?

—and this fact itself renders me more than skeptikal. A true kritik is always on the side of the aggels." Imagine it !) The items in the system most commonly to be noticed are the translation of their introductory inverted comma into H, of their gamma before any guttural into N, of their U into Y, of their kappa into C. Further, in common with our French neighbours, we pronounce this C soft before E and I or Y, hard before A, O and U. The modern Greeks still have no C, so, in the matter of " cinema," you will find their courtesy taking the form of an initial S.

III. I am afraid to multiply reasons where one alone is sufficient, but must add a plea for continuity. We had the cinematograph thirty years ago, and no one dreamed of any other pronunciation or spelling. The new popularity due to high-speed photography has altered it in no essential. Messing about with the accepted spelling of a word is playing into the hands of those enemies of beauty, the enthusiasts for " simplified spelling."

I have put the matter in a detached way. Personally, if I may be personal, what I really find objectionable is the assumption of tall brows by little people who have nothing to say but that " It's k in Greek " ! One wonders who told them.

As for " cinematics," it is, of course, the correct form, the French form, and our old form. It is only for the sake of continuity and the avoidance of confusion that the English purist is willing to adopt " kinetics."

There was naturally no totally adverse criticism of Miss Katherine Howard's poem, set in our last issue, but there were still two points of view about it, best summed up, I think, in the letters of Miss Nancy Pollok and Miss D. F. Radford, which follow :

" This is a delightful little poem, with its childish simplicity of thought and wording, but this very simplicity is the greatest difficulty in verse of this description. There is always the danger of becoming prosaic and commonplace, in the endeavour to maintain a child-like phraseology. Such a line as ' plain as plain could be ' inevitably falls below the level of poetry.

" It is, of course, an open question if children are, as a rule, so literal in mind as the child depicted here. Some probably are, but I have known imaginative children to whom the Little God would have presented no puzzle. This, however, depends entirely upon the child, and is no criticism of the poem.

" The repetition of ' could ' in the sixth and seventh lines is a little awkward, and as some of the lines rhyme the poem would be improved if they all did so.

"As is the case with many poems of this class, there is more appeal here to the adult than to the child, but this, of course, is no fault, and, taken as a whole, the verses are original, artistic, and very pleasing."

"*The Little God:* this is pretty, and successful in as far as the experience which is its content is translated simply and lucidly into language. But the language—though it reflects the mood faithfully enough—is never arresting, never memorable; probably because the experience is itself lacking in depth and intensity.

"The whole is a pretty fancy, adequately expressed, but limited in range, and only of a minor order as poetry. Incidentally, the rhyme sequence 'she, he, see' is rather weak in effect."

Here is a change of exercise. "Cartography," which follows, is a work upon which I myself have candidly not made up my mind. Will you very carefully re-read Mr. Hartley's two recent articles on Parody, and then, as a new form of criticism in these pages, send in a parody of "Cartography"? Prose criticisms in the present style will also be in order. "E. Clark" will not mind; we are paying him a high compliment.

I squat on my hearth,
And having stared the fire out of countenance,
And being rather fed up with its glowing heart, innately
so cold, and the softly falling ashes of sad memories—
Pah! too funereal!

I turn to my carpet,
And like sage Meiklejohn of the atlas—O no, that canny one, he wouldn't,
Like, then, old Archimedes, mid his backyard sand,

I trace the rivers of my empire in its scroll,

A pretty kettle of fish, I'm afraid;
For holy Ganges and original Euphrates,
And silver and never drab Thames even at its oiliest and Charing-crossiest,
And oozing swampy Amazon, and the miasmic Nile and Mississippi
And gold, gritty and frozen Yukon streams,
And China's seething Yangtses and Hwanghos
Wander higgledy-piggledy and at their own sweet will.

The mountains lollop against one another,
Snowdon dumped at foot of Himalay,

Tibetan monks and prayer wheels and bards and mistletoe play ring
a ring o'roses,
My map is the old sort, this *carte du tendre* a thing of little pictures
and *hic sunt leones*,
And the Andes fold over like a fan to meet the Rockies....

I squat on the hearth, and draw my maps.
It is only the feeble-minded—see Mr. Shaw, I think—who must
travel,
Those who have no Afric in their soul and all its prodigies.

At school, they said, I never could draw maps,
Doubtless, they were right,
Their cut and dried maps, flat as figs crush'd into a box and with
more of the nature, the juice, the sap knock'd out.

But now my mind is a kingdom, empire, cosmos, poor, but my own,
And my square of carpet, chaos, to square as suits me,
And though I wasn't good at geometry either—pax, Archimedes!
I'll square the circle of all time and space, and as many dimensions
as you care to name shall not appal me,
However Icarian is my wing.

I've no drawn-out sigh, "*Si j'étais roi...si...si...*"
If discontent's divine, I'm the fiend incarnate,
My name is Legion, just at present,

Our Blake's, I want, I want, is not for me.

I have the moon.

—Am moonstruck, you would rather phrase it?
Well, other lips than mine, or Einstein's, said,
Nothing of Phœbus, without some lunacy.

* * *

The Pittsburgh Chapter of the Poetry Society is holding a series of "at homes" at the house of the President, Mrs. Marie Tello Phillips, in Darlington Road, on the second Wednesday evening in each month for the discussion of authorities on poetry and the best markets for poems. Poetry contests are a regular feature. A large number of members of the Poetry Society have found a market for their winning poems with New York papers and elsewhere. (The *New York Telegram* is paying three dollars for a daily poem.)

THE TENNYSON CROSS-WORD SOLUTION

Across.

1. Lo. Ode at opening International Exhibition.
3. Florian. *Princess.*
9. Fo. *Dream of F. W.:* Legend of good women.
10. Great. *Dream of F. W.:* Spacious days of great Elizabeth
12. Oriel. *Day Dream.*
14. Truest. *Maud:* "Not die but live a life of truest breath."
15. Stpaet. (Tapestry) *Last Tournament.*
17. Wet. *Guinevere.*
20. Sea. *Mermaid.*
21. Erplu. (Prelude) *Day Dream.*
22. No. *Lotus Eaters.*
24. Ma. *Northern Farmer.*
25. Twin. *Leonine Elegiacs.*
26. Bed. *Mariana.*
27. Tear. *Maud.*
28. Ye. "Ye are over fine to mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies."—*Gareth and Lynette.*
31. Ni. Gemini. *Maud.*
33. Ruseo. (rouse) "Have a rouse before the dawn," *Vision of Sin.*
37. Ill. *In Mem.:* "the final goal of ill."
39. Ereiv. (ivere) Bedivere.
40. Elk. *Princess.* Prologue.
42. Vestal. *Isabel.*
44. Pallas. *In Mem.*
46. Serve. *Will Waterproof.*
47. Enemy. *Geraint Enid.*
48. At.
49. Yewwood. *Oriana.*
50. As. "As through the fields." *Princess.*

Down.

2. Ogre. *The Princess.* Prologue.
3. Fee. *Maud.*
4. Lashes. *Arabian Nights.*
5. Otter. *Foresters*, Act 1.
6. Iostl. (toils), *Palace of Art.*
7. Arthur. *Morte d'Arthur* (Epilogue).
8. Nip. *Vivien and Merlin.*
9. Flee. *Early Sonnets*, 3.
11. Ruth. *Aylmer's Field.*

13. East. *Tithonus.*
14. Twenty-fiv(e). *Maud.*
16. Tamarisks. *Arabian Nights.*
19. Appease(d). *The Victim.*
23. Owe. *The Princess.* "We owe you bitter thanks."
24. Man. *The higher Pantheism.*
29. Greave(s). *Lady of Shalot.*
30. Tovano. "I salute thee, Mantovano." *To Vergil.*
32. Else. *Aylmer's field.* "Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else," etc.
34. Urlew. Curlews. *Locksley Hall.*
35. Eipeo. Elaine, Ida, Persephone, Enid, Oenone.
36. Helm. *Princess* (Prologue).
38. Lest. *Morte d'Arthur.*
41. Lays. *Lucretius.*
43. Try. *Talking Oak.*
45. Led. *Lover's Tale.*

THE "NONSENSE" COMPETITION AWARDS

The following are the winners:

1. Miss E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln. *The Little Centipede.*
2. Pauline Garner Curran, Los Angeles. *The Elephant and the Unicorn.*
3. Mary Crawford Peck, Sydenham, London. *A Simmering Song.*
4. D. McN. Lowe, British Columbia. *The Gollywompug's Hat.*

Miss Harrison wins the prize of three guineas offered by Messrs. Jarrolds, through the action of Mr. Langford Reed, and the three other competitors each win a copy of Mr. Reed's *Complete Limerick Book*, or his *Anthology of Nonsense Verse*, according to choice. An interesting report by Mr. Reed will appear in our next issue.

THE FRANCISCAN POEM AWARD

Mr. Louis Vincent, the editor of the Franciscan anthology, the Little Brown Company, who has acted as final judge of the poems submitted in the Franciscan Poem Competition, repoits :—

In my opinion the best poems placed in their order of merit are: 1. *The Simple Life*, by M. H. Derezinska; (2) *Prayer for the Hunted*, by Daniel Henderson; (3) *The Embrace*, by Doris Acland, and I propose that the premium of three guineas (given by Messrs. Martin Hopkinson and Co.) be divided between them.

It has been extremely difficult to discriminate owing to the general excellence of the poems. A special word of praise is due to the

following :—*The Saint of Assisi* (Florence Bone) ; *St. Francis of Assisi* (Vera I. Arlett) ; *To St. Francis of Assisi* (Edith M. Walker) ; *St. Francis Bids Farewell to Assisi* (C. Mitchell).

* * *

Mr. James Stephens, whose name ranks high among modern English poets, has just completed his second American tour, and is able to make several interesting statements about the condition of poetry in America at the present day. He feels that it has advanced much farther than American prose, which he describes as being " still in its infancy," and that in Frost, Robinson, Vachel Lindsay and Wallace Stevens the New World has poets of great significance both as masters of tradition and as innovators. Mr. Stephens emphatically denies that the rapidity of modern life is hostile to poetry, or that it can be destroyed by unsuitable environment. " Experience alone," he protests, " does not make poetry. A poet must live as completely in his own head as in his own city " —or in other words, anything can be the subject-matter for poetry provided it be approached with sympathy and reverence. But in deciding what constitutes poetry and what does not, he sets a particular standard. " The unheard melody of poetry is all that matters. Its absence makes verse the boring thing it usually is."

* * *

Miss Charlotte Endymion Porter, who has become a Vice-President, with another American Vice-President of the Society, Miss Helen Archibald Clarke, was responsible for the foundation of perhaps the earliest magazine devoted to poetry, *Poet-Lore*, a large and impressive quarterly, in which really notable new poetic work and poetic drama, and not limited to any particular school or nationality, together with important critical articles, were published. Although it has been in other hands for some years, the names of the founder-editors are still retained on the magazine, as an indication that the original need for more culture in poetry among the contemporary writers of it, as well as readers, is still being met. Miss Porter assures us that for Wordsworth's reasons, which we quote in justification of the existence of the Society (that " the poet is the rock of defence for human nature ; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time ") she hopes to see our all-the-world-round inclusiveness grow mightily.

AN INTERPRETER OF THE HIGHLANDS.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—Reading Mr. Duncan Gray's interesting article on "The Master of Lyrics," might I suggest one who surely stands equal (if not higher) with Neil Munroe as interpreter of the Highlander? I mean Fiona McLeod (William Sharp), who as teller of tales of "shadows of pale hopes, forgotten dreams, and madness of men's minds," has done for us Scots something of the same as Yeats has for Ireland. "Dalna" and "The Yellow Moon-Rock" hold that mystery and terror which is of the hills; "Island of the Dreams" is full of that urge for unattainable beauty which lies smouldering in every Celtic heart. The "dimface of beauty haunting all the world" was surely once unveiled to the writer of "The Immortal Hour"?—Yours faithfully,

Moulin Almond, Perth. BARBARA E. SMYTHE.

KEATS AND FANNY.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—In THE POETRY REVIEW a remark of mine is published that "Keats used Fanny Brawne as an artist's model, and never intended to marry her." You had evidently no space for my amplifications. I was careful to state that I used this statement in a spiritual sense, and probably Keats' ill-health was responsible for much of his coldness. My view was based upon one of Keats' letters written just after he had fallen in love with Fanny. At the time, I admit I thought he had "carried on" with her much earlier. Keats certainly loved Miss Brawne; but, when in health, gives me the impression that he loved writing poetry more. There is a rumour, too, that the engagement was broken off; Amy Lowell emphatically denies that this occurred, saying: "Death alone had power to separate them." Still, she admits that Keats often treated Fanny coldly. The idea that Miss Brawne was "feather-headed" has no justification, and Miss Lowell asserts: "Looking at their relations without bias, thrusting our minds away from the conventional interpretation, I think we must admit that he wronged her far more seriously than she ever wronged him. Her patience with him was unbounded; his with her was no bigger than a millet seed." One of Keats' last letters to his friend Brown confirms my opinion that there had been some neglect of Fanny; among other significant passages regarding her are these words: "I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. . . . I have coals of fire in my breast."—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield. J. A. MITCHELL.

SOME CORRECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—I feel that I owe a double-barrelled apology to the Vice-Provost of Eton and also to your printer, who has been misled by my enigmatical handwriting into spelling the name of the former with an "o" instead of an "e" on pages 206 to 209 of your last issue. The name "Lalage" was also for the same reason a puzzle to all concerned; but for using "feet" for syllables on p. 207 I am entirely to blame.—Yours, etc., W. F. R.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—As a "jealous honourer of Wordsworth," may I point out that the paper on Elocution in the January-February number of THE POETRY REVIEW was not wholly just to his reading of verse? In contradistinction to Emerson, De Quincey, in *The Confessions of An Opium-eater*, says:—

"Wordsworth, by the bye, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably."

In the same paper, I observe, according to the Oxford Wordsworth, a misprint. Prelude, Book I, line 432, ought to be "Proud and exulting like an untired horse," not "untried."

In the current number, May-June, there is, in the footnote to p. 208, the kind of misprint that, in a notice of Horace, should have been carefully expunged before THE POETRY REVIEW was published. For La Lage read "Lalage." And on p. 203, after *Adonis*, "he" seems to be required: the sentence, as it stands, is unintelligible.

Newton-le-Willows. T. E. CASSON.

* * *

PREMIUM FOR POEMS ON MIRTH.

Apropos certain remarks by the Premium Editor on the absence of joyousness from modern verse, Mr. Walter K. Lewis, B.A., provides us with three guineas as a premium for poems on Mirth. No conditions as to form or length are imposed. Mr. Lewis suggests considerable latitude of treatment. He writes: "I have been feeling lately what a wonderful part mirth ought to play in healthy human life. It takes the starch out of us, softens our angles, and makes things pleasant for everyone. Swedenborg describes those in the highest spiritual state as naked little children sporting among flowers. To such a condition mirth seems to me essential. When I have watched people playing rounders for the pure fun of the thing without any sense of rivalry or competition, when I have been fascinated with the delight young men feel in playing football

with a piece of orange peel, I have realised how necessary it is for human welfare and happiness that we should all get back to pure, unadulterated mirth. That is my reason for suggesting the competition. I thought it would be interesting to read what poets generally have to say on the subject. I chose the term 'mirth' because it includes so much—fun, jollity, satire and the sense of humour. I suppose it is our imperfections that make us appear ridiculous to other people. But that is another branch of a very wide subject." Address MSS. to "Mirth," c/o POETRY REVIEW, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1, before October 1st. Mr. Lewis has just published a pamphlet of light-hearted *Whiffs of Nonsense* (1s. 1d., post free), which "owes its existence to the article on 'Nonsense Poetry' in the March POETRY REVIEW, and a subsequent perusal of Mr. Langford Reed's charming *Anthology of Nonsense*." The booklet will have Mr. Reed's interested attention.

* * * *

Miss Gladys Singers-Bigger, at a recent meeting of the Bath Centre of the Poetry Society, gave some personal details of Austin Dobson, who was born at Plymouth in 1840. The son of the resident engineer of Holyhead Harbour, he was educated first at Beaumaris, then at Coventry, and later at Strasbourg, then as now under French rule. At the age of seventeen he entered the Board of Trade as junior clerk, becoming in 1884 principal of the Fisheries and Harbour Department, holding that post until he retired in 1901. He died at his home at Ealing in his 82nd year, after a long interval of peaceful retirement.

He had a sensitive, lovable nature, and "lived a life of ceaseless mental activity." His most distinctive contributions to verse were his poems in the old French forms and the series of miniature comedies entitled *Proverbs in Porcelain*. Henry James emphasised the clarity and cleanness of the air of past days, qualities that had permeated the works of Austin Dobson. He knew the value of words, of things and their associations and these allied to his imagination became magical. He gratified our desire for romance, but the *décor* was never merely ornate and was modelled on a strong basic structure of erudition.

Like Boswell he had noted the mellowing influence of time on even unpleasant events and had allowed his muse to benefit by the kind Providence that made them appear lovely in retrospect like harsh music heard in the distance. The worn fabric of the past abounded in rents, but the poet's lines were delicate threads that spanned the forgotten with probabilities.

Miss Singers-Bigger gave a short description of his surroundings at No. 7, Whitehall Gardens, where the Board of Trade then had its offices, dwelling on their old-world atmosphere and historical interest.

Replying to a remark to the effect that Dobson loved town life better than the country, despite his many allusions to the latter, Miss Edith Thompson reminded the gathering that that was a favourite affectation in writers of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson being about the only one who had consistently preferred London.

A NOTE ON "HASSAN."

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

All of us who love "Hassan" will agree that the play is the voice of "young dreamy Flecker of twentieth century England," and we are duly grateful to the critic for insisting on the fact; but just because of that intense personal note, some of us were disappointed with the stage production of the poet's work. Mrs. Winder quoted at some length the wonderful "love argument" between Rafi and Pervaneh in their prison cell. The effect of this scene on a spectator unacquainted with the printed play must be one of "the world well lost for love," and, listening to Pervaneh's final cry: "Hark—down through the spheres—the Trumpeter of Immortality: 'Die lest I be shamed, lovers. Die, lest I be shamed!'" he must surely share the feelings of Ishak that, in choosing love and death in preference to separation and life, Rafi and Pervaneh "have chosen too well."

But the ghost scene in Act V is the crux of the play, and in the light of the lovers' choice must be considered. There, above all, Flecker is speaking and delivering his judgment on their choice. Yet the ghost scene of Act V is omitted on the stage and, by the omission, the sympathy of the audience is thrown definitely on the side of Pervaneh, whereas that of Flecker is equally definitely on the side of Rafi. The Fountain Ghost, addressing Pervaneh, asks: "Why should the dead be wiser than the living? The dead know only this—that it was better to be alive," and within ten minutes of their death a conversation takes place between the lovers, which surely, must be read in conjunction with the "love argument" if we are to understand Flecker's heart in the matter, and the omission of them from the acted version constitutes a defect for which all the splendour of the setting and brilliance of the acting could hardly atone.—Yours, etc., H. Ross WILLIAMSON.

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, M.A., etc., addressing the teachers and senior candidates at the end of the silver medal examination in London, said that although he was better pleased with the impression given that afternoon than he had been for some time, London did not lead in this class of work. Some provincial centres led the way, although London might provide the best occasional examples of artistic work.

In that particular art of self-expression they needed to express the deepest truth that the poet had clothed in living musical language, emotion, aspiration, perception that could not be brought out so significantly in prose. Many speakers of verse realised too slightly the significance of the words, which were taken too literally and delivered as prose and not regarded as symbolical, figurative pictures, with the truth hidden below the surface, as in the most poetical and symbolical of all language, that of the Bible, to be dug out and brought to the surface only by thought and study and the exercise of the imagination and a rare combination of voice and brain and heart, of physical, mental and spiritual faculties, trained, disciplined and perfectly in unison, a high ideal worth striving to realise. In its effort to attain this ideal the Poetry Society brought a great and wonderful influence to bear on the minds—and the body as well—of those who came into contact with it through this work, which was based on truth in the real vital sense.

Frequently the speakers showed him that the truth was not in them; they spoke mechanically or flippantly, without sincerity, without grasp of either the music of the words or their meaning. The words were dressed up artificially and the meaning obscured by immobility of features or unintelligent, incongruous movements. He felt very strongly that if the thought and emotion to be expressed impelled movement, that if strong feeling compelled a corresponding gesture to make the meaning more real and emphatic and individual, then such movement was highly excusable, nay, imperative. But it must be a genuine personal expression, firm, definite and as purposeful as the words and part of them. It must be thought in co-related action. On the stage they saw a great deal too much unnecessary, irrelevant, distracting movement. Movement done for effect was wrong—an impediment to art. It must help the thought. They had to find the underlying thought and beauty that animated a poem. The great mind whom they were trying to interpret did not put his words together idly. The truth in them must be found before they could be expressed. In listening to them he was not only apprising the qualities of their voices but going much deeper, trying to find what purpose, what idea was at the back of the

speaker's mind. Was there a true or even an individual conception of what the writer intended to convey? Having found the main thought, their way was easier; they could keep their mind concentrated upon it. Effectiveness was not lip service only; it was heart service. The thought must be in their hearts and not on the lips alone. He urged them to make a determined effort to express thought in the voice, otherwise their work was hollow and insincere, a vain repetition like the prayers of the Pharisees. If they captured the thought and concentrated upon it, it was bound to give colour to the voice. Thought colouration depended a good deal upon experience and the amount of musical quality in the voice. The effort necessary was a wonderful exercise for the voice, the brain, the heart.

He advised them to choose a poem in which the thought was clear and harmonious to them, to concentrate upon it while reading it aloud. If they spent five minutes a day repeating that thought aloud, trying to interpret it in the fullest possible way, by appreciation of the words, their order, significance, quality, rhythm as the setting of the central idea, like a jewel in a beautiful artistic setting, and would listen to themselves, they would be surprised how their voice began to be coloured by the thought.

When they of the Poetry Society who had this matter so much at heart could get this principle recognised and acted upon throughout the country they would have achieved the high purpose with which they set out many years ago. They had distinct evidence that purpose was being realised, that they had builded better than they knew and were now exercising a profound physiological, psychological and spiritual influence based on the vocal interpretation of poetry and the recognition of all that it implied.

He warned them against the insidious enemy to all artistry, the insistence of self. Thought remained in chains so long as they were thinking about themselves. The hardest discipline was essential to the elimination of self from art. Too many aimed at self-display at the expense of art. They must subordinate themselves to their work. The ethics of this great matter he had tried to deal with in not one but several volumes and had not exhausted the subject, which he could only baldly hint at in a brief address. As ever, "art is long and time is fleeting."

In conclusion Dr. Hulbert paid a high tribute to the permeating influence of the Poetry Society. He found a great difference between what he might term Poetry Society schools and non-Poetry Society schools in the regard for poetry and the methods of study. He

realised more and more the influence of poetry on the mind, and by encouraging the work on which so many earnest, selfless teachers imbued with the right spirit were engaged, the Society was doing an incalculably good work that would have its effect on later generations and be of importance in the development of humanity. He was gratified by the evidence produced that afternoon of the serious and intelligent grasp of the essentials of their work.

* * *

The Duchess of Atholl, when distributing certificates and prizes at Kendal High School, said that she was greatly interested to see all the certificates that had been given for speaking verse and to hear that an examination had been held by Dr. Hulbert, of The Poetry Society. She rather thought that the founders of that Society were very anxious it should not be thought that speaking verse was the same as what they often knew as elocution. If that was in their minds she was heartily in agreement with them, and she hoped very much that the work of that Society would be to put the speaking of verse on a very much higher and purer level than it was. There could be hardly anything that was more helpful to the understanding and appreciation of good literature than well-spoken verse, and she was very glad to think that so much attention was being paid to it at that school, that reports of Dr. Hulbert's prowess in dramatic recital, and imitation of various renderings of Honor Leeke's Spring Song (after or at the last examination), had spread to every form, and had done much to lessen the dread that a shy child feels of "standing up alone and saying words that sound different from what I want to say," as one child said in describing the ordeal.

* * *

The practical value of the Poetry Society's verse-speaking awards is attested by the following report from the English mistress of a girls' public school: "One of our recent candidates for the Bronze Medal got a coveted post in a larger school one week after gaining the Bronze Medal, solely on account of that qualification for her English work among children—a proof that even in these remote parts the value of the work of the Society is appreciated and understood."

An English teacher reports: "Children enter these examinations for various reasons. One who had never shown any special interest in poetry asked me to prepare her at the beginning of this term."

The general summer examination in the art of speaking verse will be held at the University of London on July 17th. Readers who are seriously interested in this important matter are invited to attend.

EXAMINATIONS IN VERSE SPEAKING—PASS LISTS.

SWANAGE, May 29th, 1926.

Certificate Class.—Junior (Honours): Donald McDonell, Jean Shuckburgh, Eileen Penn, Maxine Mitchell, Nevill Rogers, Monica Penn, Christopher Evered. (Pass): Anthony Cadbury, Richard Filleul, Peter McDonell.

Senior (Honours): Dorothy Standley, Fra Bergin, Elaine Edwards, Joyce Jeffrey, Lois Newman, Dorothy Thrupp, Josephine Peters. (Commended): Ruth Please, Mary Dobson. (Pass): Tony Beck, James Please, Kenneth Chambers, Roger Allen, David Carter.

Adult (Honours): Agnes Russell, May Gilbert, Margaret A. Riddell, Nancy Muriel Purkis. (Pass): Mrs. F. B. West, Mrs. A. W. Pond.

Bronze Medal Class.—Junior (Honours): Brandon Cadbury. (Commended): Ruth Robertson, Diana Grieg. (Pass): Owen Robertson, Dickie Lindesay, Biddy Porter.

Senior (Honours): Mary Gardner, (Pass): Charmion Ware.

Silver Medal Class.—Senior (Pass): Hope Griffen.

LONDON, June 12th, 1926.

Certificate Class.—Junior (Special Distinction): Peggy Wilson. (Honours): Elsie White, Pamela Gaydon, Lorna Roberts, Alice Davidson. (Commended): Phyllis Myers. (Pass): Dorothy Joyce, Muriel Weaver, Eileen Hedges, Margaret Goodwin, Eileen Pritchard, Milly Brown, Phyllis Lee.

Senior (Honours): Josephine Hall, Margaret Berry, Nancye Holdsworth, Ruth Lofts, Violet Brunt. (Commended): Enid Morgan, Dorothy Down. (Pass): Ena Eastland.

Adults (Honours): Dora Mary Blothner, Beryl Maud Barnwell. (Commended): Winifred Rokahr, Hilda Harriss. (Pass): Dorothy B. Cranfield.

Bronze Medal Class.—Junior (Honours): Vera Valentine. (Commended): Dora Gibbs, Dorothy Carlisle, Marjory Spiller. (Pass): Olwyn Hughes.

Senior (Honours): Nancy Lamont Dugon.

Adult (Commended): Katrine M. Phillips.

Silver Medal Class.—Junior (Pass): Catherine Barbour, Betty Toye, Zoe Sully.

Senior (Honours): Molly Barnes. (Commended): Kathleen Allen.

Adult (Commended): Josephine Elsa Fyffe, Winifred Barnett. (Pass): E. G. Davies.

THE CROCK OF GOLD

WHEN the last of the Autumn glory fades,
And the Winter wind comes whistling keen ;
When the plough first cuts through the land we love,
And the harrow follows where flowers have been,
And we wander lone
With our heritage gone,
While old-age dogging
Our steps comes on ;—
We may call up our courage
And set our faces
Saying, the tang
Of the North wind braces ;
That life is change, and that change is life :
But deep in our hearts,
In their inmost places,
We dream sweet dreams of eternal Spring
In the depths of some heavenly vale,
Whence the white dove, joy, never taketh wing,
Or the fountains of solace fail.
Where the South wind bloweth from dawn to dusk
From the fields of unfading flowers,
And odours of violets, lilies, musk
Mingle their scents in the woods' still bowers.
Where shadowed joys from their slumber wake,
As light on the deeps of our being moves :
And no tears fall, and no heart will break,
And no man parts from the soul he loves.
A vain sweet vision ?
Of little worth ?
Nay ! rich as the Spring
To the wintry earth !
And deep as life ;
Seen as we press
Through the outer storm
And the inward stress,
On a long rough way.
'Tis the crock of gold

Hope stoops to lay
Where the rainbow ends;
And the fair coin,
Strange to our eyes,
Is the same that is used
In Paradise.

ELIZABETH F. ALDEN.

MATUTINAL

AWAKE, the dews begin to dry,
The daisies stare up at the sky,
The larks are hymning the naked sun
The glorious athlete stripped to run
On meadow and river with fiery feet,
The bees are busy, the pinks smell sweet,
The wandering breeze deserts the air.
Awake, my love, my young love fair,
Forsake that drowsy idle bed
Ere freshness fail and morn be sped;
Like quick-winged bees across the grass
Above our heads the minutes pass,
The shadows change, O love make haste,
For day is by the dark outpaced
And suns and songs and sweet flowers die.
Come forth and catch them ere they fly!
Stay not to bind that flowing gold
Richer than Afric stream of old,
Or deck the spirits' perfect shrine
In any finery less fine,
Be with that loveliness content,
Bedimming rarest ornament,
Which is the unspotted soul's attire.
O bride, begirt with sacred fire.
Come forth ethereally bright
As morn first issued out of night
As Eve first shewed to Adam's view
Come and make Paradise anew!

HELEN REEDLEY.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE

CHRISTUS LOQUITUR.

Requiescant in pace.

THE patient souls
Under the Altar that God controls!
May they see of the travail of former days
As they wait released from the crooked ways
And the bloodstained hands of the men with stones,
Who ghoul-like gloat over prophets' bones,
Requiescant in pace.

Requiescant sinners all;
God has looked down on many a fall
But the Shepherd of Souls would fain save all.
Requiescant in pace.

Requiescant, the haughty kings
Who spent their lives in trivial things
And paid no heed to the King of Kings:
Requiescant, requiescant in pace.

Requiescant; let the bell toll.
I AM the Way of the Parting Soul.
No man cometh save by Me
Who reigned upon the Glorious Tree.
Requiescant in pace.

Requiescant, the broken men,
May they rise to life again.
Giver of Life, beyond Death's River,
Ferry them over, poor souls that shiver,
Naked and cold on the brink of Death's River;
O immortal Lover and Giver
Of Life for ever and ever,
Requiescant in pace.

My Life is offered again,
Offered in pain:
But in song, in sunlight, in dreams
There come visions and gleams

Of the Golden Days
When earth learns Heaven's ways.
And I know
I shall go
When the sun flames low
In the West,
To My Rest.
Be it so :
Resurgam in Pace.
Thither shall come all the childlike lovers
Whom My mantle covers,
Laid to rest
On that flaming vest
All crimson dyed
In the Heart of the Crucified.
Oh Kingly purple shall be My shroud !
Angels chanting Hosannas loud,
Golden quire on golden cloud,
" He hath put down the mighty men and proud,"
Shall lead Me in to the fairest place
In those Halls of Grace,
Where all are gentle and fair of face :
Requiescant in pace.
Requiescant,—the nations all,
Christ will answer when they call ;
May they find pity one and all,
Nations great and nations small ;
When the daylight fades on earth for all,
Requiescant in pace.

MARGUERITE POLLARD.

THE BELOVÈD

WHERE lies my Greatly-lovèd down to-night ?
From what sweet lips gather his lips delight ?
Are they kind hands that now may touch his hair ?
The breasts his head now rests on, are they fair ?
Oh that I must to my Belovèd be
As less than naught,
And his beauty to me
But a long thought.

MONICA J. MERLIN.

IN DURANCE

PENT in this city's narrow room
With dead routine for every day,
I sit and dream of winds at play,
Bright winds that hunt and break the gloom,
Where no relentless hand of doom
Weaves platitude 'thwart sophistry
Upon an endless shabby loom
Where life's glad colours fade and die.
For, while mid clash of mind on mind,
Of claim on claim, the voice of gain
Eggs on the blind against the blind
And silver peace is caught and slain,
My spirit craves for holier food
Where solitude sits on the hills
In solemn meditative mood
Attended by eternal things,
The clouds that shadow her with wings,
The happy, happy sun that fills
All heaven with a light that sings,
For whether sun or whether shade
Fall on her in their wanderings,
Here is a holy quiet made ;
High rapture and high peace pervade
Her wind-swept rocky sanctuaries,
And here the spirit unafraid
Can walk and drink in stainless bliss,
And bow itself and dream it's trod,
Like Moses, on the mount with God.
So in this city's narrow room
With dead routine for every day,
I sit and dream of winds at play,
Bright winds that hunt and break the gloom,
Or a rose thicket rich with bloom,
Deep in some husht sequestered vale,
Whose irresistible perfume
Lures and ensnares the nightingale,
Or whence the blackbird's merry note
Salutes the pearly front of dawn,

While golden mote on golden mote
The sun comes up across the lawn,
And music from her far retreat
With sundown in the Western Isles,
Comes hurrying on eager feet
To make this earth a heaven of smiles
Responsive to the song she weaves
In buoyant wind and rustling leaves.
O love of life, O strong desire
For the great goodness of the earth,
Which like a sanctifying fire
Has lit my spirit since my birth
With hunger for the song and shine,
The unconfinèd liberty
That stirs the pulse like mellow wine,
The gusty freedom of the sea,
That shrills its greeting to the sun,
The freedom of the windy down,
Where down's edge and the sky are one,
Your bugle through my heart has blown
Reveillé to the morning sky,
And I must follow or I must die!

ERIC B. W. CHAPPELOW.

NOT SO FAR

THEY'RE not so far away
That their beauty is
Not in the dreaming sea,
Full of mysteries.

Not in the high blue air
Where, shouting aloud,
Birds thread a mystic maze
Of colour and cloud.

They're not so far away:
I have heard their feet
Borne on the wings of day
Brushing the wheat.

NORAH STEWART NISBET.

A CREED OF LIGHT

THREE Sisters they, mantled in sable glooms,
Sorrow, and Death, and Night;
Who bound with ebon dooms
The feeble light
That glimmers in the dauntless heart of Man.
Yet fears he not their span:
For Night her queenly anthem may rehearse,
Like some great psalm
Majestical and calm,
That her dominion folds the universe
In the portentous shadows of her robe,
Whereon the suns are little beads of light
Patterned and homely;—yet she knoweth well
Some later Man shall tell
How that he saw her shadows fade and dim
Before the first clear ray
Of dawning splendours flung afar o'er him,
Heralding forth the flame of final Truth;
And in the noontide of that radiant day
The voice of Age to Youth
With triumph shall the wondrous tale relate,
How Sorrow faded in the brighter years
And ceased to be, and all her mist of tears,
The heritage of the unfortunate.
And e'en before the senior sister, Death,
Who steals the nectars of his fleeting breath
To be a little fragrance in the gloom
Of her profundity,
Man quaileth not, nor of her slaves is he;—
For in her name of doom
He heareth but a little sound
Of empty resonance, that crashes on
The drum of his mortality—a sound
Whose echoing shout of power straightway is gone
Fading and shamed within the halls afar
Of universal Life, atom to star.—
Nor shall his quiet dead
Tremble before the hollow Name of dread;—
Beyond these darknesses, this circling sky,

Behold! a Light there is, flameless and pure
Whose far-flung spark kindles his Muse's eye,
Bidding him tell that beauties there endure
To which some eyes shall waken on a morn
When suns have died and lived again,
And Earth is dead,
And on through other worlds have other men
Climbed through the generations to be born
To this their goal:—with this he crowns his head
As with a kingly hope, and kingly thus is he,
And hidden Purposes to this far Light
Shall then converge like rivers to their sea,
And Sorrow thus shall die, and Death, and Night,
And thus the last death shall be died,
And Beauty on the radiant tide
Complete the fair plan of eternity.

W. ADAMS.

NOCTURNE

AH—now night wreathes her gentle arms
About the waiting boughs of pine,
With lover's sigh;
The moon safe couched from all alarms
Reveals her cheek in bright outline
Sleeping upon the amorous sky;
Now dreams the too, too happy shore
Locked in the ardent sea's embrace,
And zephyr lays his lips once more
On Flora's fragrant shadowed face;—
Only I wait
For the blisses
Of kisses
That tarry too late,
Only I've cried
For the blisses
Of kisses
And am denied.

MONICA J. MERLIN.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

THAT nightingale who tells the morning grace
Ere the town wakes to mock her voice with cries,
Has many a thing to give us that is wise
On lowly fare, and sweets of the earth's face.
So through the golden veils of this rich place
Made high with birds that ever call men's eyes
About the bright looks of Heaven's happy skies,
Here truly certain messages I trace :
Detecting through their raptures that are holy,
Some sweetly simple discourse of the lanes
That calls before the eye Saint Francis lowly,
And Poverty made lovely by its gains ;
His singing birds are never melancholy,
Nor for their pleasant livelihood at pains.

HELENA DEREZINSKA.

PRAYER FOR THE HUNTED

WHEN shall the hills be a refuge ?
When shall the prairie
Be for the hunted and dumb
A sanctuary ?

When shall the panting fox
Discover its shield
In the bosom of man
From the baying field ?

When shall the fowler turn
And rend his snare
As the meshed oriole
Utters its prayer ?

Francis, gospeler
To the listening wood ;
Cuthbert, whom petrels heard
And understood,

Can not mercy live
In the hearts of men ?
Speak through us with love
To the wild again !

DANIEL HENDERSON.

THE EMBRACE

WAS it in driving surge of light, oh Francis,
That the Beloved came,
A radiant panoply of suns about Him,
Himself their holy flame ?

Or was it in still depths of grey penumbra
That He drew weirdly nigh,
A pulsing hush of wordless prayer to herald
The infinite Most High ?

Or was it even as friends who long have parted
That ye exchanged that kiss
Which marvellously brought to birth, oh Francis,
Thy hallowed cicatrice !

DORIS ACLAND.

SAINT FRANCIS IN ENGLAND

SAINT FRANCIS speaks :

Sing, my sister, the Stream !
Blossom, my brother, the Thorn !
My sweet sister Cherry,
Be blithesome and merry
And white as the lambs newly-born !

My little sisters, the birds,
Hedgesparrow, Blackbird and Thrush,
Robin and Linnet
And Chaffinch, a minute
Listen, my sweet sisters, hush !

From the dusky belfry of dawn,
Praising our God in the height,
Your carillon rang ;
And softly ye sang
In the quiet aisles of night.

Ye have praisèd Him early and late,
And now may ye build each a nest,
Where grasses are growing
And cuckoo-flowers blowing
Close to our Mother Earth's breast.

Sing, my sister, the Stream !
Blossom, my brother, the Thorn !
My sweet sister Cherry,
Be blithesome and merry
And white as the lambs newly-born !

MARJORIE DAWSON.

THE BLESSING OF SAINT FRANCIS

" The Lord bless thee and keep thee ; the Lord show His face to thee and have mercy on thee ; the Lord turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."

SEVEN times the centiple wheels of life have whirled
Since Francis in his brave abandonment
Committed his young way to a free world
And the great hand of God ; above him bent
The pitying sky ; he saw in the sun and moon
And light of the stars the smile of God, and heard
His voice in the music of the sea, the croon
Of the wilful wind, and the joyous lilt of a bird ;
He loved in every soul drawing human breath
The Spirit of the Maker, Whose best peace
Followed his shining steps to the bourne of death
And filled the orbit of his life's increase.
Trust, mercy, peace—all those that love him will
Know in their lives his triple blessing still.

MOIRA SETON.

DE IMITATIONE

O HAD I a soul like his,
With purest love aglow,
Then might I taste of bliss,
Then might I Heaven know !

And if I had his heart
That burned for Brother Man,
No more I'd mourn apart,
And wonder at God's plan.

Had I his tender love
For flower and bird and star,
Then earth and Heaven above
Would tell me what they are.

O if I had this grace
It were a lovely thing
To see Life's unveiled face,
And Death without his sting.

VERA I. ARLETT.

TO ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

YOU saw in earth all loveliness, you heard
The flutter of the dancing stars adrift
Upon a sea of violet, a rift
Torn in the spume of racing storm clouds lured
Your prisoned soul from earth, the night wind stirred
The quivering leaves ; sprayed from the skies a gift
Of scattered blossoms in a snow-white drift,
Like song flung from a broken-hearted bird.

Upon the earth, amidst Life's tragedy
You dwelt, with chastity your feet were shod ;
The birds, the flowers, and all humanity
Were cloistered in your heart. Your feet once trod
A thorn-strewn path of hate and calumny,
But now a starlit way drifts up to God.

EDITH M. WALKER.

BROWN BROTHERS

UMBRIAN hills were green and grey,
Ilex, olive, and nesting birds,
Came Saint Francis at dusk of day
Speaking his wise and gentle words.
" Little brown brothers "—they heard him call—
Winging their way to touch his hand,
" Little brown brothers, I love you all,
So—little brothers—I understand."

Men he gave of his heart and mind,
Poor man, outcast, sad, and plain,
This was a saint who loved his kind—
And never took his love again.
Lady Poverty was his bride,
Wind his brother, his sister, Fire,
All his nature was open wide—
No man's need his soul could tire.

Little brown brothers on leaf and bough,
Blackbird, robin, and nightingale—
All Franciscans do greet you now,
Gay little brothers, we give you hail—
Larks that love and so fly low,
Owls that cry to a silver star,
Yours is the wisdom still to know
Where the real Franciscans are.

Echoing over the hills of time,
Lauds, matins, and evensong,
Life of music, and joy of rhyme,
Little brown brothers, to you belong—
Sing them into the days of men,
Wing them over the fields we fought,
Ring us back to goodwill, and then
We shall learn what Saint Francis taught.

FLORENCE BONE.

THE KNIGHT OF GOD

A COMPANY of simple souls you lead,
Who follow, poorly robed and sandal-shod,
Along that way the Man of Sorrows trod,
To conquer men by love, by word and deed.
You, who thought only of your brother's need,
Laboured for hearts, and built with stone and sod,
For you were Francis—gallant knight of God—
Mystic and worker, living for your creed.

You were so gay, despite your many cares,
So glad you were to be your Maker's tool,
Living, so humbly, for Him through the years,
Smiling when some mocked, hearing your life's rule :
To work and fast, and name *them* in your prayers . . .
" Poor fool," men cried : aye, so you were—
God's fool.

K. O'NEILL-BAILEY.

THE NEW DAWN

MEN sing to-day of silver-fretted sand ;
Of dunes, of deserts lone and limitless ;
Of stranger-planets hung in brazen space
That leer on golden roads to Samarkand.
In tents alone doth Beauty sojourn, and
All loveliness lies in the naked grace
Of dancing slaves, and the entwined embrace
Of island nights, still, starred, and fragrance-fanned.

Dwells there no beauty under paler skies ?
Burns there no warmth of love in whiter limbs
Than gleam metallic on an orient bed ?
Hark ! 'tis a thrush . . . . A distant thrush replies,
Hid in an English mist ; the moon-face dims,
And night's grey veils break slowly overhead.

JOHN DAWSON.

THE POETRY OF PORTUGAL

BY ETHEL POPE, M.A., M.R.A.S., AND ETHEL ROSENTHAL, F.R.G.S. (ETHEL RAYSON)

THE poetry of Portugal constitutes an interesting supplement to the history of the Portuguese nation. The work of the troubadours was coeval with the growth of Portuguese independence; the so-called "Golden Age" of Portuguese poetry coincided with the age of discovery, and the nineteenth century, with its striving after constitutional government, witnessed a great literary revival. Portuguese literature may be divided roughly into three periods—the Mediæval Period, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries; the Classic Period, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; and the Romantic and Contemporary Period, representing the work of writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. When compressing into a few thousand words a summary of these periods the writer is confronted by two perils: either he runs the risk of omitting many important characters or he incurs the danger of permitting his sketch to degenerate into a mere list of names. Of the two evils the former appears to be the lesser, because a series of portraits of outstanding poets, however inadequate, will give some idea of the sitters, whilst a string of names conveys little useful information.

I

In the first stage of poetic development the influence of the troubadours predominated in Portugal. Initiated in the reign of Affonso Henriques (1140–1185), the founder of Portuguese independence, this phase terminated with the early maritime enterprises of the heroic Portuguese nation. The leading troubadour of Portugal was Dom Denís, "The Labourer" (1279–1325), who founded the University of Lisbon, encouraged a school of poets and, himself, was the greatest poet of his court. He welded the dialect of his predecessors into an instrument of beauty and flexibility for literary purposes, and his lyrics excel in grace of form. Dom Denís's works consist of both sacred and secular songs, and, although he wrote in the Provençal

style, he was an exponent of Galician Portuguese poetry His *Cantigas de Amigo* betray their popular origin by simplicity of style; they were destined for the use of ladies, and were greatly in demand at the Portuguese court. Originally improvised by women, these songs sometimes took the form of dialogue between mother and daughter, as shown in the following example, included in Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell's admirable *Studies in Portuguese Literature*, Oxford, Blackwell 1914.

Vy-vos, madre, com meu amig' aqui
Oje falar e ouv' eu gram prazer . . .
Ca poys que s'el ledo partiu d'aquem
Nom pode seer senom por meu bem.
El pos os seus olhos nos meus enton
Quando vistes que xi vos espediu,
E tornou contra vos led' e riiu;
E por end' ey prazer no coraçon.

(I saw you, mother, here to-day speaking with my love, and great was my delight. . . . For since he went hence joyfully it cannot but be for my good. And then he fixed his eyes on mine, when he took leave of you, and turned to you gaily and laughed, and therefore I have pleasure in my heart.)

In Rome, F. Wolf discovered the collection of the songs of Dom Denís, or *Cancioneiro da Vaticana*, to which reference is made in the chronicles of Duarte Nunes, who died in 1608. A first edition of the *Cancioneiro* was published in 1847, and in 1875 a very complete version was produced in Halle by Ernesto Monaci, who exercised the greatest care and patience in the preparation of this collection for the press. It comprises contributions by over one hundred authors, and is a treasure house to which all earnest students of early Portuguese poetry should have recourse.

In Portugal, the epic was a later development than the lyric, but during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the seeds of this form were sown. They fell on good ground, germinating slowly, until they reached the full glory of maturity towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the *Lusiadas* of Camões. The marriage of Dom João I, in

1387, with Philippa of Lancaster, a daughter of John of Gaunt, resulted in a transfusion of the Arthurian legends throughout literary Portugal, and this cycle was an important factor in maturing the soil on which Camões's immortal masterpiece was to blossom. The Arthurian romances continued to flourish during the fifteenth century, when the lyrical poetry of Portugal was influenced by Spanish models. During this epoch the allegorical style, based on the *Divina Commedia*, became popular, and one of the best examples of creative work which it inspired was Duarte de Brito's *Visão*, a fusion of the *Roman de la Rose* with Dante's great work.

The charm of the Italian Renaissance cast its spell over Sá de Miranda (about 1495–1558), who spent several years in Italy during the zenith of Ariosto's popularity. On his return to Portugal Sá de Miranda preached the gospel of Dante, Petrarch and Ariosto, and commenced to foster the forms of the sonnet and canzone. Almeida Garrett, the great nineteenth-century critic, said of Sá de Miranda: "filosofou com as musas e poëtizou com a filosofia" (he philosophised with poetry and poetised with philosophy). Unfortunately, when attempting to enrich the literary language of Portugal he introduced many Spanish and Latin forms of expression, which, when imitated by inferior writers, contributed to the degeneration of Portuguese literature. It is significant, however, that much of his finest verse is written in the old Portuguese octo-syllabic metre. Sá de Miranda, who is sometimes known as "the Portuguese Chaucer," was a true lover of Nature, and after his return from Italy he lived happily, in retirement from the court of João III. He understood the peasants, whom he described in a masterly fashion, and he possessed the gift of creating fine word pictures, as exemplified in the following poem, of which an English prose transcription is appended:

Deixa-me ver este ceo
E o sol em que vai tal lume
Que a vista nunca sofreu
Aquilo é uso e costume,
Que tantos tempos correu!

Que claridade tamanha
Que fogo nelle aparece !
Quanto raio o accompanha !
Dize se que o mar d'Espanha
Ferve quando nelle dece.

(Let me view this sky and the sun in which there is such light that sight cannot withstand it—this light of past ages. What stupendous clarity, what flames appear ! What rays accompany it ! It is said that the Spanish sea boils when it sinks therein.)

Des i cobre se d'estrellas
Tudo quanto arriba vemos,
Poem se d'ellas, nacem d'ellas,
Té que d'outra parte as vemos,
E a lũa fermosa entre ellas
Que se renova e reveza,
Ora um fio, ora crecente,
Ora em sua redondeza,
Cada mes com que certeza !
Semelha a da nossa gente.

(It sinks and all that we see above us is covered with stars. Some set, others rise, until we see them traverse the firmament, and the moon between them which is renewed and reclad, now a thread, now a crescent, now in the full beauty of maturity. Each month, without fail, this miracle is enacted and resembles the life of humanity.)

Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, one of the greatest modern authorities on Portuguese literature, states that no less than fourteen versions of the above eclogue are extant. She has performed a signal service to the history of Portuguese poetry by her magnificent annotated edition of the poems of Sá de Miranda, published in Halle in 1885.

Gil Vicente (1470–1540 approximately) was a contemporary of Sá de Miranda, and was known as the " Portuguese Plautus." His appointment as court dramatist afforded him facilities for the composition and production of dramas which were thoroughly Portuguese in style, albeit some of them were written in Spanish. He composed many beautiful lyrical poems, and his plays assume additional significance, in the history of literature, when it is remem-

bered that they are nearly a century older than the dramas of Shakespeare and Calderon. Vicente stood at the cross-roads between the " autos "—religious plays of the Middle Ages—and the more modern forms of composition. He was well acquainted with Spanish literature and French mystery plays, but he was essentially a poet of the soil, and lamented over the foreign luxuries which were being introduced into the simple national life of Portugal. He excelled in the portrayal of labourers, market girls and merchants, and possessed that most precious of all gifts the *joie de vivre*. As satirist Vicente spared neither the mighty nor the humble, but it is as lyricist that he is seen to greatest advantage as a national poet.

In 1516 there appeared the *Cancioneiro Geral*, containing poems in Portuguese and Spanish by nearly three hundred authors. Compiled by Garcia de Resende (1470-1536), this collection throws some exceedingly valuable side-lights on Portuguese society in the fifteenth century, although several of the poems illustrate the artificiality of much of the verse of this period. Garcia de Resende, himself, was a poet of no mean ability, and some of his own contributions are amongst the finest pieces in the monumental work, which was used in Asia as a gospel upon which oaths were sworn when a peace treaty was celebrated between Portugal and the King of Pegu.

About the year 1500 Bernardim Ribeiro, the friend of Sá de Miranda, founded the school of Portuguese pastoral poetry which attracted many disciples. Ribeiro's eclogues in redondilhas, octo-syllabic nine or ten-lined stanzas, were some of the earliest in modern Europe.

Genius transcends all confines of time and place, consequently Camões cannot be labelled and classified merely as a representative of the sixteenth century school of Portuguese literature. With his advent the Golden Age of that literature was to attain its zenith. Schlegel regarded the *Lusiadas* as the most national of all epics, a work that constituted a whole literature in itself, and, indeed, to this day, Portuguese poetry is known to many solely through the medium of Camões's masterpiece.

Born about 1525, probably either in Lisbon or in Coimbra, of a family of repute, Camões was reared in an atmosphere which was likely to stimulate his imagination and to kindle his patriotism. He spent his youth at the university town of Coimbra, which must have resounded at that period with reports of the discoveries and conquests of great patriots, such as Vasco da Gama, who doubled the Cape of Good Hope and crossed the Indian Ocean in 1497; Pedro Alvares Cabral, who discovered Brazil in 1500; and Affonso de Albuquerque, who occupied Goa in 1510. A young man of Camões's birth and accomplishment was certain to find favour at the Court of João III, but the aspirations of the poet in the realm of love contributed to his undoing. He allowed his affections to centre upon Donna Caterina de Athaide, lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and his enemies were quick to utilise his passion as a whip with which to scourge him. They engineered his banishment, and during the subsequent three years he was absent from Lisbon. A portion of this time was spent by him on active service with the African army, and it was at this period that he lost the sight of his right eye, probably in a naval engagement. Camões's affection for the beautiful Caterina left an impress on his heart which time could not efface, for it was no passing fancy that had attracted him. When he returned to Lisbon he was stiffened by the hardships which he had endured, and to drown his sorrows he led an irregular existence, which culminated in a further term of imprisonment. He was only released from this detention on the understanding that he should leave Portugal and he sailed for the East in 1553. Portions of the *Lusiadas* were already fermenting in his brain, and he described his departure from Lisbon in the third stanza of the fifth canto :—

> Já a vista pouco e pouco se desterra
> Daquelles patrios montes, que ficavam :
> Ficava o charo Tejo, e a fresca serra
> De Cintra, e nella os olhos se alongavam :
> Ficava-nos tambem na amada terra
> O coração, que as magoas lá deixavam :

E já depois que toda se escondeo,
Não vimos mais em fim, que mar, e céo."

Little by little, now, receding sight
Parts from our country's mountains which remained ;
Dear Tagus, too, remained and Cintra's height,
Which for long time our longing eyes retained ;
There, also, in the home of our delight
The heart was left behind, by grief constrained,
And then, when all was hidden from the eye,
At last we nothing saw but sea and sky.

(The English of the above extract is from the translation by J. J. Aubertin (London : Kegan Paul, 1878).)

Camões reached Goa in September, 1553, and two years later his play *Filodemo* was produced to celebrate the arrival of the new governor, Francisco Barreto. About 1557 Camões was transferred to Macao, where he was free from the atmosphere of corruption and intrigue which reigned at Goa, and in this retirement he composed a large portion of his immortal epic, in a cave which is still shown to visitors. Ill-luck continued to dog his footsteps, and he was recalled to Goa on some pretext of embezzlement. During the voyage he suffered shipwreck near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin China, and lost all his possessions, with the exception of the manuscript of the *Lusiadas*, which he saved by holding it in his hand—or in his mouth—while swimming to shore. In the one hundred and twenty-eighth stanza of the tenth canto reference is made to this incident in the form of a prophecy :

Este receberá placido, e brando,
No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado
Vem do naufragio triste, e miserando
Dos procellosos baixos escapado,
Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
Será o injusto mando executado
Naquelle, cuja lyra sonorosa
Será mais afamada, que ditosa.

And Mecon shall the drowning poetry
Receive upon its breast, benign and bland,
Coming from shipwreck in sad misery,

Escaping from the stormy deeps to land,
From famines, dangers great, when there shall be
Enforced with harshness the unjust command
On him, for whom his loved harmonious lyre
Shall more of fame than happiness require.

(English version by J. J. Aubertin.)

Camões cleared himself with regard to the allegations brought against him, but he was imprisoned subsequently for debt. His first poem appeared in print about 1563, and consisted of an ode addressed to the Count of Redondo, Viceroy of Portuguese India, who was a friend of the poet. Years rolled on and in 1570—seventeen years after his departure from Lisbon—he returned to his native land, his only wealth the manuscript of the poem which was to perpetuate the fame of the heroes of his nation as well as his own name. Publication in those days was no easy matter, and there were many delays before the young king, Dom Sebastian, accorded the necessary permit for the printing of the *Lusiadas*. The priest, who examined the work on behalf of the Holy Inquisition, found nothing to condemn in the epic, for he was a man of vision, and ultimately in 1572 the *Lusiadas* was published. Constructed in ten cantos, the *Lusiadas* comprises an account of the national development of Portugal up to the poet's own time, and constitutes a glorious monument to the greatness of his nation. Although Camões composed the poem at a period when books were scarce and difficult of access, he reveals, in every canto, remarkable general culture. The work met with immediate success, and before the year 1700 it had passed through something like thirty-eight editions in Lisbon alone. It has been translated into many foreign languages, including Hebrew and Latin, and at least seven English versions exist, comprising an interesting translation by Sir Richard Burton, published in London in 1880. A few extracts from the third canto are given below, both in the original, and in the English version by J. J. Aubertin. They describe the famous historic episode of the murder of Inés (Ignez) de Castro, which has proved a fruitful source of inspiration to many

poets throughout the ages. Inés de Castro, daughter of Pedro Fernandez de Castro, was lady-in-waiting to the wife of Dom Pedro, the only son of Affonso IV, "The Proud" (1325–1357). Dom Pedro fell violently in love with Inés, and after his first wife's death his devotion to Inés prevented him from remarrying, in accordance with his father's wishes. During the latter part of the reign of Affonso IV Inés was murdered by the old King's followers. When Dom Pedro ascended the throne of Portugal, in 1357, he caused Inés's corpse to be exhumed. Clad in royal robes, and bearing a crown, it was placed beside the king, and the nobles were required to pay homage to it, as to their queen. The corpse was reinterred in a magnificent marble sepulchre at Alcobaça, and, near it, Dom Pedro selected the site of his own grave.

STANZA CXX.

Estava, linda Ignez, posta em socego,
De teus annos colhendo doce fruito
Naquelle engano da alma, ledo e cego,
Que a fortuna nao deixa durar muito :
Nos saudosos campos do Mondego,
De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuito,
Aos montes ensinando, e ás hervinhas
O nome, que no peito escripto tinhas.

Thou fair Ignez, wert bosomed in repose,
Gathering, the while, sweet fruit of thy young years,
In that soft blind delusion the soul knows,
Which soon, by fortune's change, soon disappears ;
In the fond meadows where Mondego flows,
Whose stream can never dry of thy sweet tears,
Teaching the mountains and the meadows round
The name that in thy breast was written found.

STANZA CXXXII.

Taes contra Ignez os brutos matadores
No collo de alabastro, que sostinha
As obras, com que amor matou de amores
Aquelle, que depois a fez Rainha,
As espadas banhando, e as brancas flores,
Que ella dos olhos seus regadas tinha,

Se encarniçavam, férvidos e irosos,
No futuro castigo não cuidosos.

Thus 'gainst Ignez the brutal murderous crew
In the alabaster neck, which did sustain
Those charms with which love did by love subdue
His heart, who afterwards proclaimed her Queen,
Bathing their swords, and flowers of pallid hue,
Which by her tearful eye had watered been,
They gloat relentless, savage and irate,
Regardless of avenging future fate.

The grand dimensions of the *Lusiadas* overshadowed the other work of Camões, and obscured his lyrical poems, but despite the neglect from which these have suffered they are worthy to be classed with his immortal epic. One of his most beautiful short pieces is the sonnet written on the death of Caterina de Athaide in 1556. The English version given below is by Southey.

Alma minha gentil que te partiste
Tam cedo d'esta vida descontente,
Repousa lá no ceo eternamente
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste!
Se lá no assento ethereo onde subsiste
Memoria d'esta vida se consente,
Não de esqueças de aquelle amor ardente
Que já nos olhos meus tam puro viste!
E se vires que pode merecer-te
Alguma cousa a dôr que me ficou
Da magoa, sem remedio, de perder-te,
Roga a Deus, que teus annos encurtou,
Que tam cedo de cá me leve a ver-te
Quam cedo de meus olhos te levou!

Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! If in this happy world above
Remembrance of this mortal life endure
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou see'st in me.—O spirit pure!

And if the irremediable grief,
The woe which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee, prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to His rest,
That it may please Him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there!

Camões's three comedies, *Auto de Filodemo*, *Auto dos Amphitriões* and *Auto d'El-Rei Seleuco*, form a connecting link between their author and Gil Vicente. They were composed during his youth, before sorrow had caught him in her devastating embrace, and are suggestive, in many ways, of the popular plays of his predecessor.

A few weeks after the publication of the *Lusiadas* the King of Portugal granted to its author the meagre pension of fifteen thousand réis per annum for three years, which grant was renewed for further periods of three years, in 1575 and 1578 respectively. After the poet's death, in 1580, first a portion, subsequently the whole, of this miserable pittance devolved upon his mother, Anna de Sá, on account of great age and poverty. Plague was raging in Lisbon at the time of Camões's demise, and the disaster of the Battle of Alcacer-Qêbir, when Dom Sebastian was killed by the Moors, saddened the last days of his impoverished existence. In a letter which Camões addressed to Dom Francisco de Almeida he summarised the end of his life as follows :—" E assi acabarei a vida, e verão todos que fui tão affeiçoado á minha patria que não só me contentei de morrer nella mas com ella." (And thus I shall end my life, and everyone will see that I was so devoted to my country that I was not only content to die in her, but to die with her.")

Philip II of Spain seized the throne of Portugal in the year of Camões's death, and the Portuguese nation groaned under the Spanish dominion until the year 1640, when John IV was crowned independent ruler of Portugal. With the return of political freedom the Portuguese nationalists regarded the work of Camões as a gospel upon which to found their creed of liberty and independence.

GREGORIAN MUSIC

AN ancient slow Asperges wanders out
Upon the heavy, incense-laden air.
A sceptic in the ranks of the devout,
I listen to the sweetly chanted prayer.
Its rise and fall thrills every nerve of me :
A part of cosmic harmony it seems,
Like the eternal plainsong of the sea,
The never-changing melodies of streams.
I'd rather stumble on without a guide
Than trust to one who may not know the way.
Their doctrines seem as dreams that, sleepy-eyed,
One ponders and forgets ere dawn of day.
Of what they say I heed not anything,
But fervently believe in all they sing.

F. A. CARTER.

THE ETERNAL SECRET

TILL thought shall shape full more than mind contain,
And finite brain excogitate infinity,
The all too curious times do quest in vain
The primal cause to pierce, *maugré* Divinity.
The taper's light, sweet music's rare concent,
Man's subtlest thought, the lily's twilight breath,
From mutual clay are 'stilled ere they be spent,
And Thou alone shall teach their cause past death.
The backward quest of primal quick accurst,
No farther than the gates of Death can go,
And of Thy spirit-breathed deep causal first
Only a little happy child may know :
What matter, then, the germ of that or this,
If, knowing Thee, we share a childling's bliss ?

FARQUHAR PALLISER.

ZORRILLA.—II.

I am the wandering bard, the troubadour;
If these the boundaries be of your estate
Let me not pass, bid me sing at your door
All that I know of lords and ladies great;
Many an ancient tale I can tell o'er
Of captive lover, and of woman's hate,
Of secret meetings, and of battles brave
Waged for a princess fair or a fair slave.

Come listen then to me; of love I breathe,
I am the troubadour at feasts who sings;
With fairest flowers my wondrous harp I wreathe—
From many a garden come these blossomings;
The tulip of a hundred tints, that 'neath
Stamboul's blue sky receives strange worshippings,
And the shy wild lily that is born and dies
In rocky clefts—these are my flowery prize.

Come to my hands, resounding harp of fame!
Come, holy inspiration, guide my hymn,
And kindle in me the creative flame
That issues from the lips of seraphim!
Oh! not for me is the enticing claim
Of alien lands, and faiths with error dim;
My voice, my heart, my vision and my hand
Shall laud the glory of my fatherland! *Tr.* E. C.-H.

These beautiful lines are from the Introduction to the *Cantos del trovador*, and one cannot imagine any more beguiling invitation to a reader. The *Cantos* consist of six legendary or historic narratives told, or rather re-told in eager and flowing verse that gives them new charm. I give the names in their order:

I. *La princesa doña Luz.*
II. *Historia de un español y dos francesas.*
III. *Margarita la tornera.*
IV. *La pasionaria.*
V. *Apuntaciones para un sermón sobre los Novisimos.*
VI. *Las píldoras de Salomón.*

La princesa doña Luz was taken from *Los Reyes Nuevos de Toledo*, ("The New Kings of Toledo") by Don Cristobal Lozano, a volume published in Madrid in 1674, and the story is repeated without variation in plot or characterisation.

La historia de un español y dos francesas ("The Story of a Spaniard and Two Frenchwomen") is taken from another book by Don Cristobal Lozano, who himself took the story from the *Cronica general*, one of the early collections of legendary lore.

Margarita la tornera, ("Margarita, the Convent Doorkeeper") was suggested to Zorrilla by Charles Nodier's *Légende de Sœur Béatrix*, published in 1837. The original legend goes back to the thirteenth century, and had been used by many authors besides Nodier before Zorrilla cast it into his crucible. In popular opinion in Spain it is the best of the *Cantos*. It is one of the innumerable versions of the Don Juan legend, and it contains some very beautiful lines, notably those describing Margarita's meeting with the divine *tornera*, who has taken the place of Don Juan's unhappy victim in the convent during the year of her absence.

La pasionaria, ("The Passion-Flower") with its subtitle of *Cuento fantastico*, has a personal interest. It was written during the early happy years of Zorrilla's first marriage, and he gives a naïve explanation of its origin:

> One day as my wife was reading the fantastic *Tales of Hoffman*, and I, seated near her, was writing mine, the following dialogue took place:
>
> My Wife: Why don't you write a fantastic tale like those of Hoffman?
>
> I: Because I consider that type of story unsuited to Spain.
>
> My Wife: I don't see why.
>
> I: I will tell you. In a country like ours, full of light and life, whose people live in complete indifference, never taking the trouble to secure any greater happiness than that of having been born Spaniards, who amongst them would concern himself with the world of phantoms, spectres, dwarfs and gypsies of this decadent German? Our brilliant sunshine would give to these terrifying

hobgoblins iridescent colours that would dispel the mystery with which the German mists envelop these exaggerated fictions.

My Wife (interrupting me): That is all very well, but to what type of story does *Margarita la tornera* belong?

I: To the fantastic type, of course.

My Wife: You don't practise what you preach.

I: Understand me. *Margarita la tornera* is a religious fantasy, a popular tradition, and that type does not offend our country, which has always been religious to the point of fanaticism. But the fantastic *Tales of Hoffman* will never be read or considered in Spain as anything but the delirious imaginings of a perverted imagination. I speak from experience.

My Wife: You may be right, but I should like you to prove your theory.

I: Very well—on condition that you take the responsibility for the result.

My Wife: I accept it.

I: You must give me the plot for the work.

My Wife: And you will work it out fairly?

I: I promise to write to the very best of my ability.

My Wife: Listen, then.

And this, dear reader, is the explanation of my story of *The Passion Flower*, which I have dedicated to my wife, its originator.

I have given the whole dialogue, because it is so characteristic of Zorrilla, so just in its criticism, and so intensely Spanish.

Apuntaciones para un sermón sobre los Novisimos ("Notes for a Sermon on the Last Things") is of less interest than its predecessors, and *Las píldoras de Salomón* ("The Pills of Solomon") is of even less importance. In this legend, however, a story of the Wandering Jew, we find the well-known lines upon the clouds—*Noche nublada* ("A Cloudy Night")—is the title Zorrilla bestowed upon the stanzas when he read them in public:

What seek the clouds that rush in headlong fury to their place
In the blue boundless region of the transparent sky?
What seek they when they cleave a sudden passage through wide space,
Suspending from the zenith their veil of mystery?

What instinct drags them onward? What knowledge steers their course?
What secret impulse hurries them to the great void afar?

What hidden spirit crosses with uncontested force
Their hollow plains that know no light of sun or moon or star ?

How swift they fly ! How wheel and turn and widen endlessly !
How they ascend the skiey steeps in a stupendous mass !
How the pure azure of the heavens their growing company
Darkens, as their dense clusters in wild confusion pass !

. . . . .

Now their gigantic contours colossal mountains seem,
The flashing lightning's flare augments the illusion still ;
Now like volcanoes' lurid mouths with crimson fire they gleam,
Now like a monstrous squadron the firmament they fill.

. . . . .

What mighty arm directs them ? What mighty angels guide ?
Who speaks from out their depths with the terrific voice
That roars in claps of thunder, resounding far and wide
As the wild tempest rushes forth with formidable noise ?

. . . . .

Doves of the valley, lend to me your note that sweetly grieves ;
Lend me your gentle murmur, clear waters of the spring ;
Lend me, you pleasant groves, the rustling of your leaves,
And through your loving voices God's glory I will sing.

. . . . .

Oh ! might I but fall prostrate, my hand upon my lyre,
Before those clouds wherein Almighty God is immanent !
Alas ! my voice so feeble is it sings but to expire
Before the awful majesty of the Omnipotent.

Thy spirit, pure and infinite, eludes my searching eyes
How much so e'er my vision frail would thine appearing see ;
With trembling soul I humbly kneel, I look toward the skies,
And through these clouds I lift, O God, my adoring heart to Thee.

Tr. E. C.-H.

The Cantos del trovador are the earliest revelation of Zorrilla's true genius. In them he shows himself to be a great narrative poet. He could put a long and detailed story into verse as flowing and natural as prose. In his hands the buried and forgotten legends spring to life, and to read his fresh and spontaneous interpretation is like listening to tales of those one knows and loves.

Don Juan Tenorio, Zorrilla's supreme claim to immortality, is one of the most surprising plays ever penned. Only a Spaniard could have written it, and only in Spain can it be entirely understood and appreciated. It begins on a spirited note of brilliant comedy which develops into a farcical but equally brilliant flippancy; it passes from comedy to romantic and tragic drama, and it ends as an *auto sacramental.*

Zorrilla tells us that he wrote it in twenty days at the demand of his publisher, and he always pretended to think it a very trifling production. He was very genuinely surprised by its immense success and by the enormous popularity it at once obtained. In his *Reminiscences*, written when he was sixty-four years old, he says that although the play never brought its author one *real* (a Spanish coin equivalent to twopence), in reality it brought more to him than to any actor, manager or speculator, for the annual appearance of *Don Juan Tenorio* upon the Spanish stage—six days annually, in every town in Spain and in all the Spanish Americas—made of its author a phœnix, reborn every year. Even to-day, on All Souls' Day, and for a week thereafter, *Don Juan Tenorio* is still played in Spain and most of the Spanish Americas.

Don Juan Tenorio.

The scene is laid in Seville, in the year 1545, in the closing part of the reign of the Emperor Charles V. The first four acts pass in a single night; the three acts following pass in another night.

Act I.

Scene: *Buttarelli's Inn.*

The play opens with Don Juan, masked, seated at a table, writing a letter to Doña Inés, a beautiful girl whom he wishes to marry and who has been sent to the shelter of a convent by her father, who disapproves of a man of Don Juan's character as the husband of his only child. It is Carnival, and wild gaieties are going on in the square in which the inn is situated. The shouts of the noisy masqueraders outside annoy Don Juan, and he exclaims, in four lines which every Spaniard knows by heart :—

" Cual gritan esos malditos !
pero mal rayo me parta
si en acabando esta carta
no pagan caros sus gritos,"

which may be freely translated : " How those damned beggars yell ! But as soon as I've finished this letter, strike me dead if I don't make them pay for their noise ! "

Buttarelli, the innkeeper, and Ciutti, Don Juan's servant, talk together, in a low tone.

BUTTARELLI : Are you long in his service ?

CIUTTI : A year.

BUTTERELLI : The place suits you ?

CIUTTI : I don't envy any prior. I have all I want and more ; plenty of free time, a full purse, pretty girls and good wine.

BUTTARELLI : God bless me ! What a fine life !

CIUTTI (*pointing to* DON JUAN) : And all at his expense.

BUTTARELLI : He's rich, eh ?

CIUTTI : Shoals of money.

BUTTARELLI : Generous ?

CIUTTI : As a student.

BUTTARELLI : An aristocrat ?

CIUTTI : A prince.

BUTTARELLI : Brave ?

CIUTTI : As a pirate.

BUTTARELLI : His name is —— ?

CIUTTI : I forget it, at the moment.

BUTTARELLI : You rascal ! And what is his destination ?

CIUTTI : Here.

BUTTARELLI : And who the devil is he writing to so busily and at such length ?

CIUTTI : To his father ! . . .

DON JUAN calls CIUTTI to him and gives him the letter which he has folded and sealed.

DON JUAN : This letter is to go in this Book of Hours, which is to be put into Doña Inés's hands. That devil in petticoats, Brigida, who serves her, and who is in my confidence, will give you a key, an appointment, and a password.

CIUTTI *goes out.*

From the conversation which ensues, between Don Juan and Buttarelli, we find that Don Juan and his friend Don Luis de Mejia, had made a wager exactly a year ago, and that this is the night on which they are to meet at the inn where the wager was made.

Buttarelli is sceptical of their keeping the *rendezvous*. He thinks both young men will have quite forgotten the wager by now. Don Juan, who is masked, one remembers, assures Buttarelli that one at least is sure to come, and in case of the other arriving he suggests that Buttarelli should prepare a table for them.

Don Juan goes out and Don Gonzalo Ulloa, father of Doña Inés, comes in. He questions Buttarelli about Don Juan, and asks if it is true that he has a particular *rendezvous* at the inn that night. Buttarelli shows the table which he has prepared, and observes :

BUTTARELLI : There are two of the most charming young men in Spain for you.

DON GONZALO : And the vilest.

BUTTARELLI : Oh ! that's just malicious gossip. Nobody pays their bills like Tenorio and Mejia.

DON GONZALO : I should like to see this meeting, but without being recognised by anyone.

BUTTARELLI : That is easy, sir. It is Carnival time, and the highest in the land think it no disgrace to put on a mask ; and as the saying is, until the pie is opened who can tell the meat it's made of ?

He brings a mask which Don Gonzalo puts on. Don Diego Tenorio, father of Don Juan, enters. He is already masked, and after a short colloquy with Buttarelli, expresses his intention of waiting for the arrival of the two young men.

Buttarelli seats both men at a table opposite the one reserved for Don Juan and Mejia. Eight o'clock, the hour of the *rendezvous*, begins to strike, and Don Juan, still masked, enters. Almost at the same moment, Don Luis, also masked, comes in by another door. Don Juan draws out one chair from the table, Don Luis draws out the other.

DON JUAN : That chair is engaged, sir.

DON LUIS : I may say the same of yours, sir. I have engaged it for a friend.

DON JUAN : Everyone knows that it is for me.

DON LUIS : And I know equally well that it is for me.

DON JUAN : Perhaps you are Don Luis Mejia ?

DON LUIS : Perhaps you are Don Juan Tenorio ?

DON JUAN : Perhaps I am.

DON LUIS : Oh ! you *say* so !

DON JUAN : Don't you believe me ?

DON LUIS : No.

DON JUAN : Nor do I believe you !

DON LUIS : Enough of playing the fool !

Both men unmask and greet each other and the friends who have come to welcome them.

We learn that, a year before, Don Luis had said there was no man in Spain so daring as himself in the conquest of women, the use of the sword and in general defiance of law, to which Don Juan had replied that neither Don Luis nor any other man could surpass *him* in these matters. The two men agreed to travel for a year, each trying to surpass the other in iniquity. At the end of that time they were to meet in Buttarelli's inn and compare notes in order to prove who was the winner of the wager.

Don Juan tells his story first. He had gone to Italy, " the home," as he says, " of war and love. . . . Where there are soldiers there is gambling, there are quarrels and love-making." He fought many duels and engaged in many love affairs, leaving the country somewhat hastily, as the authorities wished to hang him. He concludes his tale with the well-known lines : " Wherever I went I trampled right under foot, I mocked at virtue, I scoffed at justice, and I betrayed women. I went down to hovels, I went up to palaces, I scaled convent walls, and everywhere I left a bitter memory. . . . This is what Don Juan has accomplished, and the results are written in order on this paper, and what is written here he is prepared to vouch for."

Don Luis takes up the tale. He had chosen Flanders as his *mise en scène*, where he joined a band of robbers and sacked a bishop's palace. The leader of the gang having appropriated Don Luis's share of the plunder, Don Luis promptly killed him, and escaped with all the booty. " As the saying is," Don Luis observes piously, " he who robs a thief obtains an indulgence of a hundred years. I committed this act, you understand, for the salvation of my soul."

He proceeded, *via* Germany, to France, where, he proudly announces, there was no disturbance or scandal in which he did not figure. " Like you," he says, with mock deference, to Don Juan, " I trampled right under foot, I mocked at virtue, I scoffed at justice, and I betrayed women. I have lost two fortunes, but I expect to recoup myself, for my people have found me a rich wife, Doña Ana de Pantoja, and we are to be married to-morrow. I mention this to you in case you may like to come to the wedding."

They proceed to compare their papers.

Don Luis : Here is mine. I have arranged it in two parallel lines.

Don Juan : I have done the same ; two separate lines—the men killed in one, the women conquered in the other.

They exchange papers. Don Juan reads from Don Luis's.

Don Juan (*reading*): Twenty-three.

Don Luis (*modestly*): Those are the killed. (*He reads the corresponding list in* Don Juan's *paper*). By all the saints! You have thirty-two!

Don Juan (*modestly*): The slain!

Don Luis: You have beaten me here. Let us go on to the conquests.

Don Juan (*reading from* Don Luis's *list*): I find here fifty-six.

Don Luis (*reading from* Don Juan's *list*): And I make your total seventy-two!

Don Juan: So you lose.

Don Luis: It is past belief!

Don Juan: From a royal princess to a fisherman's daughter, I have bestowed my affections along the entire social scale. Do you find anything lacking?

Don Luis: Only one—a novice, who is about to take the veil.

Don Juan: Oh! I can easily satisfy you, and I may as well tell you that I shall add to the novice the lady who is about to marry a friend of mine. . . . I'll make it a wager, if you like.

Don Luis: I accept it. Will twenty days be enough for you to accomplish all this?

Don Juan: Six.

Don Luis: By God, you are an extraordinary man! How many days do you devote to each woman who succumbs to you?

Don Juan: Divide the days of the year among the names on my list. That will answer your question. A day to make them love me, another to make them surrender, another to abandon them; two to replace them, and an hour to forget them. By the way, as *you* are to be married to-morrow, I think I will take Doña Ana de Pantoja from you.

Don Luis: What's that you say!

Don Juan: You have heard it.

Don Luis calls his servant, gives him some whispered commands, and the man goes out hurriedly. Ciutti, after a whispered colloquy with his master, Don Juan, also hurries away.

Don Luis (*to* Don Juan): This is a matter of life and death!

Don Juan: So be it.

Don Gonzalo now comes towards the two young men, and, trembling with indignation, he rebukes them for this new wager. He refers to Don Juan's honoured father, Don Diego, and scourges the young libertine with his wrath.

DON JUAN: By God, you old maniac, I've a mind to tear off your mask! (*Don Gonzalo unmasks.*) Don Gonzalo!

DON GONZALO: Yes, Don Gonzalo. Farewell, Don Juan, and from this hour give up all hope of marrying my daughter, for sooner than consent to her marriage to you I swear to God I would kill her with my own hand.

DON JUAN: You make me laugh, coming here to quarrel with me like a bear with a sore head! I give you fair warning; either you will give me Doña Inés for my wife, or, by God! I'll take her by force! That's settled! I needed just such a woman for my wager—a novice on the point of profession. She shall be the one!

DON DIEGO *comes forward.*

DON DIEGO: I can listen no longer. I could not believe the vile things people told me of you, Don Juan. I thought they lied. I came to-night to find out the truth for myself. Go on, if you will, with blind fury in your mad folly, but never come to me for aid. From this night I am a stranger to you. Farewell, and do not forget that there is a just God in heaven.

DON JUAN: Wait a minute. I should like to have a look at your face.

DON DIEGO: Never!

DON JUAN: I shall look at you if I choose!

DON DIEGO: What do you mean?

DON JUAN: This! (*He tears off Don Diego's mask.*) My God! My father!

DON GONZALO: I can bear no more. Let us go. (*The two old men go out.*)

DON JUAN: As I said, Don Luis, Doña Ana and Doña Inés are the women of my wager.

DON LUIS: And the forfeit is life.

DON JUAN: If you like. Well, let us go. (*He turns to go out, but is stopped by a squad of police.*)

FIRST CONSTABLE: Don Juan Tenorio, I arrest you!

DON JUAN: Arrest me! Why?

CONSTABLE: You'll find out presently.

DON LUIS (*laughing*): Tenorio, don't be upset! With a view to winning the wager, my servant has given you up to the police so that *you* can't win it! For the present I am the winner! (*As Don Juan is about to go out with the constables they are stopped by a second squad, who enter.*)

SECOND CONSTABLE: All stop where you are. Don Luis Mejia?

DON LUIS: I am he.

CONSTABLE: I arrest you.

DON JUAN (*laughing*): Ha! ha! ha! Don't be upset, Mejia, but, with an eye to the wager, my servant has arranged for your arrest, so you won't be able to get in the way. (*He turns to the various people in the inn.*) You understand, gentlemen. The wager stands!

All go out.

ACT II.

SCENE: *The exterior of Doña Ana's house.*

Don Luis has come to keep guard during the night over his betrothed. He has managed, by bribes, to obtain release from prison. A cloaked figure approaches. Don Luis challenges him. It is Don Juan, who has also contrived his release. They quarrel over the wager, and Don Luis unsheathes his sword. At that moment Ciutti, acting on previous orders from Don Juan, comes up with several comrades, and they bind and gag Don Luis and carry him off. Brigida, Doña Inés's maid, comes on the scene. She tells Don Juan that she has obeyed his orders. She has given the Book of Hours to Doña Inés, and will contrive to have her find and read the letter hidden in it.

DON JUAN: Have you prepared her for everything?

BRIGIDA: Go away with you! I've prepared her so thoroughly that she'll go to you like a lamb! Poor caged bird! What does she know of life! The pretty dear! Yes, she thinks of no one but you, and she adores you.

DON JUAN: I began this wager carelessly, but now a new and strange fire burns in my breast. Oh! lovely flower, whose heart has never yet unclosed to the dew, I come to transport you to the garden of love!

BRIGIDA: I *am* surprised to hear you talk like this! I thought you were a rake without heart or conscience.

DON JUAN: Is it so strange? Surely anyone so noble as Doña Inés must arouse a nobler emotion than other women have done?

His noble emotion, however, does not deter him from carrying out his schemes. Brigida explains to him the safest means of access to the convent, and to the cell of Doña Inés, and gives him the key he expects.

She goes away and Ciutti returns. With his help, Don Juan has an interview with Lucia, Doña Ana's maid, whom he bribes with a purse full of gold, to admit him to her mistress. The act closes with the well-known couplets, spoken by Don Juan:

Con oro, nada hay que falle.
Ciutti, ya sabes mi intento ;
á las nueve, en el convento ;
á las diez, en esta calle.

"With gold, nothing is impossible. Ciutti, you know my plans. At nine o'clock in the convent, at ten in this street."

Act III.

Scene : *The convent of the Calatrava Nuns of Seville.*

Doña Inés, after a talk with the Abbess of the convent, leaves her with the Spanish phrase : "Go with God, Mother Abbess," to which the Abbess replies : "God be with you, my daughter." She goes to her cell, where Brigida is waiting for her. The maid talks of Don Juan, and skilfully causes her mistress to find and read Don Juan's letter—the one he wrote in Buttarelli's inn. It is a passionate and convincing declaration of love, and Doña Inés is moved to a strange emotion upon reading it. Brigida follows up every opening, and presently suggests that Don Juan may come to the convent. Doña Inés says that he cannot enter a convent. Brigida thinks he can.

Doña Inés : Is he a ghost, then ?

Brigida : No, but if he had a key . . .

Doña Inés : Oh, God !

Brigida : Hush ! Don't you hear footsteps ?

Doña Inés : Alas ! I hear nothing.

Brigida : It is striking nine . . . my lady, he is here !

Doña Inés : Who ?

Brigida : Don Juan ! (Don Juan *enters.*)

Doña Inés : Am I dreaming . . . or mad ? . . .

Don Juan : Inés ! Beloved of my heart !

Doña Inés : Is what I see real, or is it some spell ? . . . Don't let me fall . . . I can scarcely breathe . . . it is so dark. . . . Ah-h !

She falls fainting, supported in Don Juan's *arms.*

Don Juan's men are in readiness by the convent wall with horses, and he carries the fainting Doña Inés out of the convent.

The good abbess imagines she hears footsteps in the direction of Doña Inés's cell. She reassures herself, but the convent door-keeper rushes in, saying that an elderly gentleman wishes to speak with her. It is Don Gonzalo, who has come to ask the abbess to take further precautions for his daughter's safety. As he is a

Commander of the Order of the Calatravas he has the right to enter the convent. He tells the abbess something of Don Juan's character and plans, and begs that the novitiate of his daughter may be shortened, so that she may be safe in the cloister as soon as possible. The abbess sends the doorkeeper to fetch Doña Inés and Brigida. The nun soon rushes back, crying out that the cell is empty and that she has seen a man climbing over the wall of the convent garden. Don Gonzalo picks up Don Juan's letter, which has been dropped in the flight of Don Juan and Doña Inés, and all is clear to him. He rushes wildly away, telling the distracted abbess that he goes to avenge his honour.

Act IV.

Scene: *A room in* Don Juan's *house on the outskirts of Seville, on the Guadalquiver river.*

Ciutti and Brigida talk over the events of the evening. The cathedral clock begins to strike the hour of midnight.

Brigida: There's midnight striking.

Ciutti: He ought to be back by midnight.

Brigida: Why didn't he come with us?

Ciutti: Oh! he had one or two things to arrange for the journey. Come here to the balcony and look down. What do you see?

Brigida: I see a brig anchored in the river.

Ciutti: The sailing master is waiting for Don Juan's orders, to carry us off to Italy.

Ciutti goes out, and Doña Inés comes into the room. She talks to Brigida, and discovering that she is in Don Juan's house, desires to go back to Seville in the brig which Brigida shows her.

Brigida: That is impossible.

Doña Inés: Why?

Brigida: Because the brig belongs to Don Juan.

Doña Inés: Oh! God, give me strength!

Ciutti: (*speaking from outside*): They are here.

Don Juan (*outside*): Bring a light.

Brigida: They are looking for us.

Doña Inés: It is he! (*Brigida goes into the adjoining room as Don Juan enters.*)

Don Juan soothes Doña Inés, begging her to be tranquil, to forget her convent cell, to trust herself to him. The following lines are known to every Spaniard. They are the treasured love-stanzas of men and women alike. I have made a metrical translation of the greater part of the lines, for they are not far from being true

poetry. The whole play is, of course, in verse, in the short dramatic metre of all Spanish plays of the time, but a prose translation is more effective in a synopsis.

. . . . .

This wind which bears afar
The sweet and simple scent
Of the flowers with which besprent
These happy meadows are ;
This water in the bay
Rippling around the boat
Where the fisher-lad, afloat,
Singing, awaits the day—
Is it not true my dove
That they are breathing love ?
Those murmurs like a song,
Gleaned by the evening breeze
From a thousand olive trees
Whose leaves it moves among ;
That note of rapturous pain
Of the nightingale, that swells
In the trees wherein she dwells
And longs for dawn again—
Is it not true, my dove,
That they are breathing love ?
These fond words I repeat
That in your heart sink slow,
Your heart, that even now
Beats with my pulses' beat,
And from whose depths now soar
The flames of a strange fire,
The kindling of desire
It never knew before—
Is it not true, my star,
That breathing love they are ?

Doña Inés, half-fainting with emotion, replies :

Oh ! hush, for God's sweet sake !
For I shall surely die
If longer I deny
My bosom's anguished ache.
Hush ! for sweet pity's sake !
For hearing you, meseems

My mind wanders in dreams
And from my heart flames break.
Ah! you have given me
A potion brewed in hell
That with its evil spell
Conquers my purity.
What magic magnet lures,
What talisman malign,
This trembling heart of mine
With secret force to yours?
Perhaps 'tis Satan's guise—
Your beauty, fierce and strong,
And your seductive tongue,
And the love that God denies.
Alas! for woe or weal
I must fall into your arms
If my heart by your charms
From out my breast you steal.
No power is left in me
Longer your will to oppose;
I come to you as goes
This river to the sea.
Your presence makes complete
My joy; like honey fall
Your words; your eyes enthral
And your lips are poison sweet.
Don Juan! Don Juan! I implore you,
Take honour's noble part—
Either tear out my heart
Or love me, for I adore you!

Don Juan, sincerely touched by her innocent passion, tells her that she has opened Paradise to him. "It is not Satan who has instilled this love for you in my breast—it is God, Who, it may be, by this means is drawing me to Himself. Be tranquil love: at your feet, I feel myself capable even of virtue. Yes, I will humble myself to your father. I must have you or death."

Doña Inés: Belovéd of my heart!

Don Juan: Hush! Don't you hear...yes, a boat is moored under the balcony. A masked man leaps from it....Brigida! take Doña Inés into the next room.

Doña Inés and Brigida obey, and Ciutti runs into the room, breathless.

CIUTTI : A man, masked, wishes to speak with you, sir.

DON JUAN : Are there others with him ?

CIUTTI : Only the rowers of the boat.

DON JUAN : Let him come in.

Don Luis enters—masked. He soon discovers himself, and, reproaching Don Juan for his forcible conquest of Doña Ana, declares that he has come to kill him. Don Juan points out that as Don Luis has lost the wager, it is he who should be killed. They decide to fight a duel in Seville, where Don Luis's boat will take them. Ciutti again rushes into the room: "Fly for your life, sir! The Commander (Don Gonzalo) is here, with armed followers."

Don Juan replies: "He is welcome to enter, but alone." He asks Don Luis to wait a few minutes in a screened recess. Don Gonzalo comes in.

DON GONZALO : Where is that traitor!

DON JUAN (*falling on his knees*) : He is here, Commander.

DON GONZALO : On your knees ?

DON JUAN : Yes, at your feet.

Don Gonzalo is enraged at what he thinks is a cowardly attempt to appease him, but Don Juan begs him to be quiet for a little and listen.

"Commander," he says, "I love your daughter, and I believe that heaven has sent her to me to lead my feet in the path of virtue. What neither magistrates nor bishops could accomplish with prisons and sermons, her innocence has attained. Listen, Don Gonzalo, to what I, Don Juan Tenorio, kneeling before you, is willing to offer you. I will be your daughter's slave ; I will live in your house, and be under your dominion ; all I have shall be yours. I will accept any probation you ordain, and when you think that I am worthy of her, I will give her a faithful husband, and she will give me heaven."

DON GONZALO : Never! Never! You her husband! I will kill her first! Give her back to me at once, or by God I will stab you to the heart!

DON JUAN : Think well, Don Gonzalo. Losing her I lose the salvation of my soul.

DON GONZALO : And what have I to do with the salvation of your soul!

DON JUAN : Commander, you condemn me to hell!

Don Luis comes out from his concealment.

Don Luis: Capital, capital, Don Juan! By God! a man who pretends to be brave and who humiliates himself when it is to his advantage to do so is as contemptible as the thief who robs and runs away.

Don Juan: Oh! God! (*He turns to Don Gonzalo.*) Ulloa, since through you my soul is flung back into vice, when God calls me before his Judgment Seat, you will be responsible for me. (*He shoots him.* Don Gonzalo *falls, mortally wounded.*) And you, Don Luis, who call me a vile thief, a man without courage, I prove you a liar by killing you face to face! (*He stabs him.*)

Don Luis (*dying*): Oh! Christ!

Don Juan: Your faith is a little late, Mejia.

Ciutti (*calling from without*): This way! Quick! you must fly!

Don Juan (*going out on the balcony*): Can I escape?

Ciutti: Yes, jump!

Don Juan: I'll do it...I cried to heaven, and my cry was not heard, and since its doors are closed to me, for my future in this life, let heaven answer, not I!

He jumps from the balcony, into the river, climbs into the boat that is waiting for Don Luis, and forces the boatmen to row him to the Italian brig, in which he sails away.

SECOND PART.

Five Years Later.

Act I.

The scene is a cemetery in Seville, laid out like a beautiful garden. In the foreground are the tombs of Don Gonzalo, Don Luis and Doña Inés, surmounted by marble statues. In the background is the tomb of Don Diego de Tenorio, with his statue. The sculptor is about to go away, having finished his work, when Don Juan comes in. The sculptor, who is not from Seville, does not know him, and thinks him a curious visitor, probably a foreigner. He explains to Don Juan that the founder of the cemetery, Don Diego de Tenorio, had a son, "a whelp of hell; at war with earth and heaven," and, having no heir, since he had disinherited his son, Don Diego had decided to make his garden into a cemetery where all those who had died, directly or indirectly, by the hand of this monster should be interred. He had commissioned the sculptor to carve the statues of many of those there buried. Don Juan praises the sculptor's work, and ironically salutes the statues of Don Luis

and Don Gonzalo. The statue of Doña Inés arrests him. It is so life-like; he is amazed at its verisimilitude. "She, too, is dead?" he asks. The sculptor replies that she died of a broken heart in the convent in which she had again taken refuge. Don Juan insists on spending the night in the cemetery. He gives the sculptor money, and the latter leaves him the key.

Don Juan: My good father spent all my inheritance upon this cemetery. He did well. . . . You can't complain of me, all you whom I killed, for if I sent you out of this world I have given you the best of burials! . . . Oh! lovely night! Alas! how many nights, just as lovely, I have wasted in infamous adventures! (*He speaks to the statue of Doña Inés.*) Oh, Inés! Love of my life! . . . if there is a God beyond this sky, ask Him to look upon Don Juan, weeping at your grave! (*He leans against the statue; a vapour rises, and when it clears away the statue has disappeared.*) What is this! God in heaven! The statue has vanished! Was it only a creation of my imagination?

In the midst of a radiant light the spirit of Doña Inés appears.

The Spirit: I am Inés, Don Juan. I heard you from my grave.

Don Juan: Then you live!

The Spirit: For you! I offered my soul to God in exchange for your wicked soul, and God, seeing my love for you and my grief, said to me: "Hope for the salvation of Don Juan, even in your grave."

(*The apparition disappears, and the scene is as before, except that the statue of Doña Inés is no longer upon its pedestal.*)

Don Juan, bewildered, gazes at the statues which bend towards him, but he refuses to be frightened, and at this moment two of his friends come in. Don Juan greets them, and asks them to dine with him that night; and, turning to the statue of Don Gonzalo, he invites him also. His friends, Centellas and Avellaneda, are horrified. "This is not courage, Don Juan," Centellas exclaims, "it is madness!"

Act II.

A room in Don Juan's house. Dinner is laid for four. Don Juan, Centellas and Avellaneda seat themselves and drink to the memory of Don Gonzalo, mocking at the vacant place at the table. A loud knocking is heard, but no one is to be found when the door is opened. The knocking is repeated, and the statue of Don Gonzalo comes through the closed door. Centellas and Avellaneda are so terrified that they lose consciousness. The statue talks to

Don Juan, saying that there is a heaven beyond this world; that Don Juan's days are numbered, and that the next day he is to die, and disappears through the closed door. The spirit of Doña Inés comes through the wall. She reminds Don Juan that there must be a "moment of contrition" to ensure a happy death. "Be wise and seek it, for to-morrow our bodies will be in the same grave."

(*She vanishes.*)

Don Juan: If you really love me, Inés, teach me what is true and what is false. Give me some sign to show me that I am not mad. Then I can go calmly to my death.

Centellas and Avellaneda regain consciousness. Don Juan tells them what has taken place; they ridicule him, and finally say plainly that he is lying. Don Juan, enraged, challenges them to a duel, and they all go out.

Act III.

Scene: *The cemetery of Tenorio.*

Don Juan enters. He has killed both Centellas and Avellaneda. He realises his crime, and bitterly laments his evil deeds. The statue of Don Gonzalo speaks to him.

The Statue: Don Juan, a moment of contrition saves a soul, and this moment is vouchsafed to you.

Don Juan: Impossible! One moment cannot wipe out thirty years of evil-doing!

(*The tolling of bells is heard, and in the distance the prayers for the dead are faintly audible.*)

The Statue: The time is growing short. The bells are tolling for you, and your grave is already digged.

Don Juan: They toll for me! And those funeral chants?

The Statue: They are the penitential psalms that are being sung for you.

Don Juan: And this funeral cortège that approaches?

The Statue: It is your own.

Don Juan: Am I dead?

The Statue: Centellas killed you at the door of your house.

Don Juan: Slowly the light of faith pierces my heart, but its rays show me my crimes. Wherever I went I trampled right under foot, I mocked at virtue, I scoffed at justice, and I betrayed women . . . and since my life has been so vile there cannot be forgiveness for me. . . . But if it is true that a moment of contrition brings eternal salvation to the soul . . . Oh, God! I trust in Thee! Thy mercy is infinite. Oh! Lord, have mercy upon me!"

He falls upon his knees. The grave of Doña Inés opens and her spirit appears. She takes Don Juan's hand.

Doña Inés: God has forgiven you at the side of my grave. I gave my soul for you, and God has granted me your salvation. It is a great mystery, and only the pure in heart can understand that you are saved by love. Cease, funeral chants! Hush, tolling bells! Don Juan enters with me upon eternal joy.

This, in epitome, is *Don Juan Tenorio*, Zorrilla's most enduring monument. I have given a synopsis without comment. The play has many faults; it is now ridiculed by the younger generation of Spaniards. But I hope I have shown that its characters still live; that its wit and irony are still keen; that its emotions ring true; that it is, in effect, a sincere confession of the Catholic faith. There I leave it.

ELLA CROSBY-HEATH.

A PIONEER OF POETIC TASTE.

MISS Harriet Monroe, whose *Poets and Their Art* has just been published by the Macmillan Company, is part of the development of modern poetry itself, and of the shaping of public opinion. She it was who chose just what should be served us and what withheld in the days when Victorian poetry had become more a pacifier than nutriment. In her Chicago magazine *Poetry* we were given what books and magazine fillers denied us. Her taste and sincerity were in an advanced stage of cultivation, needing only the soil to fruit in myriad forms, kind with kind, varieties setting forth varieties. She jerked many a person out of a sing song thought to hear light music to the windward, or the guttural utterance of a peasant strung to a song by his over-emphatic humanness. And we, who have said the Lord's Prayer too many times for its music alone, know what illumination comes in one earthy natural, God pure thought. We now knew also the variousness of sounds which sing their subject. Accustomed to lines as regular and dependable as water filling a cistern, new intervals gave us pause. We remembered . . . the wavering flow of melody, the sudden definite hesitance before its strongest stress where a brook sings the rocks of its ravine . . . we remembered . . . the changeful swelling roar on the sand-hard beach *and* the rushing, breathless, pebbly intake, as well. It has now become a human need and expectation to read lines that convey the rise and fall of the music in the subject sung.

In *Green Parable*, Genevieve Taggard sings:

"Something is coming, something is coming so
Close that it comes too quiet to be heard.
Toss! Down a lane a tall tree flashes.
Turrets of leaves from a pillar of ashes—
Fountains of leaves, a leafy waterfall
Pours down against the sky's high crystal wall."

In *Steel*, Joseph Auslander fixes this well-draughted picture:

"He packed the mud and dolomite, made back-wall,
Herded the heat, and placed his throw in tall
Terrible arcs behind smoked glasses, and watched it fall
Heavy and straight and true."

Cadences and vowel-fall and tone convey far more than the mere words. Verse is written now to be read aloud or recited. To such ends the Poetry Society with many schools associated with it is directing its efforts. It is now seldom read as with a coated tongue. Its intrinsic moment may now be sounded in its notes. So was it sung down the ages, but later-day scholars sought to hold it closer to them by analysis—prosody. They do—but separate bones or a skeleton are cold comfort at the heart, even if you remember once you saw them alive! Miss Monroe says:

"Poetry is an art. Prosody is, or should be, a science. The art has always preceded the science—that is, men have sung, built, carved, drawn pictures on walls or rocks, long before any rules were laid down for their guidance in any of these performances. Not that the artist was lawless, but law with him was an instinct, not a formula; an instinct for rhythm, colour-values, sound-values, mathematical purity of line and for the balance proportion, harmony in all these."

Her volume includes critical essays of poets who have been her intimates for years, actually or spiritually. *Certain Poets of Yesterday* —the second section—includes Chaucer and Langland, Shakespeare, Shelly, Keats, Byron, Mathew Arnold and Walt Whitman. One enjoys the part *Poets of To-day* much as one enjoys a gathering of the literati—first a pleasure in personalities, then contacts that bring about precious discussions and intervals of thoughtful silences. Here we meet Robinson, Lindsay, Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Masters Frost, Millay, Teasdale, Amy Lowell, Fletcher, H.D., and Sarett, Bodenheim, Seiffert, Kreymborg and a group of distinguished women poets. We may be with Sandburg when our attention is arrested by some question of rhythms. We excuse ourselves from Mr. Sandburg and turn to the back of the book with, "Now, what

do *you* think, Miss Monroe ?" In fact the book inspires from the reader the very communion Miss Monroe must will to inspire. She holds a serious searching attitude throughout the essays, to find the values that go to make up poetry, ancient or modern. Poet by poet, Miss Monroe seeks the "most comprehensive expression" of the writers' "philosophy." To that end, she cites his life experiences, her personal understanding of him and his motives; how a poem flows through his intimate self; his own individual rhythms and what rhythms his chosen subjects incur. Each essay repeats her appreciation of the movement indigenous to the idea and symmetry of the poem. And . . . a sweeping wind of open-mindedness is tonic and spiritually clarifying in this wide breathing-space she originally created for Americans in poetry. H. H. F.

* * *

La Perla. Poemetto Inglese del Secolo XIV. Traduzione con introduzione e note. Federico Olivero, of the University of Turin and of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart in Milan. (Libereria Fratelli Freres, Turin, 1926.) Literature, like music, transcends all national boundaries. Its fountain is the universal heart of man : man in his greatness and his littleness. The inspiration of this exquisite poem of some unknown writer came from Italy, and now in this delightful little book returns to Italy. Professor Federico Olivero is a profound scholar and critic. In a forenote he expresses his cordial appreciation of the critical edition of the poem by Charles G. Osgood, of Princetown. The Introduction is a comprehensive and really brilliant summary of all the critical questions connected with the poem ; its social and theological and literary associations and its relation to the "burning questions" of the fourteenth century. Professor Olivero also discusses quite exhaustively the question of the unknown authorship. He regards the result of these speculations as indefinite. The author, however, was either Huchown of the Awle Regale or Ralph Strode. He makes no original suggestion himself. On the whole he follows Osgood and Gollancz. The book is a triumph of Italian thoroughness and courtesy. The notes are very illuminating. It is well printed. We shall look for an Italian translation of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight from this great-hearted man.

E. J. B. KIRTLAN, D.D.

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The Gold Medal verse-speaking examination will be held in London on or about November 10. Tickets of admission may be obtained from the General Secretary of the Poetry Society.

WHAT IS "NONSENSE VERSE"?

With Some Original Examples

THE task of "judging" the fifty odd (some of them were very odd!) contributions to the "Nonsense Verse Competition" which were sent on to me for my final adjudication has been a pleasing and instructive one and much easier than I anticipated. This is due to the fact that the lack of knowledge as to what constitutes genuine Nonsense Verse, on the part of the majority of the competitors, reduced the number of "possible" entries to less than a dozen. Some of the competitors made the mistake of attempting satire, while others favoured parody and burlesque, without nonsense. A good many others failed to appreciate the difference between Nonsense and d—— Nonsense!

I mean no discourtesy in the use of the adjective; I merely use it to distinguish a common class of versification which is as different from legitimate Nonsense as is doggerel from true poetry.

In this connection I venture to quote, from the introduction to my *Anthology of Nonsense Verse*, the standard I have set up for my own frequent excursions into this field of literary endeavour:

"Nonsense Verse is a highly technical form of conscious and responsible humour which, when analysed, is found to contain a strong sense of versification and, in most cases, of 'plot,' 'achievement,' and 'climax.' It is in these particulars that it differs, widely, from the Nursery Rhyme and the Folk Song, which are indifferent to all structural technique, and can, truly, be described as 'entirely irresponsible.'

"Lewis Carroll was quite unable to explain the meaning of *The Hunting of the Snark*, but he could not have denied that it lacked plan or design, for it is doubtful whether there has ever been a more conscious literary jester, or one who was a more meticulous precisian in the use and misuse of words, including those coined by himself.

"If any further argument were needed to support my contention that Nonsense Verse is, essentially, a conscious and responsible form of humour, it may be found in the limerick. I doubt whether there is a single limerick which has retained its popularity among adults which can be said to be pointless. On the other hand, that old nursery limerick, *Dickery, Dickery, Dock*, is entirely irresponsible and so, being *literal* Nonsense Verse, and nothing else, can only appeal to those of immature mentality."

Such an example is the following verse—typical of many submitted for the competition:

Stand ye! that run
Breathing low in cage,

Stare ! harmless back, yet one
Bears coldly on the age.

If this is legitimate Nonsense Verse, then any combination of words, picked haphazard from the dictionary, may be termed "Nonsense Literature." And the "eenar deenar dinar doe" of the nursery, also ! "Plot" (or "idea"), achievement and climax are just as essential to true Nonsense Verse as rhyme and rhythm, and it is from this consideration that I have made the awards in this competition. That being so I have no hesitation whatever in saying that Miss Harrison's contribution is the best submitted and I should be proud to include it under her name in the next edition of my *Nonsense Anthology*. The "skilful simplicity" with which she makes her effects should be studied by three contributors who have attempted to be "academically nonsensical" but have only succeeded in being ponderous. This is her effort :

THE LITTLE CENTIPEDE

THERE was a little Centipede who only had one stocking,
To wear upon a hundred legs, now wasn't that most shocking ?
He went into the hosier's where he asked for "Ninety-nine
Of the very best silk stockings to match this one of mine."

The hosier was a Beetle, with a long and solemn face.
"I fear," he said, "I haven't half-a-dozen in the place.
A family of Spiders were in here an hour ago,
And," he added in a whisper, "I might also let you know—
They ordered forty pairs of carpet-slippers, so beware !
When you go to bed to-night do not loiter on the stair."

The Centipede said, "Thank you, for your very kind advice."
He was feeling rather nervous and it wasn't very nice—
With a hundred legs a-tremble, so he hurried home to bed,
And wore his only stocking as a night-cap on his head !

E. Joyce Harrison.

The contributions of the three other successful competitors are as follows :—

THE ELEPHANT AND THE UNICORN

I'LL give you a crown if you'll leave your dull town
And come where the rocks are much softer than down.
The gay Unicorn will dance on his horn,
The Elephant leap through a hoop like a clown.

I saw King Unicorn before you were born
And Queen Elephant, a sweet lily forlorn.
They sleep in the day from December to May,
From May to December they rise with the morn.

Their page dragon that blinks, they call Forty Winks.
His scales are rock candy—to move, how he clinks!
In hot weather he's nice, for he sounds like cracked ice,
So dragons are lusher than anyone thinks.

The trees are of brass and a river of glass
Is splintered by crocodiles skating—alas!
But they sew up the splinters, both summers and winters,
So now we won't worry—but just let that pass!

The porcelain plants are so loved by the ants,
They ring the bell flowers when anyone chants.
The music is lazy, because a blue daisy
Drips icicle tears when the bears tear their pants.

If these bears you would greet in Dreamjacket Street,
Ask any giraffe that you happen to meet
For a pomegranate seed (take care how you plead!);
If he gives it, then run back with both of your feet.

PAULINE GARNER CURRAN.

A SIMMERING SONG

WHILE shines the midnight braying ox
All spotless to the ocean's tail,
Chaotic splendour ever rocks
The glories of the milking pail.

The flickering blue and buttered day
Is on the watch dog's fleecy rocks,
So stones gush forth their fishy fray
And love-lorn lamps put on their frocks.

When labouring links of luscious mud
Pinched out the crisp, coarse, shrieking cream,
Then smiled the fierce but flippant flood
And drew the damp, dark, drawling dream.

But when the skies are full of pain
And simmering songs their health display,

Then porous rainbows are insane
And then to-morrow is to-day.

If Hymen played with rolling squares
And licked the North Pole's withered crest,
How could the playful printed cares
Awake the woes of juicy jest?

No, no, the crater's love shall bend
A sullen garment's croaking kiss,
And pious nonsense then shall end
In festooned sighs and jeering bliss.

MARY CRAWFORD PECK.

THE GOLLYWOMPUG'S HAT

I MET the Gollywompug on his way to Timbuctoo.
He said, "I'm in a hurry so I won't say 'How-d'ye-do.'
I haven't time to tarry, so we'll both sit down awhile
And while we're sitting talking I can walk another mile."
I said, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I'm coming back.
I was on my way to no-where when the train ran off the track.
The captain said, 'Be British, let us save the women first.'
The mate drank ice-cream-soda, for he had an awful thirst.
The crew threw out the anchor and it caught upon a whale.
There was no wind at all, sir, and it blew an awful gale."

I said, "It's going to rain, sir." He replied, "I thought of that.
I hadn't any money, so I went and bought a hat.
All I had was silver, so I paid for it in gold,
Now tell me how you like it. Will it suit me when I'm old?"
I looked all over for it for his head was bald and bare,
And then at last I found it hidden underneath his hair.
In all my life I never saw quite such a funny hat,
For the brim was where the top should be, the rounded part was flat,
The inside on the outside was, the outside on the in,
The top was made of feathers and the bottom part of tin.

It had a bunch of ribbons, but it hadn't any crown.
It was so small it hid him quite. He wore it upside down.
He wept while I was looking as he jumped about in glee
And cried, "I know you like it for I see you smile at me."
I said, "I'm sure it suits you. Will it spoil if it gets wet?"

He replied, " I wore it diving, but I haven't wet it yet.
I'm very fond of bathing, so I went down to the sea.
There wasn't any water and it came up to my knee.
I saw the cutest jelly fish, the arms it had were five.
It waved its seventh arm at me as I commenced to dive.

I saw a shrimp a-walking, chatting gaily to a prawn,
So I bought a pair of shears to cut the seaweed on the lawn.
For the ducks were playing tennis with the hedgehog for a ball
And racquets made of spider legs that wouldn't work at all.
The score was nothing-nothing when the lobster won the game,
And the crab grew rather sulky for he said it was a shame.
Then the bantam fought the turkey and they both grew rather pale
While the caterpillar cheered them and the monkey told a tale.
" I must fly," the Gollywompug cried. " My mother said, ' Make haste.' "
So I left him sleeping quietly with his legs around his waist.

D. McN. Lowe.

The following also are worthy of mention:

AN ENTREATY

" OH, send Uncle Marmaduke out to the prairie,
His views are upsetting,
His ways are contrary.
With face like a kipper, his whiskers are hairy.
Hair a good crimson,
His outlook is red,
If he can't soon get Saskatchewan
I'll go there instead!

Note.—He may take the canary, then I shan't have to feed it—
Also the bird-seed, the dog doesn't need it.
Also, the bird-cage to keep the canary.
There's sure to be room for it out on the prairie!

Doris E. Rymer.

BY writing verse,
That's worse
Than prose,
And has no fixed abode,
We can coerce,
Our critic foes,
To call what's odd an ode.

So up to date,
Let's prate
Of how,
The Rocking-Horse Marines
Maintain the State,
Right now,
By quaffing Hippocrenes. CARLYON BELLAIRS.

The entries came from various parts of the world, from India, America, France, Italy, Canada, and even from far-off Samoa.

LANGFORD REED.

* * *

KEATS AND FANNY BRAWNE.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—I was glad to read Mr. Mitchell's letter in THE POETRY REVIEW. It seems to me that the expression "artist's model" as applied to Keats is totally alien to the general opinion of such a poet, and I was sure Mr. Mitchell did not mean it in a literal sense. It is not easy to accept the idea that Keats was neglectful in his relations to Fanny Brawne. Any suspicions that may arise on that ground, I think, can be traced to Keats' abnormal delicacy of spirit and powers of intuition, realising that his state of health would ultimately prevent him marrying. It followed that restraint had to be exercised, which appeared on the surface to be coldness and neglect, but which was really Keats schooling himself to the inevitable.

His passionate love for Fanny Brawne was as great at the end of his short life as it was when the five great odes were written, and directly traced to her exquisite inspiration. The spirit of these odes is "joy through resignation," which conveys the idea that Keats knew he had discovered "joy" only to resign it.

It is good to read in Amy Lowell's momentous book that Fanny Brawne was not the "flibberty gibbet" she has been made out to be. Keats' powers of perception were too fine to be led astray by mere superficial or surface follies.—Yours faithfully,

ALICE E. COLLINGE.

Bolton.

* * *

Readers are reminded of the invitation to help in the rebuilding of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon (p. 281); the offer of £20 for poems in praise of Bermuda (p. 284), and the "Service" and "Civilisation" premium offers (pp. 285, 295).

THE MEANING OF "THE LISTENERS"

With other Personal Opinions on Poetry Problems

V

TO me it seems that Mr. De la Mare's aim in this poem was to create an atmosphere rather than tell a story. That "atmosphere" those of us who may have come upon a deserted house in a lonely spot have felt for ourselves. About all places once inhabited by men and now forsaken, there lingers the suggestion of unseen presences. We may experience this in some old Roman camp, or ruined castle; but here the sun and air, and the lapse of centuries have done much to dispel such influence. It is when standing outside some empty dwelling-house that we are most conscious of this feeling, which is deepened if we knock or ring a bell, for the very fact that we have issued a summons calls up in our minds an imaginary hearer to respond to it.

In *The Listeners* the author has made use of every device to heighten this effect. The traveller is alone: and it is night. He comes to the empty house in the depth of a wood. He evidently *expects* to find it tenanted; and this expectation intensifies the illusion of someone within. It is suggested that he knows the place, has perhaps lived there long ago, and returned after many years. And those who waited and listened for his coming?—surely they are listening still?

He knocks again and again. (We seem to hear that knocking echoing through the cobwebbed passages, and the silence closing down upon it.)

No sound, but the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he rides away—or was there the sound of a sigh behind the closed door?

EVA DOBELL.

VI

The most probable explanation of the inner meaning of Mr. De la Mare's poem, *The Listeners*, is that the idea in the poet's mind was developed from Poe's verses entitled *The Haunted Palace*. Using the metaphor of a palace in a green valley, originally "By good angels tenanted," but later assailed by evil things and desolate of all its glory, Poe describes in poetic language the tragedy which ensues from loss of reason.

The palace is the body, the ruler is the soul, or reason, and the inhabitants are the thoughts of man.

With the dethronement of reason, good and beautiful thoughts are driven out, and vaguely terrible ideas take their place.

Hence a passing friend no longer finds the entertainment of sympathy and comprehension; all is dim and silent: he is greeted as if by unseen and unresponsive spirits in the dark.

Yet he realises that thoughts still exist; the palace is not entirely uninhabited, and death is not ruler.

This is the development of Poe's idea, and Mr. De la Mare ends on a note of hope, for the traveller, departing, leaves a message for his former friends in the conviction that it will eventually reach them. The same beauty of language and weirdness of idea are found in both poems, and the vivid picture given by the modern writer of a desolate and haunted house well expresses the devastating effects of loss of reason.

On this hypothesis *The Listeners* is a significant and beautiful sequel to *The Haunted Palace*, rivalling or even surpassing it in beauty of diction and clarity of thought.

M. L. NOTT.

VII

For me *The Listeners* expresses man's thwarted desire to commune with a spirit world of which he is vaguely but surely conscious. It is in vain that the traveller importunes the invisible and silent tenants of the strange house.

Is it the home of Faërie or the house of Death? The former seems more probable when one takes into consideration the whole of Mr. De la Mare's work. Yet that last peremptory appeal,

> " For he suddenly smote on the door, even
> Louder . . .
> ' Tell them I came, and no one answered,
> That I kept my word,' he said,"

always associates itself in my mind with the visit to the Land of Memory in Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, and suggests the idea that the haunted house is the House of Death.

Other phrases of the poem help to produce an atmosphere suggestive of this interpretation—*e.g.*,

> " Is there anybody there? "
> " the dark stair,
> That goes down to the empty hall."
> " the dark turf."
> " Never the least stir made the listeners."
> . . . " the one man left awake."

Alice Meynell interpreted the poem thus :—

" This is the sense of the multitude in solitude. The forsaken

house to which the traveller returns is so full of memories that it seems to him full of spirits that hear him. The poem is strangely charged with the mystery of things guessed at, not known, and indistinctly feared."

Only Mr. De la Mare himself can give us the key to the poem, and it may be that even he would be unable or unwilling to say "what definite conception was in the poet's mind when he wrote it." Perhaps, as Browning is reported to have said, when asked to settle a dispute about the meaning of one of his poems, "it means to every reader just what he himself can read into it."

ETHEL HOLDSWORTH.

VIII

The traveller returns after a long absence to find, instead of a welcome, a deadly stillness, broken only by the champing of his horse in the solitary wood and the fluttering of a lonely bird.

He had promised to return, and through long years had pictured to himself the fair head leaning over the window sill, unchanged by the years, and the grey eyes answering his own.

In his haste he fails to notice the strange forsaken aspect of the place he loved so well, but calls and knocks and knocks again.

At last it dawns on him that there is no one there, but still, with equal force, he feels that there are many present.

All the events of the past are crowding the empty space, the voices of the past linger there; they spring to life at the sound of his voice.

They throng the stairway, "les choses qui voient," they listen to his accents as they listened of yore.

He feels he can ask these unseen listeners to vindicate him and exonerate him from the charge of faithlessness and fickleness.

They are listening, but powerless to answer. As in a dream, when action is called for and the Dreamer attempts to move, but move he cannot.

The "listeners" hear him mount his horse and ride away, they would rush after him, but they are bound to stay forever where they are, as in a living tomb.

ELLEN STEWART.

A Brief Masefield Appreciation

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky." So sang John Masefield, and it seems to me that that is the keynote to all his poetry. Through nearly all there runs that passionate love of the sea, like the theme of an opera. In his *Salt Water Ballads* one finds a simplicity and sincerity which cannot fail to impress the

reader. One feels that the poet is writing that which he knows to be true. There is a fine open-air sturdiness about them which is invigorating; it is almost like the sharp salt sting of wind-blown spray. It is impossible not to give praise, and sincere praise, to John Masefield's *Good Friday* and *The Daffodil Fields*. The former is almost a masterpiece, in conception and execution. *The Ballad of the Everlasting Mercy* is brutal in its truth, even while it is uplifting in its great-hearted tenderness and humanity. No one can fail to enjoy reading *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, with their rollicking swing and lilt and their scent of open country. But in none of them does one find the love and passion which surely inspired *Dauber* and the songs of the sea, which, once read, are always remembered, for through them one learns to appreciate the writer as a man of kindly humour and generous nature.

ESTELLE S. AUSTIN.

A Reminiscence of Agincourt

The popular, oft-quoted Battle Speech of Henry, commencing "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more," is, I think, the most stirring. It is described here by one Sparkes, a yeoman, some time after the event:

"And I tell it to all, when Good King Harry—bless his name—had called us together, had told us to be like tigers, though save me 'tis never one I've seen, I felt I could charge through all the fields of France, though sure 'tis a cat I would needs be as well as a tiger, and i' faith then would all my nine lives 'a been for it.

"'Stiffen the sinews,' says he, 'set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide.' Marry! could my good dame 'a seen me, she would like to have had a sickness at my face. 'Twas all the animals of earth I felt like. Aye, an' Hell let loose, and when he bid us cry: 'God for Harry! England! and Saint George,' look you, I could 'a matched any man I met, an' broke his foul head with my hands. 'God for Harry' be it,—'for England and Saint George,' an' now 'tis over, a pot of ale for me."

L. M. FEATON.

The Most Musical Passage

Under the glassy cool translucent wave
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.—Milton (*Comus*).

Because of the perfectly harmonious and beautiful picture the musical words call up;

Because each word expresses the atmosphere of the line in a way that no other word in the language could;

Because the sound and rhythm satisfy the ear as the meaning does the mind.

E. M. ATKINSON.

The Best Play written by a Living Dramatist

When *Saint Joan* was produced in London it caused a sensation which is seldom created by a purely historical play. Completely devoid of what so many modern plays entirely consist of—sex interest—it relied solely on its splendid characterisation. Joan appeared to us as she must have appeared to her contemporaries. Instead of the dreamy mystic saint of fiction we found a character far more lovable and natural; a healthy country girl, filled from the heart to the lips with a glowing love of her country; vigorous, and almost completely devoid of fear. The play grips us by its strength, its sincerity. Bernard Shaw is seldom sincere, and frequently gives the impression of writing with his tongue in his cheek—now mocking at himself, now at his public. But in this his masterpiece that typically Shaw-like attitude of mind is missing. Sincerity is always impressive—probably because it is so rare.

The only criticism that I, in common with many people, would like to make is in reference to the Epilogue. The author, in his preface, defends that part of the play in the following words: "As to the Epilogue, I could hardly be expected to stultify myself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution, instead of beginning there." No one would wish to have the last picture in their minds the tragic one of Joan's martyrdom and death, but surely the Epilogue could have been treated with more dignity. There is nothing more abominable than misplaced flippancy, and the Epilogue is flippant. But the merits of the rest of the play far outweigh that one short scene. One realises, hearing the really magnificent speech of the Inquisitor at Joan's trial, that Bernard Shaw is a great writer. *Saint Joan* deserves to be highly thought of and highly praised.

E. S. AUSTIN.

A Definition of Poetry

Poetry is the expression of a true and beautiful idea, in the most exactly right and beautiful words and phrases possible.

E. M. ATKINSON.

THE POETS OF NEGATION*

ONE example of the spiritual decay of our period may be drawn from Poetry. Multitudes, more convincing still, show that this and the other fine arts are merely reflective of and not compelled by forces of to-day. But this sign in particular so far has passed unnoticed.

In the faith of old, bliss and woe were clear. No surer were the islands of Malta and Crete than were heaven and hell. Bards sang of both, but, because fear is stronger than love in us, they were clearer in their visions of the Lost than they were of the Saved. Unwittingly they dreaded the Devil more than they loved God. As *Paradise Lost* is greater than *Paradise Regained* so is the *Inferno* stronger than the *Paradiso*. Both Milton and Dante told of the damned with certainty and terror because, unaware, the doom of the soul was more dramatic and expressible to them than was its beatitude. From this knowledge the greatest poetry sprang.

For the first time since man's soul was enlarged by Christianity to a knowledge of rewards and punishments after death, our age is without surety as to personal rulers and physical kingdoms of the future life. Scientific "enlightenment" has obliterated their images. In place of certainty and fear, poets now sing of the end of mortality with uncertainty and apprehension. Strangely that has been translated into an assumed confidence and cheer. As hopeless consumptives hope, so our current poets have greeted Death with brave smiles, even cries of gladness. Recent American verse in this mood has run from affected lightheartedness—as Kenneth Slade Alling's *When Death Has Lost the Key*; two sonnets entitled *The Dead* by David Morton; *A Soldier of the Legion Lay Dying in Algiers* by Raymon Guthrie, typified by "Gosh, how you'd rave to see the way I die"; *Envy* by "Jacon" W. L. Warner; and, above all, *I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, by Alan Seegar; to sickening effrontery, as *We Dead* and *A Handful of Dust*, by James Oppenheim. Many think it "strong" to be in wild flight from orthodox consolations. But, be it said to their credit, none grovels with Baudelaire, in *The Joyous Corse*:

> "O philosophic sons of rottenness
> Across my ruin crawl without remorse."

American versifiers of pacific theories, at the first shock of the

* The conclusion of an address on "True and False Art" to the Kensington Centre of the Poetry Society.

Great War, felt it their duty to be optimistic about the deluge of blood that had come on the world, but it was counterfeit cheer, revealing their feebleness rather than their strength.

Tenebris Interlucentem, by James Elroy Flecker, cries hail to the unknown, and we remember Robert Louis Stevenson struck that note, whilst John Davidson in *A Ballade of Hell* made human will superior to divine decree. Richard Middleton felt the need of a false front to Death in his *Pagan Epitaph* and *A.C.M.* But no writer has shown this fear-cheer of the Beyond more than has Rupert Brooke. *Mummia*, *The Hill*, *Dead Men's Love*, *Failure*, *The Call* are examples. Proud, clear-eyed and laughing, go to greet Death as a friend ! is the message in *Second Best*. *In Dust*, again the burden, " We'll ride the air, and shine and flit among the places where we died."

His philosophy reflects the empty day, for no God is there, but a vast loneliness which must be quenched with pretence that it is not. Nothing memorable gushes from the race through him to the race in his lines ; no common tongue nor balm for the heart, only a voice to rise and die. It was the age and not the youth. He reflected its dearth, but it had naught to compel him to great song.

What has been said above is but one mark of the blight that to-day has fallen not only on poetry but on the other chief fine arts, architecture, sculpture, painting and music. It means a loss in religion, but none the less poverty in the other great spiritual manifestation, æsthetics, which, of the two, is the more outward and visible gauge of the human soul. At this point, in the brief space allotted me, I would plead for the revival of the latter.

Materialising science has over-intellectualised us, and turned us out of our own souls. Its exactness has blighted the inspirational and intuitive. Living externally we cannot live internally. We do and know all things ; why should we fancy ? Logic overwhelms emotion ; brain supplants soul. But all true fine art is of the soul, not of the brain.

It is waste of breath to talk of this as a " transitional period," or to say that " the great poet will come when the time is ripe." We kill truth with words. The artist does not make art; we, his age, make it, and no recurrence of art will come unless we change. Man should re-enter himself.

Keep science to its own sphere, but halt critical, analytical dissection of inspirational works. The curricula of schools could

be changed to use the chief fine arts from first to last not to make art but to nourish imagination in children and cultivate a need of beauty. Design temples, mould figures, put ideal on canvas in oils, drill in composing poetry and music from infancy to maturity, and what a different race ours would be! The nation would have a soul, and would compel art because it needed the ideal! Only so, it seems to me, can our commercialism, over-intellectualism, materialism and vulgarity be stopped, and our "practical-mindedness," which alone kills the best of life, be changed for spiritual values.

LOREN H. B. KNOX.

CONCERNING "THE NAZARENE" AND RECENT "DISCOVERIES"

I HAVE just returned from the Wye Valley, where the magnificent ruin of Tintern Abbey impresses the mind with a sense of the greatness of human effort. The impression is the deeper because of the beauty of the site. The river remains as it was in the days when Tintern was built. But the Abbey is a ruin. Men are even now painfully working to preserve what the destroyer left undestroyed. They cannot preserve the spirit that inspired the builders. The spirit has died.

The spirit was a manifestation of the life of Jesus. Someone caught a whisper of His voice and interpreted it. Perhaps the listener misconceived Him. The Cistercian Order was governed by the strictest rule. He probably lived without rule—a young man of serene gaiety, instant aptitude, tolerance, unwearied affection.

This was His image to me when I wrote *The Nazarene*. I believed His desultory ministry to have begun at, say, eighteen years of age and to have been concluded at the age of twenty-one. I could not bring myself to credit the Christ of the Cistercian Order. I could not see Him as between thirty and forty years of age, a solemn, praying Person of a settled habit of mind.

Then a month or so ago I saw some pictures of the Antioch Chalice. Here were two delineations of Jesus: one of Him as a boy and the other of Him as a beardless young man. The Antioch Chalice seems to be accepted as authentic. You may imagine my excitement.

I am confidently looking for a progressive verification of *The Nazarene*. The new "find" in Italy is said to give account of the "tortures of the founder of Christianity." That does not sound promising. One may look elsewhere for verifications.

Of many anticipations, some too slight to make appeal to any but the writer, I may mention Zebedee, the father of James and John. I wrote of him as a *rich* priest and of his wife as a Greek proselyte. At that time I could hardly believe my own statement, that a priest could be rich. Yet the wealth and standing of Zebedee were vital elements in the development of the history. After *The Nazarene* was published I happened to be reading *The Beginnings of Christianity* by Foakes Jackson and Kirsopp Lake, and at the very beginning was a reference to "a powerful and wealthy aristocracy of priests." A scholar may say that I ought to have known this; the fact is that I did not know it.

There are extra-Biblical incidents in *The Nazarene*. If these incidents were authenticated by contemporary evidence the main conception would receive authority. Nevertheless, its chief "authority" would lie in the appeal to the mind and the stimulation of the spirit.

I had a child of three with me in the Wye Valley. He was exceptionally radiant and jocund. He shouted about the ancient buildings and climbed on the fallen stones. He seemed to consider the stately church a superior kind of playground.

ALLEN BROCKINGTON.

* * *

KINEMA OR CINEMA?

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

Mr. Langford Reed is right—kinema and not cinema. The word is purely Greek, and the Greek language has no "C."

To refuse to allow that this is so because you dislike a certain foxy Greek king is childish, and to alter the spelling of any word in courtesy to the inventor of anything is ridiculous.

What has escaped Mr. Langford Reed is that there are two letters "e" in the Greek alphabet, one of which is the equivalent of our double "e", as in the word meet, and this is the "e" in kinema, properly pronounced with a long "e." The word which those who ignore its Greek derivation call cinemattograph, pronouncing it sinnymāttograph, is really kineemāto-graph, from graphee "the picture," kineematos (genitive kineema) "of movement." The "movies," in fact, as the man in the street not inaptly calls them.

The "k" and the "c" might at times be interchangeable and considered as cousins, but "s" is an alien, and was only the Bishop's fun. See page 298.—Yours truly, W. F. R.

No one would think of spelling kaleidoscope with a "c."

THE TENNYSON PROBLEMS COMPETITION

MOST of the cross-word puzzle solutions received were correct, and we are told that many readers amused themselves by working out the exercise and checking themselves by the solution published in the last number of THE POETRY REVIEW, without sending their work in. However, only those competitors who attempted written answers to three of the seven questions on Tennyson were regarded as eligible for the award. Choice between these candidates was not easy, as they mostly showed themselves to be sympathetic and intelligent students of Tennyson. A decision has finally been made in favour of Mr. J. A. C. Cruikshank (Berkhampstead), because in addition to good scholarly treatment he brings to his work a certain freshness of viewpoint. He is the only candidate to deal with the interesting question on Tennyson's partiality for the word "blood," a partiality which he seems to share, for he makes a good argument on its behalf. He is also consistent in his interpretation of terms. For instance, all his examples of "verbal felicities" are chosen to show the crisp, condensed expressiveness of a phrase or word. Other writers, such as Miss H. M. McDonald (Antigua, W.I.), have associated "felicities" with passages of varying length specially pleasing to the ear. This idea is quite justifiable, but it gives less opportunity for a strongly personal touch in selection. It is scarcely possible to open a volume of Tennyson haphazard without coming at once upon some group of melodious lines. At the same time there are signs of real individual judgment in at least five of the present selections, in spite of a little overlapping and the occasional use of hackneyed quotations. Mr. Cruikshank would have done better to avoid the now almost inevitable "dry clashed his harness . . ."

The best remarks on the metres of *Maud* are supplied by Mrs. Hickson (Swanage), who gives some analysis of technique in addition to a little æsthetic criticism, and her essay on the influence of other poets upon Tennyson is perhaps the most comprehensive, though Miss K. Munday (Salisbury) also writes thoughtfully on this subject. Incidentally, no one has read this question with an eye to the precise significance of the word "instances." Miss McDonald's answer concerning "Browning's great contemporary" is the most successful of those submitted. Mr. Cruikshank's achievement is the more creditable as we understand he is still at school. He receives Mr. Rawnsley's bust of Tennyson. Messrs. Macmillan's leather-bound copy of Tennyson's works goes to Mrs. Hickson.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S LETTER

THE DUTY OF A POET

I HAVE escaped from the helpless contemplation of the deepening tragedy in our great northern metropolitan cities, and seated in Tennyson's corner of a hospitable garden at Skegness, perhaps with some audacious hope (*adsit Erato !*), I have to answer a query as to our attitude to modern movements in taste and thought. In Cavendish Square, among the guests of Mr. Komai, I replied light-heartedly that the duty of a poet was not to " meet " them, but to mould them, and I am unrepentant. Picture a poor poet trying to overtake his own times ! It is a conflict of definitions. The true poet is always right in the curving front of the great stream-line of free motion. Behind him, to left and right, the torrent meets petty obstacles, forms little eddies, as intense as they are small, as bizarre as they are intense. Can we but laugh when some eel in the tiny maelstrom shouts over his pitiful shoulder that the great main stream is travelling in the wrong direction ? A grotesque image, true, and appropriately so.

It is well to keep some sense of proportion. It is well, and it is difficult, for we suffer at this time from the government of insolent minorities which intrinsically are not worthy even of the name of minority movements. Their meed is not the poem, but the satire, the philippic, the pantoum. Little minorities are the *unfit* authors of the restrictive ordinances under which we fret. Little minorities have alienated the public highways from their legitimate owners, the great pedestrian population of the green country of England, so that forty-nine may not wander along a rural lane because Master Quinquagesimus may at any moment be upon them. Little minorities drink cocktails, whatever they may be, and attend night clubs, and the newspapers speak as though these habits were common to every English girl. Yet so paltry are the numbers of these blasé imbeciles that among my own reasonably large acquaintance there is neither man nor woman who, so far as I—innocent fellow !—am aware, drinks cocktails or even knows the address of a night club. These paragraphed people are no more representative of the English than Will Rogers or Billy Sundae of the United States, Koepenick of Germany, Jean Cocteau of France, or the Hibernian Junker, Shaw, of Ireland. Yet here we hit upon the whole secret : Stentor must sell his newspapers ; and although Miss Gertrude Stein's dizzy fabric of silk and wool is of no more moment and of far less irritation than the desultory whistling of some lout in a public

vehicle, the uninstructed reader of Stentor probably assumes that Miss Gertrude Stein is among the leaders of modern poetry. Who is to tell him that she is but an eel in an eddy? Surely THE POETRY REVIEW.

These things will pass. In fifty years an historical interest will attach to them perhaps, and the serious student will report them as a series of strange phenomena, contemporary with laws punishing the sale of matches after eight o'clock. Then Ulysses and Argus may walk abroad again to their very great content, the hedgerows will no more be shelves of dust, and the makers of internal combustion engines will be driven—like those other dragons of old—by Man, into the air. "Silk and Wool" will probably be resuscitated as the slogan of some desperate political party in a Budget election. There will be other eddies, no doubt, and other insolent minorities, but an eddy is a dissolving thing, and the great stream of evolution recks little of its sports.

There, then, is our attitude to these modern tendencies, stick-in-the-muds that we are. Like that great conservative, Philip Snowden, we believe in sane and governed progress, but the governing and the moulding must always be unconscious. Poetry is not a machine; it is a blooming. Therefore we must add also that to some of these "modern tendencies" we have no attitude at all. They are simply irrelevant, and because they contain no stimulus to poetry, there is no alternative: we ignore them.

The cinema-kinema controversy spent itself in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* for July 7th and 9th, to our entire satisfaction. It is a pity that the *Liverpool Evening Express* only printed one side of it, however. Mr. T. E. Casson, whose name will be found again later in this report, points out some of the (very unusual) misprints in the last, and adds that Mr. Reed should have a long E in the word. To chill my rejoicing on this point, he also chides me gently for my reference to "the enthusiasts for simplified spelling." But *enthusiasts* is a strong word. Many of us who would accept *plow* or *bason*, especially in view of their history, would emigrate rather than write *thru*.

The February number of *The Journal of the Institute of Electrical Engineers* contains a paper by T. Carter on the duty of the engineer to himself in respect of those parts of his life where his specialisation does not help him. Among other things, "a sense of the melody of rightly chosen words will add to the harmony of our whole life, and will increase the resources of our thought. What would not many of us give to be able to find words so apt as in this poem by A. Doris

L. Wilson, printed recently in THE POETRY REVIEW ?" The poem was *Epitaph*. Some time, perhaps, we shall again have poems on engineering. I cannot recall any yet written except the mystic reference to wheels in the Old Testament. The similar subject was broached in *Chemistry and Industry* for June 13th, 1924, where the editor, who is evidently a humorist, recalls that "Chaucer deals with alchemy, Lucretius with atomic theories, Dr. Bridges in *Wintry Delights* has a turn at Chemistry, and Mr. Ellis in *Samson Adami* has a stanza on Kekulé's benzene formula."

There are three more letters we must notice. On one, beginning "Dear Sir, Being myself a poet of recognised ability," we need not waste much time. The second, from Mr. John Cook, of Lenzie, asks for a Fellowship meeting, not—as Miss Barbara Smythe suggested—at Edinburgh, but at Glasgow. This can be arranged quite easily if local readers who would attend will send us their names. Our third letter recalls the first, but deserves fuller quotation:

"I am sending you a few sample copies of the line of poetry that I specialise on, not saying that I cannot give you any class of verse you might choose. At present I have over 5,000 on record. My speciality is poems dealing with final wisdom, laws and principles, showing the extreme beautiful side of the story, and the many so-called unexplainable problems of life; I explain them all and correctly in my poems. Another original speciality is writing in poem form a geographical and historical explanation of any city, giving all facts and points of interest. I make it very interesting, snappy and beautiful. It may be to your interest to know that the writer is the leading lady of —— ——, the well-known headquarters of final wisdom and understanding."

No, the lady is not in durance. But that *is* a suggestion.

The parody problem is held over till our next issue, the response during these holiday months having been unsatisfactory. There are thus four weeks more for those interested. We have received a large number of envelopes bearing overseas stamps. These are quite useless here. Correspondents who cannot enclose stamps issued by the United Kingdom must substitute International Reply Coupons, remembering that these also are useless unless officially stamped at the office whence they are procured.

We propose in our next and subsequent reports to print the criticisms of some of the poems sent to us for this purpose, choosing them for their general interest to other verse-writers—not, of course, for the purpose of ridicule or the pillory. Writers sending work for criticism will, however, still be dealt with in the strictest privacy

if they so desire, or they may substitute a pen-name. In any case, of course, it will only be possible to print one or two of the criticisms. The results of this month's premium competition are as follows :—

COMMENDED.

T. A. Lehfeldt, Winifred Johnston, Mary Louise Rankin, "J. H. B." (please send name and address), "Edwin Lewis," Moira Seton, Mary H. Mason, G. Nisbet (no address), Mabel A. Holyoake, Nancy Barthropp, Frederick Kemp, Margery Wills, (Miss) P. Joshua, G. D. Martineau, Elsie Nott, Mary Kones Sachs, "Editha Melbourne," Doris Acland, Katherine Munday, Florence Bone, J. Cook, Lee Harper, Ethel Holdsworth, Francis E. Hodder, Petronella O'Donnell, A. Farquhar, (Miss) M. L. MacDonald, Erik Barnouw, Mavis Clare Barnett, Harry Elmore Hurd, Daniel Henderson (address, please ?), T. N. Harrop.

HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Hope Marion, Helena Derezinska, "John Dawson," Ida J. P. Bradshaw, Elsa Brabant Parker, F. E. Palliser, Morwyth Rees, Lawrie McGavin, E. D. L. Branch, Minna Rosa Dowson, Doris Rymer, Annie L. Knowles, Ted Olson, (Miss) P. Nowell.

HIGHLY COMMENDED WITH BOOK PRIZES.

(Mrs.) J. Marion Soper, Kingsbridge; Benn Sowerby, Blackheath; S. Marguerite Goode, Croydon; (Mrs.) M. R. Cossins, Richmond, Surrey; Norah Stewart Nisbet, Great Woodstock Street, W.1; Miss E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln.

The prize is divided. Half goes to T. E. Casson, Newton-le-Willows, for a pagan epitaph, untitled, the teaching of which I greatly deplore, and the remaining half is divided between "Hugh Moorland" (Harold Moorhouse, Leek, Staffs.) for *At Kelmleigh*, and E. B. W. Chappelow for *Men Will Remember*, a long poem in Sapphics, most admirably sustained, but severely handicapped by its length in a competition mainly intended for shorter flights. Cyril G. Taylor is thanked for *Finis* and *The Haunted Hill*, which we hope to use in THE POETRY REVIEW. O. C. DE C. E.

* * *

Some of the unavoidably absent from our Fellowship meeting may care for copies of Dr. Ellis's paper on "How to write a poem." They are obtainable by post from the Sheffield Poetry Bookshop, 30, Rockingham Lane, Sheffield, at one shilling.

* * *

The usual general premium offer is continued. For details (including terms of criticism) see previous issues. Address MSS. to "The Premium Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1," by October 1 for the next awards.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S VERSE

MOST of the poems submitted in the latest competition are by children of 11 or 12, and in most cases they have a decidedly sophisticated character. No writers under 11 contribute at all. This is unusual, as there has hitherto been a predominance of really "childish" poems, in which the interest tends to centre in fairies or pets—two subjects which have been given a complete rest on this occasion. All the really interesting pieces are written on grown-up themes and in the grown-up manner.

The most powerful of the present little collection is *On Seeing a Soaring Eagle*, by J. C. Hart, who does not give his age. He is virile in thought and execution, and uses a virile metre admirably. The images are tense, almost grim—and definite contemplative power is shown.

At break of day with glide-like ship of war
You launch'd your golden self from rocky scar.
Thy wings did in the crimson dawn appear
As rows of claws to rend the air so clear.
With ne'er a beat those steel strong members bright,
In airy wheels bear thee to end of sight
And make thy joyful screams mere points of sound
As squeaks of bats when twilight mists abound.
So up, far up, upon an azure sea,
You grandly soar on pinions strong and free,
They slightly bend as tauten'd wire doth bend,
While you unto the boundless heav'n ascend.
There, weaving mystic circles in the sky,
A new dull daylight planet up on high,
You seem to cleave the former swirl you rais'd,
Until the mind's confused and eyes are daz'd,
You see the frantic hare on mountain slope,
And then the hunting weasel's tireless lope.
You see the wild cat's lair among the rocks,
Yon dot is plain to you, a slinking fox.
With e'er those piercing eyes be closed in death ?
How long is life for you ? Who knows ? Your breath
You'll draw for one decade or three or ten,
In life's wild liberty you'll share till then.
How will you die ? Will old age rob your flight
Of its sustaining power ? Or from your height
Will death depose you ? Then with twisted wing
You'll mangled lie on earth, a fallen king.

Similar characteristics are shown again in *The Bell*, by the same writer.

Wendy Boston (16) does well in the highest class with *The First Poet*. If not quite so arresting in style as some of her former contributions, it has grace, delicacy and a good wealth of ideas. The poem must be quoted as a whole or not at all. No individual lines are quite worth removing. Perhaps it is just a little too easy in its flow.

His body was shining and supple and white,
His hair was a glory of golden-red light,
His eyes were the green of a tree-shaded pool,
Fringed by long lashes they shone clear and cool.
He lay on the damp, green grass one morn
When the earth was stirred by the fingers of dawn
And his soul became full of a wonderful praise
For dim whispering woods, the nights and the days,
For smooth shining pebbles, for sleek brown-eyed herds
The soft swish of grasses, wee feathers of birds.
He took from a birch tree that grew by the stream
A strip of smooth bark, and as one in a dream
He wrote with the juice of red berries the song
That rolls like an anthem the ages along
The song of the earth, the sea and the sky
The song that's eternal, that never shall die.

An interesting group of poems comes from Cannock House School, Eltham. They have a certain individuality which betrays what lines of teaching have been used. The boys of this school evidently have been encouraged to write in a very straightforward fashion about things which are of burning interest to them as normal boys. They have not been hampered much with laws of metre. It is, in fact, a pity that they do not show more appreciation of rhythm and form. But, in spite of this, the irregular lines of W. S. Dowdney, *On the Footplate*, manage to express the exciting speed of an engine:

" With our funnel belching out a shower
Of sparks as we roar along the line."

" Night is coming down
And envelops London in a gown
Of darkness."

Cecil Harding's fresh little verses on the joys of seafaring have the same out-of-door tang. He wants

> " to climb about the sails and mast,
> And shout the funny word ' avast.' "

However, the rather crude style which is effective here is not so well adapted to the poem *Our Empire*, by C. L. Williams. He has mastered his history book and can adduce plenty of eloquent facts in his country's praise, but the subject deserves a little more dignity of treatment. The ballad metre he uses allows a good deal of licence in its rhythms, but it has a few fundamental rules which must be followed.

Helen Elizabeth Flanders, the 13-year old daughter of Helen Hartness Flanders, who is well-known to readers of The Poetry Review, contributes one little piece of free verse which is perfect in its way.

THE WIND HAS A SORROW.

The wind has a sorrow
She is patient, only
Showing grief by a sigh—
Stifled, inarticulate.

The wind, as she sighs, rocks
To and fro, on her knees.

The trees and the clouds
Befriend her,
Sympathising
By swaying with her.

They, sighing, answer.

The Moon, her Mother
Is tender, shining down
With loving understanding.

This is quite unchildlike, but the picture of the clouds swaying in sympathy with the wind is a beautiful one, with no trace of morbidity about it. Helen's other poem, *The Inquisitive Moon*, is simpler and younger in tone, but sincere and pretty. She has already published a little book describing the domestic adventures of a family of puritan settlers who went to America in 1630.

Vermont, U.S.A., is represented not only by Helen, but also by Alma Bennett, aged 13. The two girl-writers have much in common. Both love nature earnestly and both have already cultivated a feeling for careful and even artistic finish in their verses. Alma merits an award for *The Snowfall*, into which she weaves several quaint and ingenious fancies—

> " Both the gateposts are surrounded ;
> A redoubt—
> Every window has a buttress
> Built without."

Her comparison of fallen snow with marble is uncommon, but interesting. *The White Birches* also shows her descriptive power and good sense of form. She writes direct from her own observation, and her lines are innocent of padding and imitative cliches. Nancy S. Williams, aged 14, is awarded a small book for her pleasant little lyric, *Once*.

* * *

Mr. Rawnsley authorises us to offer, as a group prize, one of the famous Lucchesi busts of Tennyson for award to the school submitting the best collection of poems by pupils.

He also enables us to offer a Tennyson bust for the best selection of essays on Tennyson's exquisite lines sent in by any one school. (This competition will be repeated in succeeding issues with different subjects for treatment, but all bearing on appreciation of Tennyson's poems and limited to 500 words.)

In addition, the usual book prizes at the adjudicator's discretion will again be given in three classes—viz., ages under eleven, ages eleven to fifteen, and ages fifteen to seventeen. Not more than two poems may be submitted by or on behalf of any competitor, and each MS. must bear the name and address of the writer, and an endorsement of authenticity by a parent or teacher, who must be a member of the Poetry Society. School teachers, however, may send in batches of poems by their pupils, and in the event of any large number being received from any particular school or teacher a special additional prize or prizes may be awarded, thus constituting a competition within the major general contest. All MSS. should be addressed to the Children's Verse Editor, POETRY REVIEW, 16, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1, on or before October 31st. Personal criticism of MSS. can only be given on payment of a fee of 5s. Several poems may be sent by teachers and others for a private opinion for this fee.

VERSE SPEAKING EXAMINATIONS—PASS LISTS.

HOVE, June 19th, 1926.

Certificate Class.—Junior (Honours): Elizabeth Limbert. (Commended): Vera Bass, Hilda Bass. (Pass): Hilda Childs, Vera Butt.

Senior (Commended): Doris Alsford, Minnie McEwan Saw, Gladys Ida Masters. (Pass): Irene Cholmondeley, Edna Joyce Brown, Joyce Attewell, Marjorie De La Hay.

Bronze Medal Class.—Junior (Honours): Theodora Tronsdale. (Commended): Olive Haxton, Diana Caldwell, Sylvia Dallaway Wilton, Vera Hunt. (Pass): Helen Derry.

Senior (Honours): Ann Phillips. (Commended): Vera Urquhart, Joyce Abbott. (Pass): Viola Wild.

Adult (Commended): Edith Hawes.

Silver Medal Class.—Senior (Commended): Ruth Agnew, Phyllis Paine, Dorothy Miller. (Pass): Mary Gordon Stewart, Marjorie Greenslade.

KENDAL HIGH SCHOOL, June 26th, 1926.

Certificate Class.—Junior (Special Distinction): Barbara Burrows, Marjorie Wilson, Amy Smith. (Honours): Marjorie Reed, Elizabeth Montgomery, Ada Chapman, Betty Leighton. (Commended): Helen Garnett, Mary Smith. (Pass): Beth Knight, Katherine Littlewood, Joyce Iliffe, Mollie Dixon, Jean Thomson.

Senior (Special Distinction): Dorothy Hine, Mary Lupton. (Honours): Reta Brown, Dorothy Butler, Dorothy Robinson, Nancy Sill, Joyce Littlewood, Amy Hawkins, Ethel Monkhouse, Edith Faulkener. (Commended): Jennie Clark, Isabel Atkinson, Peggy Blackburn. (Pass): Nancy Wright, Annie Park, Gladys Scott, Joan Butler, Deborah Braithwaite, Kathleen German, Lizzie Elbourn, Mary Harrison, Jessie Capstick, Jennie Robinson.

Bronze Medal Class.—Junior (Special Distinction): Janet Stinson, Sheila Rowe, Eva Ross. (Honours): Joan Counsell, Elizabeth Gibson, Stella Bickerton, Patsy O'Neill, Joan Atkinson.

Senior (Special Distinction): Helen Rhodes, Margaret Thomas, Violet Robinson, Margaret Wood, Molly Marshall, Marjorie Philipson. (Honours): Constance Newby. (Pass): Maisie Ireland.

Silver Medal Class.—Junior (Special Distinction): Dorothy Scholes. (Honours): Cecilia Bagley, Mary Johnson.

Senior (Special Distinction): Irene Casson, Mona Hitchon. (Honours): Jennie Todd. (Commended): Mary Eccles. (Pass): Evelyn Clayton, Kathleen O'Neill.

CLIFTON, JULY 15TH, 1926.

CERTIFICATES.—Junior (Special Distinction): Marion Collins. (Honours): Esme Davies, Margaret Levy. (Commended): Grace Cunningham, Audrey Jones, Betty Pollard, Cynthia Stancombe, Phyllis Williams, Viola Gardner. (Pass): Beryl Day-Davies, Patricia Harvey, Barbara Hendy, Betty Garwood, Joan Doré.

Senior (Special Distinction): Gwyneth Matthews, Mary Scott. (Honours): Muriel Buxbaun, Grace Cottrell, Molly Ashley, Mary Culley, Stella Everard, Marjorie Griffith, Jean Heyward, Hilary Middleton, Joy Pugh, Betty Richards, Patricia Gregory-Smith, Connie Watts. (Commended): Janet Coates, Sylvia Collins, Helen Creaghe, Betty Gibson, Molly Newman, Norah Richards, Joan Spearman. (Pass): Merle Cooper, Marguerite Farr, Barbara Giles, Norah Redgrove, Elizabeth Stewart.

Adult (Special Distinction): Margaret Gillard, Geraldine Lansdown. (Honours): Betty Arnold, Joyce Brooks, Marion Cozens, Phyllis Saunders, Peggy Sheldon. (Commended): Winifred Marsh. (Pass): Audrey Badcock, Kathleen Hatton.

MEDALS.—*Bronze*: Junior (Commended): Marcel Chicoteau.

Senior (Pass): Betty Andrews, Josephine Gayland, Mary ap Simon.

Adult (Special Distinction): Lucy Murphy.

Silver: Junior (Special Distinction): Myra Spowart. (Honours): Daphne Mumford.

Senior (Special Distinction): Dulcie Griffiths, Honor Teagle. (Honours): Phyllis Rogers. (Commended): Noreen Griffiths. (Pass): Mollie Baldwin, Mollie Craik, Mary Firth, Eileen Jones, Kathleen Smith.

Adult (Pass): Eleanor Plummer.

SOUTHAMPTON, JULY 21ST, 1926.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.—Junior (Honours): Russell Harwood. (Pass): Diana Mackenzie, Ettie Savage.

Senior (Special Distinction): Margaret Russell. (Honours): Peggy Duggins, Fannie Jacobs, Ruth Withers, Dorcas Margaret Hunt. (Pass): Ruth Toole, Madeline Rebie Hardy.

Adult (Honours): Janice Faull. (Commended): Sister Agnes of St. Francis, Sister Elizabeth Marie.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS.—Junior (Pass): Joan Inglet, Marjorie Orman.

Senior (Honours): Brenda Hart, Muriel Scott, Sheilah Aylward. (Commended): Mary Kate Arnold, Peggy Permain, Audrey Barden. (Pass): Doreen Butt.

Adult (Special Distinction): Lily Jeavons, Rowena Frampton,

Barbara Bishop, Freda Stiles, Doris Thurgood (Honours): Phyllis Cox, Gertrude Farthing, Flora Buckett. (Commended): Betty Gidden, Mary Giles.

Silver Medal Class.—Senior (Honours): Elsie Wilson, Irene Mitchell.

Adult (Special Distinction): Edith Laurie Jacobs.

* * *

THE PROSPERITY OF THE POETRY SOCIETY.

At the annual business meetings of the Poetry Society (Incorporated) and the General Council, the Lady Maud Warrender, for many years a Vice-President and a member of the General Council, was confirmed in the presidency, and Commander Bellairs, M.P., and Lady Meyer, Vice-Presidents, were elected to the General Council. The Rev. F. de W. Lushington, lately of Eton, and formerly headmaster of Elstree and Dover College, was elected Continental representative on the General Council, and Mr. G. Murray-Smith, of the firm of Messrs. Winter and Co. (a son of the late Canon Gregory Smith, the hymn-writer), was elected Honorary Solicitor.

The Hon. Treasurer (Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, J.P., etc.), in his 17th annual financial statement, showed a cash balance of £260 after meeting all liabilities, including a considerably increased expenditure. The Council had agreed (as already reported in The Poetry Review) that a further sum of £100 be placed on deposit and that the reserve fund of £250 be invested in Government stocks. It was pointed out that this satisfactory financial position was due to severe economy in working and to developments in which the welfare and effectiveness of the Society were the chief concern. The financial statement, as audited, was approved and adopted. Cordial votes of thanks passed to the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Auditor

It was agreed to continue negotiations for the provision of m.ore adequate offices and library, with the much needed addition of a lecture hall and recital theatre, and to resume the presentation of poetic dramas.

It was reported that the feature of the year's work had been the wide-spread extension and recognition of the Society's examinations in verse speaking. A volume of testimony to their value and effectiveness had been received from teachers of English and voice trainers, and the Duchess of Atholl, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, had recently spoken in high terms of their influence and importance at a high school prize distribution. Dr. Hulbert's services as chief examiner had been very greatly appre-

ciated throughout the country. The examinations had been extended to the Continent, through the instrumentality of the Rev. F. de W. Lushington and at recent examinations in London, professors of literature and other interested persons had been present from Italy, the United States and Canada, with a view to the adoption of the examinations in their respective countries. A special vote of thanks to Dr. Hulbert for his work as examiner and lecturer was passed.

It was reported that the Shakespeare Recitals proposals had had an excellent reception and were likely to develop on an extraordinary scale but more voluntary organisers in the smaller towns and villages were needed.

It was reported that the Government of Bermuda had offered, through THE POETRY REVIEW, a premium of £20 for the best poem in praise of the islands, and that other similar premiums had been promised. THE POETRY REVIEW, now in its 18th year of continuous publication as the Society's journal, had consolidated its recognised position as " the leading poetry magazine of the world."

The election of a number of Vice-Presidents, including H.H. Princess Troubetsky, the Countess of Carlisle, the Earl of Sandwich, Lady Weigall, Lady Elizabeth Chalmers, Dr. J. W. Mackail, Lady Keeble, and Sir Barry Jackson, was confirmed.

It was reported that the gold medal of the Society for distinction in the vocal interpretation of poetry had been awarded to Miss Ivy Croucher (the Lady Margaret Medal), Miss Molly Dutchman and Miss Dorothy Smithson (Sheffield).

* * *

Apropos the above reference to the speech by the Duchess of Atholl, a letter expressing the appreciation of the General Council was sent to Her Grace, from whom the following reply was received.

Board of Education, Whitehall, London, S.W.—July 26th.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter of the 23rd July and for the accompanying copy of THE POETRY REVIEW.

I can assure you that the Board of Education and its Inspectors fully share my own view of the importance of teaching children the speaking of verse, and that they are entirely at one with the Society in their desire to encourage children to read and make themselves familiar with poetry.

May I add an expression of my personal good wishes for the work of the Society and my hope that it may be increasingly appreciated and understood ? Yours faithfully,

K. M. ATHOLL.

AT KELMLEIGH

I WANDERED where on golden lawns
The lovely ladies walked at ease,
Robed in the hues of soft shy dawns,
Of sunsets, and of young beech trees :
And some there were whose shimmering drape
Seemed wrought of threads of delicate metals ;
Some stainéd of the rich red grape,
Or lit with rose or daffodil petals.
From silver-pluming fountain's rim
And balustraded terraces,
By silent urn, and in the dim
And dappled shade of ancient trees,
By the blue stillness of the lake
And from its broad and gleaming stair,
Sweet chiming laughter flew to wake
The azure of the listening air
As though there never dwelt an ache
In their hearts, nor a care.
I drank in the vision, half-enthralled :
Lake-water, blue in the farthest reaches,
Gold-flashing, or fading to emerald
Under pale gloom of hanging beeches :
Behind, where rose the milky towers
The blue-hazed pine-trees soared to hide :
The woods that waiting hung green plumes
Sun-shot over the glittering waters ;
All like as a dream of golden hours
Drawn from the days of England's pride :
And threading the brain like fair-hued blooms
The loveliness of England's daughters.
And ever the lilting laughter came
And vanished, like a silver flame.

Then there flashed the javelin-thought
Between my eyes : and I saw her
Who like a singing bird was caught
Where light and laughter never were ;
In a Midland town, in a small shop's dinge,
Gas-lit all day, for the sun was marred,

Where the door went shrieking on the hinge
To open, yet escape was barred :
She, embarked on her soul's pilgrimage
From darkness toward the dawn of heaven,
Journeying for a heavenly wage
Behind a counter from nine till seven :
" Madam, here is a pretty fringe,
Not dear at two-and-six a yard."

O lovely women, gay in ease
Whose mirth goes lightly on the breeze,
Would now I had your silver throats
Under my grasp, and your sweet notes
Were shattered like spray in screams of fear !
Ah God ! . . . . it would not aid you, dear.

HUGH MOORLAND.

INDEPENDENCE

I DO not need a book
When at the sun I look ;
I do not need a temple when I pray
Unto the Lord of Day ;
Nor do I need an altar when I die
Like Him diurnally.
The sky is my true home ;
I know no vaster dome,
No temple-pavement fairer than the earth and sea.
I do not need an ephod, nor a stole,
A mitre, nor a chasuble,
In this glad *rôle*
Of Priestess of Life's well ;
My dress
God's loveliness,
The Day-spring from on High
Drawn very nigh.
I have no wants, no fears,
No needs, no tears
When to the Lord of Day,
Here on the beach, I pray.

MARGUERITE POLLARD.

PAGAN EPITAPHS

MAN is born once ; he doth not pre-exist.
His brain is made of moorland and of mist
Where, sire by sire, the stock from which he sprung
Has dug and shepherded and built and sung.
Man may live once. He shall not live again.
The fibres of his being shall be rain
And moorland and the swift convulsive throe
Of becks that leap and toil when he is dead,
And slow
Day-long the peewits wheel above his head.

II

Though Man, who hath of Science drunk,
Can live on earth immortally,
I do prefer a vast oak trunk.
Its branches move harmoniously ;
Its beauty is more fair to me.
Nor know I any son of man
More swift than his allotted span,
Nor daughter yet so heavenly fair
Were worthy Cytherea's hair.

III

It is a tenet of Theology,
Weaver of subtlest grammarie, that the sky,
The stars, the sun, the spinning earth, the soul,
The birds, the flowers, lily, oriole,
Were made by Christ, the eternal demiurge
Who spake ; and, at His word, the salt sea surge
Whiten'd, the golden sun uprist,
And the horizon shimmered to amethyst.
But I believe it not. All-being Time
Makes and unmaketh all. This is the rime.

IV

Kinsman ! most active thou of all my blood ;
Who in thy youth stemm'dst the mid-terrene flood,
Sailing to Sicily ; who in thy prime
Carnforth's blast furnaces did'st tend ; the chime
Saint Mary keeps in Ulverston of bells
On Sabbath morn and eve ruling, with swells

And dying cadences ; who in the mine
By Urswick or Rowe Hall didst delve ; the fine
And winnow'd ore in the grinding mill didst sift ;
Whose long-enduring arm could make and lift
Full many a shaft of the right Furness steel
By Barrow wharves ; brave heart, now rest.
Sailor, thy voyage is sailed. Ringer, thy peal,
The last, is rung. In forge and mill thy zest
Craftsman, is spent. Thy bolt by England's shore
Is shot. Struggler ! the strife is o'er.

T. E. CASSON.

THE WIND, THE MOON AND A LINDEN TREE

THE wind, the moon and a linden tree
All night have been whispering and watching me. . . .

I awoke
To find
Two fierce figures
Fighting on my wall !
Two fierce figures
Fantastically tall,
Fighting and leaping
On my chamber wall.

The wind, the moon and a linden tree,
They have conspired to frighten me . . . !

Swift as thought—
The blind !
Spell, be broken
That's cast on my wall !
Spell, be broken
By my blind's swift fall !
Monsters, begone
From my chamber wall !

The wind, the moon and a linden tree,
They are silent and baffled—outwitted by me !

CONSTANCE HARPER.

ZORRILLA.—III.

NOT the least among the romantic figures of history is that of the Emperor Maximilian (1832–1867), ruler for a few brief, unhappy years over that country of beauty and savagery, of violent passions and sudden betrayals—Mexico. This brilliant young man, son of the Archduke Francis Charles of Austria, and heir, in succession, to the Austrian throne, handsome, clever, brave; an artist in temperament, a romantic of the romantics, was trained for the navy, and soon rose to high command. The naval port of Trieste owes its creation to him. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and in the same year he married the Princess Charlotte (in Spanish, Carlota), daughter of Leopold I, King of the Belgians. In 1859 he retired into private life. He built the beautiful castle of Miramar, in Trieste, and one may imagine that he looked forward to a life of peaceful seclusion with his beautiful wife amidst books and pictures, and the constantly changing beauty of an enchanted sea and a southern sky. He had scarcely begun his quiet existence when the Mexican exiles besought him to come to their succour by accepting the candidature for the Mexican throne. He refused; but four years later Napoleon III urged the Mexican cause so strongly that he accepted. His brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, opposed his acceptance of the Mexican crown as strongly as Napoleon favoured it, but to a man young, brave, ardent, the championship of a lost cause was an irresistible lure. Maximilian relinquished all his rights to the Austrian throne, and on May 28, 1864, he landed at Vera Cruz. From the outset he became entangled in difficulties, which so grew in seriousness that in 1866 Napoleon himself pressed upon him the necessity of abdicating. But Maximilian refused to desert his adherents. He withdrew, with a handful of loyal followers, to Querétaro, where they withstood a siege of many weeks. The situation, however, was hopeless; surrender was inevitable; and on May 5, 1867, the Emperor decided to attempt an escape through the enemy

lines. The plan was never carried out. The garrison was betrayed by one of its officers; Maximilian was captured, and on June 9 he was shot, despite the protest of most of the European powers.

Zorrilla went to South America in 1855, visiting various countries, including Cuba. He spent much of his time in Mexico, a land that appealed strongly to his exotic temperament—a land of light, of colour, of fragrance. Here were lawless men and seductive women: love and death side by side; the soft silences of tropical nights; the beguiling lassitude of tropical days . . . a country that might have been the creation of a poet's fantasy. One feels that Zorrilla was at home in Mexico.

To this enchanting land came a young and chivalrous Emperor and a young and beautiful Empress. Maximilian had a peculiarly engaging personality, and his intellectual gifts were unique. He spoke six languages fluently, and devoted much of his time to study.

Of the Empress, it has been said that she must have been born with an imperial crown on her brow. She was a woman of stately beauty, of royal dignity—a Queen, but equally a woman, gentle and compassionate. Maximilian called her "the better man of the two." She had a keen mind and a clear understanding of political questions. One sees in this royal couple a striking resemblance to those great Spanish sovereigns King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. Zorrilla cannot have failed to observe it. Under happier conditions Carlota might have been the saviour of Mexico, as Isabella was the saviour of Spain.

In November, 1864, the Mexican School of Mines held its annual reception, and Zorrilla was asked to write a poem for the occasion, and read it before the Emperor and Empress, who were to be present. This was his introduction to the imperial favour. The next year Maximilian decided to establish a National Theatre, to be attached to the Court, under the direction of Zorrilla. On November 4, 1865, the theatre was formally opened. The entire Court was present, and as soon as their Majesties had

taken their places, Zorrilla came upon the stage and read a poem, very happily written, in praise of the Emperor.

His play of *Don Juan Tenorio* was then given, and at its close, Zorrilla again came upon the stage and read a charming poem addressed to the Empress, in which the following lines occur:

I possess in my harp, the guide of my song,
The enchantment that sleeps in the murmuring sea;
Those notes in the depth of the soul that belong,
That bring tears to the eyes, to the heart, ecstasy.
I am he who divine inspiration receives
From God, who the worlds has flung into space;
The poet of faith, I am he who believes;
God's breath is my air, my light is God's face.
I am he who has trodden the pathway that leads
From the sky, that God's radiance in glory displays;
I am he in the book of Jehovah who reads
The living words traced by the Ancient of Days.
I know how to snatch a new day out of space,
Which hangs floating, a web insubstantial and frail,
With knots of bright topaz made fast in its place,
The breath of the world, the blue heaven's veil.
I can see the wake left by the hurrying feet
Of the world, by the urge of its inner power prest;
I know why the honey of bees is so sweet,
I know why the vulture flies high from its nest;
I know how the ships at the wind's fancy go,
I know how the sky in its colour is drest,
I know why the wind and the bird whistle low,
I know why the breeze rocks the blossoms to rest;
I know what the man without faith cannot show,
The key of man's soul is hid in my breast,
And the secretest meaning of love . . . I know.

Tr. E. C. H.

At the close of the reading the actors and actresses who had taken part in the play formed a circle round the poet, and wove a wreath of the pansies they held in their hands. The circle then opened, and Zorrilla stepped down from the stage, and using the manuscript of his poem for a salver, offered both wreath and poem to the Empress.

This episode gives a picture of the royal favour which Zorrilla continued to enjoy during the remaining year of his sojourn in Mexico. He returned to Spain in 1866, oppressed with the forebodings of disaster which shadowed Maximilian and his adopted country. As the Mexican *imbroglio* became more acute, he thought of going back to Mexico, but the Emperor himself dissuaded him. "Abdication will be necessary," Maximilian wrote to him in May, 1867. "Do not make a useless journey, but await instructions. Perhaps we shall go to Miramar." A month later came the news that Maximilian had been shot at Querétaro.

To assuage his grief at the execution of his royal patron and friend, Zorrilla occupied himself with the publication of *El drama del alma*—a history of Maximilian's unhappy reign, written from the heart. Those touching words, "Perhaps we shall go back to Miramar," sank deep into the poet's heart, and the introduction to the work (Part I) is the long and beautiful poem, *Miramar*.

The poet imagines the unhappy Empress looking out from the castle of Miramar, gazing across the sea towards that far sea whence her husband should come to her.

"Close all thy balconies, Miramar," he cries; "let mourning streamers float from thy towers; look no more across the sea. In vain are all thy flowers and fragrance, and the welcome awaiting thy lord." He goes on to explain himself: "I am he who read poems to thy lord, when he was Emperor, in that distant land where now hatred denies him a grave. I am he who sang a hymn in praise of thy lady. Let them not know that to-day I chant for them both a requiem of agony."

If these pages come to thee,
Miramar, oh! Miramar,
From thy lady they must be
Hid for ever. In the sea
Fling them! Let them float afar!

Tr. E. C. H.

The poem proper begins with Part II. It is a history of Maximilian's reign, as it was seen by his loyal and

passionate friend. There are beautiful descriptions of Mexican scenery:

There dwelt the peoples of another race,
And there the earth fantastic creatures bred—
Both in its depths and on its smiling face—
Birds, reptiles, crouching beasts, the forest's dread.
There mighty cataracts and torrents trace
Tumultuous paths; their flames volcanoes shed;
To Europe closed by law immutable,
This was an Eden, that to-day is hell.

There on the brink of rivers swift and deep
That stir and seethe 'neath the volcano's flame,
Over whose savage beds and borders steep
Earthquakes and hurricanes rage that none may tame—
Pelicans fly, and herons, and skyward sweep
Parrots and pheasants, and birds without a name;
And wild geese to their quiet inlets fly
To preen their plumage, wind-tost and awry.

. . . . . .

Mexico is a city whose people sing;
A garden full of fruits and flowery scents;
And amidst wars and all the woe they bring,
And amidst the horrors of the pestilence
Upon the frail lake gardens men idly swing,
And sing of love, while graves yawn in suspense;
A cry of passion, a despairing cry;
"Let us sing to-day: to-morrow we must die!"

Tr. E. C. H.

In glowing stanzas Zorrilla portrays the Emperor and the Empress, and the story of Maximilian's vicissitudes is told with blazing indignation. The poet felt strongly that Maximilian's death was directly due to his desertion by his brother (the Emperor of Austria), and by Napoleon III, and he intensely resented the attitude of the Pope, Pius IX, who refused his intervention when the unhappy Empress Carlota made her desperate appeal to him. The Pope and Napoleon are personified in Rome and France, in a stirring dialogue:

MAXIMILIAN: Mother, thou dwell'st beyond the estranging sea;

And in the turbulent country that I rule
Men sell thy treasure in the market-place.
Mother, direct my way; I am thy son.

ROME: Bid them restore it. They have plundered me.
MAXIMILIAN: Compromise, mother!
ROME: I do not compromise.
MAXIMILIAN: Forgive them, then.
ROME: Nay, I will not forgive.
MAXIMILIAN: Faith is the corner-stone of church and throne;
Be merciful!
ROME: No mercy will I show.
My treasure is God's. I may not mercy show.
MAXIMILIAN: My feet are wandering in a tangled maze,
I must make sacrifices, or lose all.
ROME: You are the Emperor. I may not recede;
I am infallible.
MAXIMILIAN: Then I will remain,
And for thy sake I will sacrifice myself.
God's will be done! I must contend alone.

. . . . . .

MAXIMILIAN: France, help me now, or help will be in vain!
FRANCE: I am your ally; all my force is yours.
MAXIMILIAN: By reason, not by force, fain would I rule.
FRANCE: I will subdue the Mexicans for you.
MAXIMILIAN: I would have them friends; their fatherland is mine,
Mine are their altars; they my brothers are.
FRANCE: You cannot win their love.
MAXIMILIAN: I will abdicate!
FRANCE: And lose your life? I will withdraw my aid
Rather than see this come to pass.
MAXIMILIAN: What, you!
FRANCE: France must not be mistaken or defeated;
The blame is yours.
MAXIMILIAN: But this is not support!
It is treachery!
FRANCE: No, for the stake is mine.
MAXIMILIAN: With faith for a shield I face the world and God.
FRANCE: You will die for your faith!
MAXIMILIAN: I am a Catholic;
I will sacrifice myself. I stand alone!

Tr. E. C. H.

This poem, like so much of Zorrilla's work, is formless. Amongst other interpolations in the second part of the third book, which is entitled *Fe y patria*, Faith and Fatherland, we find a description in some admirable stanzas, of the poet's wonderful vision in the cathedral of Burgos, where he sees, passing before him in procession, the conquerors of America, the brilliant court of Charles V, the missionary priests who carried the cross to the new world, and finally, the tragic execution of Maximilian. We find, too, a long poem to the memory of the poet's mother, from which I select three stanzas :

Blessings upon the humble town
Where first my mother saw the light !
And blessings that poor dwelling crown
Where as the sun came streaming down
Her black eyes opened wide and bright.

Blessings upon the little room
Within those cheerless cabin walls
Where like an angel in earth's gloom
She slept, unconscious yet of doom,
The sleep on new-born babes that falls.

Blessings upon the holy bell
That rang out her baptismal peal !
And blessings on the sacred well
Whose waters from the priest's hand fell
And her a Christian child did seal. *Tr.* E. C. H.

The *Drama del alma* is a notable poem, careless and inconsequent as it often is, and it well repays reading in the original Spanish, which alone can reveal its intrinsic charm.

In *Granada* we find a more perfect technique, a deeper feeling for construction and a more controlled sense of beauty. The subject was Zorrilla's own—the glorious history of Spain ; and, as an integral part of that glory, he discerned the power and the guidance of an omnipotent God, and the triumph of the Catholic church. It is all summed up in the couplet prefaced to the poem :

Christian and Spanish ; with faith and without fear
I sing my God, I sing my country dear.

Although it was written more than ten years before the *Drama del alma*, I have temporised with chronology, for the poem was the occasion, as Granada itself was the scene, of Zorrilla's coronation in 1888, and that event brought it into fresh prominence.

The story of the coronation is a fairy tale. The news spread throughout the kingdom : " The author of *Don Juan Tenorio* is going to be crowned ! " All Spain had laughed and wept and thrilled through *Don Juan Tenorio* every year for thirty years. Many of Zorrilla's admirers perhaps scarcely knew his other works, for, in the crowds which thronged every station through which the train bearing the poet to Granada passed, all classes were represented. They ranged from the Mayor, who had learned the history of his country from the pages of *Granada;* the schoolmaster, who had taught his pupils to read with the aid of the *Cantos del trovador ;* the priest, who knew the hymns to the Virgin by heart, to the humble folk who could not read at all. All came to greet him with love, and with sincere emotion. Zorrilla himself, saluting them with dignified affability, was unable to repress his tears.

The ovation he received in Granada surpasses imagination. The station was hung with Venetian lanterns, and the illustrious guest passed through a grove of palm trees to the exit from the railway station. The square facing the station, and the adjoining streets, were literally a sea of people, swaying and undulating in human waves. " Zorrilla ! Zorrilla ! " they cried. " Long live the national poet ! Long live the singer of Granada ! " Through this cheering multitude, Zorrilla was driven in a state carriage, drawn by four white horses. The crowded balconies along the route were beautifully decorated, and even in the poorest quarters there was no balcony without adornment, were it but a gaily-coloured quilt hung like a banner ; nor any window without illumination, were it but a humble candle. One can picture the scene. The aged poet, his

grey head bared, received a homage which has scarcely, in the annals of history, been accorded to a king or a conqueror.

He was installed in a magnificent house, which its owner, absent in Paris, had placed at his disposal.

"This air," he exclaimed, "and this vision of beauty, renew my body and my soul. I have come home!"

The coronation took place on June 22, 1889, in the court of the unfinished palace of Charles V—a wide space encircled with marble columns, which were hung with banners and ensigns.

"In no other place," says Martin Fernández, in his book *Zorrilla y su coronación*, "but in the magnificent palace of the Alhambra could the coronation of the singer of Granada have taken place . . . that surpassing monument sung by poets . . . the scene of Moorish festival and feast, the home of love and pleasure, lulled by the song of nightingales, perfumed by myrtle and carnation, surrounded by a paradise of verdant meadows . . ."

At six o'clock in the evening, Zorrilla entered the court, accompanied by the Duque de Rivas. The Duke occupied the chair, with Zorrilla seated on his right, and Señor López Muños, President of *El Liceo*, the journal by whom the coronation had been arranged, on his left.

The Count de las Infantas then took the golden crown from its cushion (held by two pages) and addressed the Duke as follows:

"My lord Duke, I have the honour to place in your hands the crown which *El Liceo*, Granada, and all Spain have prepared for the most distinguished of our poets, the illustrious singer of our glorious traditions . . . To you, my lord Duke, who represent the august mother of Don Alfonso XIII, widow of the never-to-be-forgotten Don Alfonso XII—that queen, the model of all the virtues, of abnegation and of love for her people . . . I give this symbol of immortality, that you may place it upon the poet's venerable head, a token of the love and esteem which, at my hand, his country offers him."

The Duke, taking the crown, said:

"I am here as the loyal and obedient servant of our beloved Queen, and also as the ardent and loving friend of the great singer of our Spanish glory.

"Illustrious poet, approach, and receive the guerdon which the Spanish nation offers as a tribute to your genius. In the name of Her Majesty, the Queen Regent . . . I have the honour to place this crown upon the distinguished brow of the immortal author of *Granada*."

Zorrilla bowed his head to receive the crown, and at once a tumult of applause broke forth. It was some minutes before he could speak, and then, amidst a breathless silence, he read, in a voice still clear and silvery, the following lines :

I am old ; the power is gone
That once they said was mine,
My voice has lost its melody,
Of breath my lungs are scant.
But I repeat to-day
What long ago I said,
To-day when you have come
To honour me once more . . .

Binding my brow with flowers
I left my home one day
With Spanish poetry
For heritage and shield.
I flung upon the wind
My songs of passion and faith,
And still to-day your homes
Re-echo to their sound.
My sad and restless heart
Led me to other climes,
And I made in alien lands
My rhymes 'neath alien skies.
And wherever enmity
'Gainst Spain its head upreared
I left a flower or a song
In honour and praise of Spain.

My voice was once harmonious and sweet,
It had the silver tone of a singing bird,
The musical sound of rivers and soft winds . . .
Something it held of all the echoes that dwell,
Feeding in fields of air, in the hollows of space ; . . .

Of the rippling of brooks that wind through flowery banks,
Of the wandering breeze that whispers in the reeds,
Of the floating foam that bubbles in the sea;
Of the sad lamenting of the widowed dove;
Of the drowsy murmur of the summer rain;
Of dry leaves falling from the ancient oak,
Of water trickling from a cavern wall . . .
Of breezes laden with aromatic scent,
Of bright bees laden with their honey gold . . .
. . . . . .
My life has never known or night or day,
My life is a tale of a lovely dream of love;
I am all vagueness and uncertainty;
No guiding torch sheds light upon my path;
But the world is open to me everywhere . . .
Nor chart nor compass guides me o'er the seas;
I follow the eagle in his wind-swept flight;
I go throughout the world as a river flows,
Sea, earth and wind my scope and circuit are;
I am no one's servant, and no one calls me master;
I am the poet who wanders in the desert,
Singing the glory of God, Creator of all.

And with my voice there sing
The harmonies divine
That the whole earth uplifts
To join the eternal quire.
Here is the rustle of leaves,
There is the fountain's sound;
Here is the child who sleeps
Lulled by a cradle song;
There is the tempest wild
That breaks in a hurricane.
Here is the humming bird
That hovers above a rose;
There the muezzin calls
A *sura* from the Korán; . . .
Here, joy of the wedding-feast,
And there a funeral bell . . .
All the noise of the world,
But far away . . . and the sea,
But far away . . . and the vague
Murmurs of infinite space,

And a wind that dies away . . .
An atom that floats therein . . .
The cry of a new-born babe . . .
A faint and fugitive sound,

Wandering,
Wavering,
Hushed and still,
Sparkling bright,
Sorrowing,
Vanishing, . . .
Dying, now,
Lost to sight;
Now no more
Sound or cry . . .
Past
And
Gone.

Tr. E. C. H.

All Zorrilla is in these lines—the childish egotism and the disarming humility that so endeared him to his countrymen. Many eulogistic speeches were made, and the coronation ceremony was followed on subsequent days and nights by notable functions in which the poet took no part. This great event gave fresh immortality to a poem already immortal.

The poem of *Granada* opens with an "Epistle," called *Fantasia*, addressed to the poet's friend, Don Bartolomé Muriel. This "Epistle" is in three parts. Part II gives a glimpse of what the poem is to be, and Part III, called *Inspiracion*, voices Zorrilla's fidelity to the Catholic faith.

The Introductory Epistle is followed by the Legend of Muhamed Al-Hamar, the Nazarite King of Granada. It is divided into five books with the enchanting names: "The Book of Dreams," "The Book of Pearls" ("the pearls of grace and of faith, most precious and most beautiful"), "The Book of Palaces," "The Book of Spirits," and "The Book of the Spirits."

In the "Book of Palaces" is the following poem, one of the most beautiful that Zorrilla ever wrote:

Granada! Lovely city, laid
Upon a bed with blossoms strown,
He who thy beauty ne'er hath known
His heart lacks joy, and light his eyes.
But they who in thy mosques have prayed
And dwelt within thy palaces,
They have already entered, these,
The enchanted fields of Paradise.

Oh! earthly Eden that thou art!
Oh! magic gardens of magic lands
That houris, with their jasmin hands,
Have tended most celestially!
Immortal youth is in thy heart,
In thee dwells an eternal morn,
For on thy hills the day is born,
And the sun burns for love of thee.

Thy smiling, green and fertile hills,
Of gentle doves the nesting bowers,
Are drenched in April's fragrant showers
And bright with April's sunny gleams.
Slow floating on thy crystal rills
Many a white swan dips and bends,
The kingly eagle oft descends
To bathe within thy golden streams.

Thy gaily-plumaged birds arouse
With their unceasing minstrelsy
The zeal of many a roving bee
Her honey in thy trees to store;
And pausing on thy willow boughs
The weary swallows for a night
Rest, ere their swift tumultuous flight
They take to far Algeria's shore.

The Holy Prophet sees in thee
His soul, as in a mirror's face;
The moon is envious of thy grace
That age nor time can e'er decrease;
The angel who her destiny
Doth guide, to thee whom slumber wreathes

Wafts a pure kiss, and softly breathes
The benediction : " Sleep in peace ! "

The dawn of every golden day
Doth thine effulgent smile reveal ;
The little winds of evening steal
To sleep within thy valleys kind.
Sultana ! Thou who holdest sway
O'er all felicity, I swear
He who sees not thy beauty rare,
Better had been begotten blind !

Now Allah, save the Nazarite
Whose choicest treasures were outpoured
That the surpassing jewelled hoard
Might the Moors' royal palace raise !
And Allah save the king whose might
Reigns in thy lovely palaces,
And Allah save the king of these
Who lifted thee to endless praise !

The bowels of thy mountains high
Are hollowed out from night to morn,
And marbles rich and rare are borne
From Geb-Elvira and Macaël.
The earth is deafened with the cry
Of hammers ringing upon stone,
And thy great castles, one by one,
Rise 'neath the chisel's magic spell.

No rest, nor any idle hours
The workmen know ; the tools respond,
And as by a magician's wand,
Ethereal, a fantasy,
Heavenward the royal palace towers.
In vain the tempest's force is spent
On the eternal monument
To royal power and sovereignty.

Into the night reflections shine
Forth from its roof, streaming afar ;
The flare of many a torch they are
Whose light, to aid the workmen, falls

On their mysterious design ;
And by their red glow genii go
In haste, their magic skill to show
In the adornment of its halls.

Whose is the palace, reared in pride,
Upon a thousand pillars set,
Whose every tower and minaret
Was builded by immortal skill ?
Who dwells within its spaces wide ?
Who in its antechambers waits ?
Who graved above its airy gates
The blazon that is golden still ?

Whose is the retinue that sweeps,
As of some African potentate
Across the courtyard, through the gate
Following where their lord has trod ?
Well know we who such splendour keeps !
Now is the blazon read aright ;
Al-Hamar ! Great is Allah's might !
The Alhambra ! Praises unto God !

Tr. E. C. H.

The thought of the Alhambra, once so magnificent under the Moorish rule, and now only a memory of their power and glory, saddens the poet, and he exclaims in the opening stanzas of the *Book of the Spirits*, with the sub-title *Recuerdos* ("Memories") :

What blossom withers not ?
What oak holds ever at bay
The hurricane's rude shock
Of creeping time's decay ?
Where is an endless joy ?
An hour that never goes ?
What star knows no eclipse ?
What sun no setting knows ?

Where does that palace stand
Throughout whose ancient towers
Sweeps not the tempest's blast
When the breaking storm-cloud lowers ?

Who the salt sea has crossed
In vessel small and frail
Whose shrouds have never felt
The lashing of the gale ?

What desert wanderer
On flowers doth ever tread ?
Who without passion and pain
His way through life has sped ?
Who in a quiet sleep
Lies every happy night,
Nor ever is weighed down
By sorrow's wakeful blight ?

Not one ! The mightiest king
And the meanest slave alike
Lay down their weary heads
When the hours of midnight strike,
And one on pillow of down,
And one on beggar's straw,
Knows that a deathless worm
Doth at his heart-strings gnaw.

* * * * *

Oh ! happy he who can
Believe that God alone
Filleth the heart of man !

Tr. E. C. H.

The Legend of Al-Hamar is a striking introduction to the great poem of *Granada*, in nine books, which now begins.

It opens with some noble stanzas, entitled *Invocacion :*

In the great name of God the Omnipotent
Whose presence fills the world perpetually,
Whose face flames in the eastern firmament
Reviving the young plants and the still sea,
I sing the war in which our people went
From Spain to Africa where the Muslims be,
And crowned triumphant, with the Cross divine
The Alhambra's towers, erstwhile the Crescent's shrine.

Spirit of God, three and yet one, who art
Of our most holy faith the guardian sure,
Sole fire that issues from Christ's burning heart,
Sole spring that flows immaculately pure;
Sole ray divine effulgence doth impart,
Sole inspiration that with power secure
Lifts poetry to God, grant me thine aid,
And on my verses be thy favour laid.

Sustain my voice, my spirit counsel give;
But pardon, if in the African song I sing,
Some silken Moorish threads my muse should weave
Around my Christian lute's most Christian string.
And think not that I less in Thee believe
If from some Moorish harem I should bring
A perfumed carpet where my steps may fall,
Or from their Paradise the houris call.

* * * * *

Great spirit of Isabel, I pardon crave
If my rude song too arrogant appear,
And if in approaching thee I seem too brave
As I invoke new life upon thy bier;
Know that the glory the Almighty gave
Cannot by my poor voice be made more clear;
And if thy mortal tomb I stand before
'Tis not to exalt thy fame, but to adore.

* * * * *

Tr. E. C. H.

The rest of *Granada* consists of various episodes in the history of the Conquest, beginning with the reign of Muley Hasán, father of Boabdil (*Abu-Abdila*, in Spanish), the last King of Granada. There are long narrative poems, stirring ballads, and beautiful lyrics, in this fine work. There are many references to Isabel, Queen Isabella the Catholic, wife of King Ferdinand, and much of the narrative verse concerns them. We, in England, scarcely realise the veneration in which this great Queen was held, nor can we entirely understand the Spanish interpretation of the contest of Spaniard against Moor, as a Holy War. One remembers that Queen Isabella was a fervent Catholic, and that the crowning event of her reign was the

conquest of Granada, the end of the long, long struggle, the triumph of the supreme Crusade. What a moment it must have been when the Crescent was torn down from the towers of the Alhambra and the Cross of Christ raised in its stead! No wonder the Sovereigns with their entire Court fell on their knees, giving thanks to God, at this august vision! We have perhaps forgotten that Christopher Columbus, on the eve of his perilous and momentous voyage over uncharted seas to an imagined world, came to Granada at this crucial moment, and witnessed the thrilling scene.

Muley Hasan was a weak King, who lost prestige with the Moors by resigning the kingdom of Malaga to his brother, and who alienated his people by virtually repudiating his first wife, Ayesha, a woman of irreproachable character, mother of his two sons, in favour of the beautiful and unscrupulous Zoraya, a Spanish slave, Isabella de Solis, who renounced the Christian faith to win Muley's favours, and took the Moorish name Zoraya, " the morning star."

Boabdil, Ayesha's son, who was married to a beautiful and devoted Moorish wife, Moraima, finally deposed his father, Muley Hasan, but was, later, forced to yield to the victorious Spanish army.

Zoraya, who wanted to see her sons by Muley upon the throne, was the bitter enemy of Ayesha and Boabdil, and she continually plotted against them. Zorrilla gives a stern reading of her horoscope :—

> Christian thou wert, and Christian shalt thou die;
> More dire thy fate than that of Boabdil,
> Darkness alone is shown in its aspect;
> His royal star extinguishes thy star,
> His destiny brings thine to bitter ill;
> In the kingdom of Granada aliens are
> The sons of thy polluted blood, who have
> Nor throne, nor habitation, nor a grave.
>
> *Tr.* E. C. H.

In the Third Book we have the spirited ballad of *Zahara*, with the sub-title, *Gonzalo Arias de Saavedra*. Zahara was

a town held by the Spaniards, and Gonzalo Arias was the military governor. He was a man of great bravery and unstained honour, but he was an unlucky member of a most unlucky family. Fate was his relentless enemy. He was in command of Zahara without an adequate garrison, without sufficient power.

One night, as he was on guard, he heard footsteps and voices outside the citadel, and looking out into the darkness he discerned a crowd of men scaling the ramparts. At that moment a sentry came to him crying out, " The Moors ! " Arias snatched up a shield and a battle axe, plunged down the winding staircase, and opened the barred door. A confused troop of Moors were crowded upon the battlements, and he flung himself headlong upon them. With the first blow of his battle axe he killed two of the Moors in the front line ; the second blow cut off the hand of another. The crowd opened before him. Like a Titan he stood, with no weapon but an axe, no armour but a shield, and, silent and terrible, he fought with the courage of despair. The Moors, terrified by his aspect, fell back, for they thought he was some supernatural apparition. Then a giant negro fell upon Arias, and the Moors, encouraged, returned to the conflict. Arias, with his back to the wall, defended himself against them all. At this moment Muley Hasán entered the courtyard, and was struck with admiration of the incredible courage shown by this solitary man, who, without casque or coat of mail, held the Moorish army at bay.

Watching him with admiration
Muley stood, in wonder lost
That 'gainst such a mighty host
Such high valour one man could bring.
" Hold ! " commanded he the Moors ;
Then to Arias swift turned he :
" Christian," said he, courteously,
" Surrender, for I am the King."

Arias, fainting from his wounds,
For a space, uttered no word ;
As if in a dream he heard—
" You are brave ! " The King spoke so—

" Surrender, and you shall go free."
Hoarse and panting, from his place
Arias said : " Death I can face,
But surrender ? Ten times no ! "

" Christian," then replied the Moor,
" I am Muley. Yield to me,
No dishonour to you it will be."
But Arias with a ring
Of Spanish pride, said, " And I am
Gonzalo Arias Saavedra ! Alone,
While of Zahara a single stone
Stands, I defend it for my King ! "

All the mercy of the Moor
Fled before such arrogance.
To his archers he turned his glance ;
" Forward, bowmen ! " fierce he cried.
Pierced with darts Arias fell,
Like a Christian did he kneel—
" For the Arias, Christ, and Castile ! "
So Gonzalo Arias died.

Tr. E. C. H.

Muley marched to Granada the next morning at the head of his victorious army, with two thousand captives bound to his chariot wheels. The fate of the Spaniards was fixed by him. " The young men to the dungeons ; the women to the harem ; the old men to the gallows."

The conquest of Zahara by the Moors led to the taking of Alhama, the key to Granada, by the Spaniards, and ultimately to the overthrow of the Moorish power.

The Fourth Book is preceded by another *Invocación.*

Faith, of all virtues the inspirer, thou ;
The source of valour and of courage high ;
Victor to whom both time and death must bow ;
Terror of souls from the abyss that cry ;
He who thy flame possesses doth, I trow,
With God Himself in omnipotence doth vie ;
Miracles, fame, great deeds, are in every age
Of those in whom thou dwellst the heritage.

In the vast world nothing resists thy power ;
Thy luminous torch, with its celestial light
Heaven opened in the martyrs' bitter hour ;
From orient skies to the dark, unstarred night,
Thou o'er Christ's legions didst their leader tower,—
And o'er far seas, in winds' and waves' despite,
Thou on his spirit did thy light impose,
And to Columbus a new world disclose.

Nothing is great without thee, nothing whole,
From Nimrod to Napoleon, thou wast e'er
The secret talisman of the great soul ;
Fullness of life without thee none may share,
Nor without thee has anything a goal ;
Without thee all were dust, sterile and bare ;
From God's own fire thy constant flame is swelled,
And on thy shoulders is the globe upheld.

. . . . . .

Woe to the nation who forgets thee, woe !
Lingering decay its being shall efface,
Although the rottenness it may not know
That the frail ground beneath it mines apace.
Another nation waits its downfall slow
To cast it forth and seize the empty place.
Thus did Castile, in whom true faith did reign,
Pass o'er Granada like a hurricane.

Grant me, oh ! potent faith, thy holy aid !
Thou by whose help the glorious Queen I sing
Redeemed her land, and new foundations laid,
Grant me her faith, that honour due may bring
This hymn, humble and poor that I have made.
And kindle with thy flame my offering,
Since from the celestial sphere of souls serene
Listens the spirit of Isabel, our Queen.

Tr. E. C. H.

The narrative continues the historical events following upon the fall of Zahara. Muley celebrated the Moorish triumph by a great feast in the palace of the Alhambra. In the midst of the festivities an old man, a " holy man,"

suddenly rose and pronounced a terrible doom upon Granada. "Woe, woe to Granada!" he cried. "Its hour of desolation approaches. The ruins of Zahara will fall upon your own heads!" He left the palace and went through the city, crying: "Woe, woe, woe to Granada! Its fall is at hand. Desolation shall dwell in its palaces; its strong men shall fall beneath the sword; its children and maidens shall be taken captive. Zahara is but a type of Granada."

When the Moorish horsemen rode to the Alhambra bringing Muley the terrible tidings of the fall of Alhama, the prophecy of the "holy man" must have come into his mind. "Alhama is fallen!" the horsemen said: "the key of Granada is in the hands of the enemy!"

On this theme many ballads have been written, of which Zorrilla's is not the least.

"Woe for my Alhama!" Muley in his palace
Cried, for still his own in his grief he called it;
And a sudden echo from the high roof moaning,
Sadly sighed, "Alhama!"

From the lofty towers of the lovely palace
On the breeze 'twas borne, and rustled in the branches
Through the orchards passed and in high heaven lamented,
"Woe, for my Alhama!"

To the people sped the tidings of disaster—
Who can stay the flight of a wingéd rumour?
In the city's heart was its voice uplifted;
"Woe, for my Alhama!"

And the idle crowds in their frantic terror
Everywhere the dreadful words of doom repeated;
Far and wide they flung them, so that all should hear them;
"Woe, for my Alhama!"

From the humble peasant to the haughty warrior,
From the noble proud to the high-born lady,
Each the words repeated, with the people weeping,
"Woe, for my Alhama!"

From the farthest part of the populous city
To the palace gates the people ran and shouted
With a voice of fury that frightened those within them,
" Woe, for my Alhama ! "

Then the negro guard, Muley's strong protection,
" Back ! Fall back ! " cried out, couching all their lances ;
Still the people shouted, louder grew the clamour ;
" Woe, for my Alhama ! "

Round the stately rooms raged so fierce a riot,
Such a hurricane, that they shook and shivered
'Neath the angry cries of the howling rabble,
" Woe, for my Alhama ! "

Muley slumbered not. Full five thousand warriors,
In whose hearts there burned the sacred flame of honour,
Of his legions called he ; bade them arm and hasten
Swiftly to Alhama.

Riding at their head, as the night closed round them,
With the mighty host, for the conflict thirsting,
Muley went, and shouted with his eager army,
" Vengeance for Alhama ! "

" Vengeance for Alhama ! " the people all repeated,
And the valour of their great avenging king applauded.
" Allah," they declared, " victory sends with you,
Victory to Alhama ! "

But can any see, through her veil obscuring,
The decree of fate ? Still a voice repeated,
A mysterious voice, sobbing from the ramparts,
" Woe, for my Alhama ! "

And an echo sinister, Moslem faith belying,
And upon the Moslem king bringing deep dishonour,
All that night was heard, sorrowfully sighing,
" Woe, for my Alhama ! "

Was it then the souls of the dead, whose bodies
Lay without a grave, by the tempest scattered,
Calling to the living, begging of their people
Burial in Alhama ?

Tr. E. C. H.

The succeeding books are the narrative of the flight of Boabdil, of his desertion of Moraima, and of his final exile. The Ninth Book has the following motto :

Yesterday I was like the moon, bright and full ;
To-day I am like a vanished star.

and the *Introducción* begins with the pathetic lines :

What knows the heart of its most dear desire ?
What doth it know of pleasure or of pain ?
That it possesses not, it would acquire,
All it possesses doth it hold in vain.
There is no foulness that cannot inspire
The thought of beauty, and its semblance feign ;
The good it has seems evil till it flees,
And nothing evil is that it would seize.

Tr. E. C. H.

The poem draws to a close, and the poet's thoughts turn to that tower of Baena where the lovely and hapless Moraima was imprisoned. He hears the notes of a Moorish serenade, accompanied by a guzla, the Moorish guitar. The past returns. A Moor sings to a Spanish captive :

White flower—of Baena's tower,
Unclose thy leaves, and the sun extol ;
Christian maid, thy latticed bower
Open, and give my song its goal,
Open, Sultana of my soul !

. . . . . .

The guzla ceased ; the throbbing accents died ;
The fugitive notes of the vehement song
Echo, with a soft sighing, far and wide
Upon the wind of evening bore along ;
And as at last expired the melody
Closed was the lattice of the balcony.

Tr. E. C. H.

With these lines the poem of *Granada* ends. It is worthy of immortality, and it will always live. What in the poet was unworthy is already buried in a kindly oblivion.

ELLA CROSBY-HEATH.

THE REBUILDING OF BAGDAD*

And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris I was borne.

WHILE every platform orator up and down England is mouthing Blake and declaring his intention not to cease from sword-rattling oratory until he has "built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," the author of *Red Wise*, turbaned and imperturbable, is rebuilding the ruins of Bagdad as "in the golden prime of good Haroun al Rashid." One by one the ghosts of his choice rise from the haunted dust—there is no dust in this city that is not haunted—and resume their several shapes and ways. Again the Caliph of a thousand nights ascends the throne of romance by the creaking stairway of adventure. Jafer the Barmecide follows him and the black hulk of Masrur, who knew all about necks and used his knowledge to some purpose. And there are some new faces—Omar ibn Malik, sheik of the Tanners, and Mansur, keeper of the Blue Tavern and Ali the Fan-maker, and among the daughters of Eve a whole lexicon of love reading from Amina "of the Silver Bath" to Zumurud who "loved like an eagle." Alas! I am no mountaineer. Never shall I know the giddy ways of an eagle. Zumurud, hail and farewell! But the central figure of this Bagdad of the wandering *maddahs*, or story-tellers and embalmers of the dynasties that stir to a strange renewal after centuries of dust and dream, is neither girl nor Caliph, but one Abû Nuwâs, the poet laureate of wine. Long time the poets of the East have made great hunting for the sedentary in the forest of books whether in London or Leipzig. And in the nurseries whose windows are never opened they are Robots for Rumi scholars to play with. Abû Nuwâs did not elude them. He was too brilliant a figure in the brilliant circle surrounding Haroun al Rashid to escape unpawed. The German pundits, T. Nöldeke and Alfred von Kremer, have set him jerking through many pages of meticulous research. But Mr. Mathers has no use for the

* *Red Wise*. By E. Powys Mathers. London: The Golden Cockerel Press. 18s.

Robotry of scholarship. Through Abû Nuwâs he is celebrating the nuptials of conquered and conqueror, of Persian beauty with Arabian youth. "The daughter of the Magians has turned Moslem by her union with the guests. We have asked her in marriage. . . ." A contemporary of Abû Nuwâs is writing of wine, the burning vintages of Zend. And what richer dowry could be drawn from a land where every syllable is liquid and glows with coloured fire? So the storehouse of Nushirvan the Just is broken in, daylight filters through the rifled tombs of royal Khorasan, and all the treasury of Iran melts and flows in rivers of emerald and ruby through the thirsty deserts of Islam. Henceforth the dower of the daughter of the Magians passes into the veins of her beloved, even as her snow-cooled torrents of Sufi mysticism mingle with the Prophet's sacred stream, and whirling grammarians and lexicographers and Hakims and theologians are obliterated in the Ocean of Unity. Swiftly, as though built by sweated labour of dusky Jinns working overtime into the dawn, the bridal city rises. Persian hands and Persian subtlety have placed the sons of Abbas on the throne and Bagdad is the white citadel and harbour of their wandering dreams come home. On the right bank of the Tigris the sons of the desert have stayed to rest and the daughters of the hills have gone down to them.

And this is the life and colour of her streets as seen by Abû Nuwâs in his second awakening :—

> A dog out of his proper ward being run to death : a chamberlain's page in a yellow vest fighting another boy : a birth of little silver frogs : thunder drops rebounding from the road . . . a house burning in the street of Abu Hanifah, a tempest of tall nasturtium-coloured grass : the Horse Guards riding to exercise, like a hot wind : wet silks of five colours drying in the Dyers' Garden . . . a silver string of water down red stone, where a wall leaked : a mass of rose sweetmeat on a stall, guarded by a monkey with a fan : a pale girl for sale, with silver chains crossed between her breasts : the shadow of a minaret at prayer time, dropping purple across a tray of citrons. . . .

These and a thousand more. The long incredible panorama

is unrolled before him in which the monstrous and the commonplace are commingled, laughter and lust jostle one another, and the play of light and shade is endlessly shifting.

Yet that night he wrote only:

Is your mouth poppies for the mouth of song
To put her melodies asleep ?
Is it your laughter that does music wrong
And makes her weary of her crystal scales ?
Is love a hawk to strike my nightingales
To startled silence under their green keep ?

When some I have not loved would bid me sing
The garden of the night was in my lips,
My voice could charge the empty moon with gold
It was so passionate and bold,
And on the lute my careless finger tips
Could sigh the jonquil through a silver string.

Surely this Abû Nuwâs must have suffered great torment during centuries of disembodied exile to have acquired such power of music in a foreign tongue ! For this is one of its most perfect lyrics, and the language was yet unborn when he died a parched and half-repentant sinner in 810 A.D. But Mr. Powys Mathers, using a poet's privilege, leaves the old Dervish in the dust, the only cenotaph of age and senility, and recalls the man who was, and for readers of *Red Wise* is Abû Nuwâs, the lyrist of Bagdad. The same and yet not quite the same. For by taking thought he has added one inch to the stature of Abû's immortality. Still in the wine cup he will find both joy and sorrow. And, as of old, his sorrows are concerned with dreams and dreaming. Once in the assembly of song, and this was in the second flowering of their golden prime, " the Caliph said : ' Remember that your only son has just died, and speak to us of him.' So Nuwâs, who was the least tied by family or kin of any man about the Court, looked down upon the blue tiles as if a body lay there, and began :—

" He who had great strength in his hands is weaker than a linnet. All laughter lies down there below his lids. He could climb trees.

When a very young man dies, there is nothing to be well said, for his might was in dreams, and we that are old have skill only in the praise of deeds. The acts of my son lay in a pleasant country, but his feet have faltered at its border, and he has laid down. How shall I celebrate deeds that are unborn, except with tears? His dreams are clutched in his hands like so much dust, and I would not tell you of them, even if I knew."

Neither would I add one word of praise to break the silence that must follow, even if I could.

Yet I wish I might leave him here, having said all I need to say, and be blind to the grossness that disfigures so much beauty. At the bottom of this cup of pure Arabian art lie dregs that belong not to the vintaging, that are foreign to the grape. Once upon a time the grammarian Al-Asmai wrote of another poet and contemporary of Abû Nuwâs the First: "His lines are like the public square in front of the King's palace, whereon fall pearls and gold, and dust, and potsherds, and fruit-kernels." Verily, the ghost of a grammarian hath delivered judgment upon thee also, Abû of the resurrection!

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

TO-DAY I bring your birthday gift: not grand
Rich rainbow silks of wondrous fashioning,
Not necklaces of ivory, nor ring
Of amethysts, brought from some far-off land;
But tears, the clouded pearls from shell-strewn strand,
Set in a summer's sunset gold, a string
Of Autumn's loveliness, the echoing
Of flower-wreathed days; for you will understand.

To-day I bring my birthday gift to you,
And lay the drifting blossom's fragrant bloom,
Like fallen petals of the skies, that woo
The midnight stars to flash in purple gloom,
A wreath of rosemary I bring, not rue,
Pearled with my tears, to lay upon your tomb.

EDITH M. WALKER.

THE POETRY OF PORTUGAL

II

THE Inquisition, established by King John III in 1536, and the introduction of the Jesuits into Portugal, in 1540, contributed, in course of time, towards the decadence of Portuguese literature. Gradually, however, a desire was awakened to revive literary ideals. The eyes of reformers turned towards France, and Boileau's *Art Poétique* was translated by the Conde da Ericeira. Dom João V (1706–1750) established academies of history and literature, which, together with the "arcadias" or literary clubs, founded on Italian models, prepared the way for the great poetic revival of the second half of the eighteenth century.

Manuel Maria de Barboas du Bocage (1766–1806), known to the members of the new Arcadian Society, or Academy of Belles Lettres, as "Elmano Sadino," stands out from amongst his contemporaries by reason of his combat against the affectations of his immediate predecessors. His protests were veiled in ridicule, satire and invective, and his talent for improvisation was unrivalled. Although accused of squandering his gifts he left many poems of artistic value, and his sonnets are worthy of comparison with the work of Camões. There are many points of resemblance between the careers of Camões and of Bocage. Both poets endured exile, suffered many hardships and died in poverty. Both were inspired by patriotism, but while Camões celebrated Portugal at the period of her greatest glory, Bocage had cause to lament over the diminution of Portuguese power in the East.

The following poem in which he addresses his beloved Tagus gives some idea of the music of his lyrical powers :—

Não mais, ó Tejo meu, formoso e brando,
A margem fertil de gentis verdores,
Terás d'alta Ulyssea um dos cantores,
Suspiros co'o aureo plectro modulando.

Rindo não mais verás, não mais brincando,
Por entre as nymphas e por entre as flores,
O côro divinal dos nús amores,
Dos zephiros azues o affavel bando.

Co'a fronte já sem myrto, e já sem louro,
O arrebata de rôjo a mão da sorte,
Ao clima salutar, á margem de ouro.

Eil-o em fragas de horror, sem luz, sem morte ;
Tôa d'aqui, d'alli, piado agouro :
Sois vós, desterro eterno, ermos da morte !

No more lovely Tagus, so clear and smooth flowing,
On thy banks, mossy covered, with green shaded sward,
From high Lusitania, the full throated bard,
Will modulate his sighs to his lyre golden glowing.

No more wilt thou see there, laughing and dancing,
Amidst elf-like Dryads and between sun-kissed flowers,
The heavenly chorus of Love's happiest hours,
The band of blue zephyrs in merriment glancing.

His brow without myrtle, no laurel adorning,
Reluctantly, dragged by the stern hand of Death,
To the health-giving chine at the brink of the dawning.

Here horror confronts him, without light, without breath ;
Here and there sound murmuring forebodings of mourning :
O Solitude Eternal, hermitage of Death !

(English by Ethel Pope.)

The call of Romanticism, which first sounded in Germany, re-echoed in Portugal, where the ears of poets were intent to hear the music of liberty and individualism, which aroused enthusiasm in France at the close of the eighteenth and commencement of the nineteenth centuries.

The gulf between Classicism and Romanticism was bridged by Almeida Garrett (1799–1854). At the age of twenty-six Garrett published *Camões*, in ten cantos, his first long poem, of which he said : " Conheço que está fóra das regras e que, se pelos princípios classicos o quizerem

julgar, não encontrarão senão irregularidades e defeitos. Porém declaro desde já que não olhei a regras, nem princípios, que não consultei a Horácio nem Aristóteles, mas fui insensivelmente após o coracão e os sentimentos da natureza que não pelos calculos da arte e operacões combinados do espirito." (I know it is outside rules, and if it be judged by classical principles nothing will be found but irregularities and defects. Nevertheless I declare precisely that I did not look at rules, nor reflect on principles, I did not consult Horace nor Aristotle, but composed it according to the dictates of my heart and the sentiments of my nature.) In the creation of this masterpiece Garrett was influenced, possibly subconsciously, by Byron's *Childe Harold* and *The Corsair*.

Garrett was banished from Portugal, on account of his liberal tendencies, as early as 1823, and was not permitted to return to his own country till 1826. A considerable portion of his exile was spent in Great Britain, and his association with English literature left its stamp upon his writings. In *Dona Branca*, a poem in seven cantos celebrating the conquest of Algarve, published in 1826, Garrett's Romantic tendencies are exemplified; they were responsible also for his collection of folk poems, *O Romanceiro*, a valuable contribution to the realm of national literature. Although a tendency to digression mars some of his poetry, much of his verse attains the high-water mark of lyrical beauty in *Folhas Cahidas* (Fallen Leaves). For example, the rhythm of the verse in *Bella Barca* seems to indicate the movement of the boat.

Pescador da barca bella
Onde vas pescar com ella
Que é tam bella
Oh pescador ?

Fisherman, tell me, on the bounding wave
What strange waters thy bark will lave,
Fisherman, tell me this I crave.

(English by Ethel Pope.)

Other beautiful lyrics are contained in his *Flores sem*

Fructo (Flowers without Fruit), and in the *Lyrica de João Minimo*. Garrett's over-fluent pen enabled him to compose verse, prose and drama with equal ease and speed, and some of his work suffered in consequence. Nevertheless he occupies a very important position amongst nineteenth century authors. In 1836 he was appointed Inspector-General of Theatres, and wrote a number of dramas to form a répertoire for the national theatre which he inaugurated. Amongst the finest of his dramatic works are *O Alfageme de Santarem* and *Frei Luiz de Sousa*. In the latter play the influence of Goethe is distinguishable, and in his autobiography Garrett admitted the effect produced upon him by German literature, with which he became closely acquainted during his residence in Brussels as Chargé d'Affaires (1834–35).

Apart from Almeida Garrett possibly the Portuguese poet best known in foreign circles is Anthero de Quental (1842–1891), a leader of the revolt against Romanticism. He was a fighter to the very core, many of his sonnets vibrate with military force and energy, whilst his *Odes Modernas* are socialistic in tone. His work, which is essentially individualistic, will go down to posterity by reason of its vigour. Pessimism enveloped his existence, which he terminated by his own hand, when at the height of his career. Eça de Queiroz wrote a fine appreciation of this great poet in *Notas Contemporancas*, which reads as follows : " Por mim penso e com gratidão que em Anthero de Quental me foi dado conhecer, n'este mundo de peccado e de escuridade, alguem, filho querido de Deus, que muito padeceu porque muito pensou, que muito amou porque muito compregendeu, e que, simples entre os simples, pondo a sua vasta alma em curtos versos, era um Genio e era um Santo." (I recall with gratitude that I have had the privilege of knowing in Anthero de Quental a much-loved child of God, in the midst of this world of sin and obscurity. He suffered much because he reflected much, he loved much because he understood much. Simple of the simple he put his whole vast soul into his short verses. He was a genius and a saint.)

João de Deus Ramos (1830–1896) was an inimitable lyricist, one characterised by sincerity of expression and simplicity of thought. Three years before his death he published a complete edition of his work, in one volume, entitled *Campo de Flores* (Field of Flowers). He based his writing on the folk poetry of Portugal, and strove to give voice to his own individuality, irrespective of stereotyped classification. Below is a citation from one of his finest poems *A Vida* (Life).

A vida é flor na corrente
A vida é sopro suave,
A vida é estrella cadente,
Voa mais leve que a ave :
Nuvem que o vento nos ares,
Onda que o vento nos mares
Uma apoz outra lançou.
A vida—penna cahida
Da aza de ave ferida—
De valle em valle impellida,
A vida o vento a levou.

Life is a flower on the current,
Life is the wind's soft sigh,
Life is the fading star-spray
Evanescent in the evening sky.
A cloud on the whispering zephyr,
A wave by the wind set free
To join its white crested sisters
On their way to the wind tossed sea.
Life is a drooping feather
From the wing of a wounded bird torn,
Carried from valley to valley,
Tossed by the wind is it borne.

(English by Ethel Pope.)

A staunch supporter of the Romantic movement was Thomaz Antonio Ribeiro Ferreira (1831–1901), whose fine verses *A Portugal* occur at the commencement of his long romance in verse *Dom Jayme*. They form a fitting close to this study of Portuguese Poetry, for they reveal the soul of

a people who gaze with confidence into the mirror of the future, while inspired by the remembrance of a glorious past.

Patria filha do sol das primaveras
Rica dona de messes e pomares
Recorda ao mundo ingrato as priscas eras
Em que tu lhe ensinaste a erguer altares !
Mostra-lhe os esqueletos das galeras
Que foram descobrir mundos e mares ;
Se alguem menosprezar teu manto pobre,
Ri-te do fatuo que se julga nobre !

O country of the sun and springtime blent,
Mistress of golden crops and orchard trees,
Remind the world that, taught by thee, it bent
The knee to worship in days remote from these.
Show it the skeletons of ships that went
To the discovery of new worlds and seas :
If any scorn thy coat of poverty
Laugh at the fool and his nobility !

Porque te miras triste sobre as aguas,
Pobre—d'aquem e d'alem mar senhora ?
E te consomes nas candentes fragoas
Das saudades crueis que tens d'outrora ?
Por tantos loiros que te deram ? Magoas ?
Foste mal paga e mal julgada ? Embora !
Has-de congir o teu diadema augusto ;
Sao teus filhos leaes, e Deus é justo.

Why by thy waters dost thou mourn and brood,
Poor—mistress thou of lands beyond the sea ?
Dreaming for ever in sad wistful mood
Of days that were ? Thy victories to thee
What guerdon brought but woe, misunderstood
And unrewarded still ? Well, let it be !
Yet shalt thou raise thy crown from out the dust,
Since loyal are thy sons, and God is just !

(English version by Aubrey F. G. Bell.)

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM:

ORGANIC CONSISTENCY IN CURRENT POETRY

THREE American volumes which have recently come to our attention are of unique artistry, intentionally or otherwise. On reading *Poems*, by Mabel Simpson (The Vinal Press), we would think " otherwise." There will always be someone in whom the beat of the sea is an urge to come to words about it ; who will hold to the contrapuntal rhythms, place the intoning vowel reverberations as they should lie, and stand off, like an artist, for the final effect. The woman who filled a bottle from Niagara to show her neighbour the grandeur of the Falls is not more ridiculous, more futile. And yet, out of the mouth of babes—for so does the work of Mabel Simpson generally impress us—come a few lines with the beat and overtones of some special moment in Nature. Her wide-eyed, small-world vision of the newly initiated suddenly centres a living atmosphere. *Vesper* sounded, becomes a semi-legato flow of light-toning words. They are consistent to the end :

> " The wind went by with a lovely sound,
> And night fell like a leaf."

Her poetic being *held* the cadences of the wind as its own, before ever her thought took form.

O Willow, Willow, bears out this same gracious instinct of portrayal. The line and lightness of the willow rises and droops within her words :

> " O Willow, Willow,
> Who shall know
> The sweet and gentle
> Overflow
> Of music when your branches blow ?
>
> O Willow, Willow,
> Who shall hear
> The music beautifully clear
> Far, far away,
> And near, and near ?
> O Willow, Willow,
> Who shall keep
> A music even
> In his sleep ?
>
> The slumbering is deep, is deep."

Even if many of her verses patter words as inconsequentially as a child who does not always expect to be heard, the verse *From Deeps Beyond* measures a limitless horizon.

Another fine instance of co-singing Nature poetry is in the volume *Quests*, by Sylvia Hortense Bliss. I doubt that she planned to have her lines flow in the measures of the Psalms, but in that rhythm does she most intrinsically bear out the thrust of hill, the fall of light, the weft of feeling that means rest to the eye, sounds within the heart. Here is a vowel-fall in perfect dynamics to the fall of leaves: "The glory of the leaves is brought to earth." Here is a variable, volatile sound-movement complementing her idea:

"As a troop of dancers in fluttering robes of green, come the leaves.
They throng the wood and sweep through the valley; they climb the hills and crowd upon the winding road.
Their garments glisten in the sun and they lightly sway to music which I cannot hear.
They hide the branches of the trees and close the windows of the forest that I may not see within.
I enter the forest and all the paths are curtained and all the vistas veiled with fresh and tremulous leaves."

I would say, in passing, that in 1921 the Poetry Society of America recommended *Quests* for purchase by the libraries of America. But this slim volume is not yet generally known. I think of Miss Bliss as stepping down from the hill-town of East Calais, Vermont, to the nearest printing press (the Capitol Press, Montpelier, Vermont) and settling her words in book-form. There she let them rest, satisfied to have them where she could live again her trysts with beauty. She would hardly step out into the world, asking who could understand. But she offers much that no one else can offer.

From the volume, *The North-east Corner* (Houghton Mifflin), two illustrations of the art of Frederick R. McCreary should be given appreciative attention. *Blind* and *Sand Memory* are an instance each, in applied psychology, in poetry. He gathers a poem from impressions his subject matter would make on man's inner mind—just as much as his thoughts focus—and nothing further. Here is *Blind*:

"Slowly the fog,
Hunch-shouldered with a gray face;
Arms wide, it advances,
Finger-tips touching the way

Past the dark houses
And dark gardens of roses.
Up the short street from the harbor,
Slowly the fog,
Seeking, seeking;
Arms wide, shoulders hunched,
Searching, searching,
Out through the streets to the fields
Slowly the fog,
A blind man hunting the moon."

One verb—"advances"—but it is left far behind as the fog penetrates the land! His thoughts do not quite form sentences but, by very suggestiveness, build the moment as it would form itself unspoken in the mind. Poets or laity, within some elusive beauty, do not react with sentences, do not *see* in sentences. Here is organically consistent expression—but only to be used by the artist or uncultivated man. Interesting, too, is his fourth line in *Blind*, where alliteration of t's produces more than the physical effect—conveys a sense of groping touch.

This same gesture in imagery—unusual in poetry—is found in *Sand Memory:*

"Softly the sea
With its handfuls of moonlight,
Its armfuls of moonlight,
Taking them in to the beach dusk,
Sifting them over the dark sand,
Slowly in wide curves.

Softly and slowly the sea
Scattering moonbubbles,
Handfuls and armfuls
On dusk-darkened beaches.
Over and over
Telling stories of moonspray
And night-dripping wings,
Over and over and over.

And the sand says nothing,
The sand remembers
And crouches and waits;
It is old as the old sea

And knows no peace
Till the width of the tide,
The dark sprawl of rocks, and the seaweed."

These particular volumes demonstrate how natural vowel-tone and phrase draughtsmanship shape a mood within the mind with unstudied effectiveness.

HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS.

THE DRAMAS OF LORD TENNYSON.

The Dramas of Alfred Lord Tennyson, by Cornelia Japiksie, Phil.Litt.Dr. (Macmillans), is of great merit and full of information. It shows very wide reading and fine appreciation of the poet and his work and will help to put the dramas on their proper level in public estimation. It is not possible to judge of the merits of a drama until you have seen it on the stage. The poet intended that the trilogy, *Harold*, *Becket* and *Queen Mary*, should portray the making of England—*Harold* the conflict between Danes, Saxons and Normans for supremacy, *Becket* the struggle between Crown and Church, and *Mary* the downfall of Roman Catholicism in England—and his last play, *The Foresters*, sketches the forces which won for the people the Magna Charta.

Queen Mary is a fine poem. It was acted at the Lyceum in 1876 under the management of Miss Bateman, with Henry Irving as leading man, but it only ran for a month, though in Melbourne it had two long runs. People took exception to the poet having "made a heroine out of Bloody Mary." Tennyson saw that there was a gentler aspect of her nature and that her domestic life had been one long tragedy, and he wished to be fair to her. He understood the drama, but, as Miss Japikse says, where he failed was in not being acquainted with the demands of modern stage production, and all the mechanical details, which secure success behind the footlights. Irving's stage manager, Mr. Bram Stoker, wrote of this that "had Tennyson began practical playwriting younger, or had he had any kind of apprenticeship to experience of stage use, he would have had no second as a dramatist." Tennyson was aware of this and allowed Irving to cut and alter to his heart's content in *Becket*. The same sort of professional criticism after the complete failure of *The Promise of May* was made by Gilbert, who said "If I had had that play for twenty minutes I could have made it one of the successes of the season."

In 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produced *The Falcon* at St. James's

Theatre, where it ran for sixty-seven nights. The story is one from *The Decameron* and to English ideas somewhat repulsive. It was followed two years later by *The Cup*. Irving took immense pains with the mounting of this at the Lyceum. The story from *Plutarch* and the scenery in Act I was only surpassed by the painting of the interior scene of the great temple of Artemis which was more realistic and finer than anything ever seen on any stage. Ellen Terry and Irving took the chief parts. The play ran for over a hundred and thirty nights. Ten years elapsed before *The Foresters* was brought out in 1892. This play had a great run in America under Daly, with Ada Rehan as Maid Marian. It has some beautiful songs in it, notably "*To sleep, to sleep*" and "*There is no land like England.*

The latest to be acted was the best known of all, *Becket*. Browning had welcomed the appearance of both *Queen Mary* and *Harold* as splendid subjects finely handled. *Becket* was not staged until after both his and Tennyson's death. It is the best known of all, and perhaps the finest. Irving shortened it by a third, for it was even longer than *Hamlet*, and he played the part with enthusiasm. He said that no drama and no character had ever so influenced him, and when people said that he had *made* the play, he said with emphasis, "No, no, the play made me, it changed my whole view of life."

And truly he was, when acting it, no longer the Irving we had so often seen on the boards. The mannerisms of gait and gesture were all gone, and he was all in all the great man he was representing, both as Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury. He played these great parts three hundred and eighty times, and died suddenly, in his hotel at Bradford, immediately after his last performance on October 13, 1905. As the writer of this most interesting book says :—"All things taken together, the staging of the last play of the Laureate by one of England's most eminent actors was an event which may be said to have represented the highest achievement of both the poet and the actor. To those who saw the performance *Becket* will for ever unite the names of Alfred Tennyson and Henry Irving."

The appendix gives a useful list of all Tennyson's songs, and the Frontispiece gives the reader one of the two best photographs ever taken of the poet in his later years. W. F. R.

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Interest in the life and personality of Jesus has become so widespread during recent years, and has inspired so many fine poems, that it is rather strange to find Sir James Marchant, K.B.E. LL.D.,

in his *Anthology of Jesus* (Cassells, 7s. 6d.), drawing so little upon the later writers. He ignores Allan Brockington's wonderful narrative, *The Nazarene*, and other contemporary personifications of the humanity of Jesus. Apart from this, his choice of quotations has been wide, embracing sayings in prose and verse by famous men and women in many different countries and times. They are grouped according to subject, "His Baptism," "His Transfiguration," etc., not according to authors, Napoleon's tribute being seen side by side with that of Strauss and Carlyle, Tolstoi's with that of Thomas à Kempis, Goethe's with that of Anatolius. A small space is found, however, for a few words by Dean Inge, Thomas Hardy and Gilbert Chesterton. Naturally a good part of the work is conventional in tone. It is a book of hymns, mostly very joyous and hopeful, breathing the piety of all the centuries. Sir James does not concern himself with specially original and controversial viewpoints, nor yet with theological or historical criticism and research, but he does help to bring nearer to us the personality of the dear, compassionate comrade, and in the Anthology presents a "Life" viewed from many but not all aspects.

SOUTHEY ON BAD POETRY AND WORSE CRITICISM.

SOUTHEY'S *Uneducated Poets*, now included in the Oxford Miscellany (Humphrey Milford), will be found even more readable now than when first published. We can compare Southey's experiences and opinions with our own and also enjoy his editor's comments and notes. Southey, when Poet Laureate, had the not singular experience of being bombarded with MSS. for his perusal, opinion and advice. Their authors were "the plague of my life," but the affliction did not prevent his acceding to the humble petition of Mr. John Jones, a butler, to interest himself in his "Attempts in Verse." The Poet Laureate not only read the verses, but arranged with John Murray to publish them, and obtained several hundred subscribers for the book. Southey was somewhat dilatory and preoccupied; Jones sought his patronage in 1827, and it was not until 1831 that the book appeared. But Southey made amends by contributing an introduction which led him to deal with other "Uneducated Poets" in a most interesting manner. The encouragement of a rhymester whose writings are admittedly valueless merely because the character of the man is without blemish or has an interesting or unfortunate history is not advisable, and the editor quite properly points out that "too little is said of the unpleasant happenings in the lives of men and women who from suffer-

ing the discomforts of poverty have under patronage gone to the torments of the soul. . . . Condescending patronage of any rhyming bricklayer or washerwoman has never succeeded in producing any fine verses, but has often converted an honest labourer into an unpleasant beggar." Yet Southey's humble examples do not deserve these strictures—all of them, especially Taylor the Water Poet, and Stephen Duck the Wiltshire thresher, who obtained a Queen's favour and the jealousy of Dean Swift, had distinct poetic merit. However, Southey felt that some such criticism might be passed upon his charitableness, and made this debatable defence:

"As mean a spirit may be shown in traducing a book because it is written by a lord, as in extolling it beyond its deserts for the same reason. But when we are told that the thresher, the milkwoman and the tobacco-pipe maker did not deserve the patronage they found—when it is laid down as a maxim of philosophical criticism that poetry ought never to be encouraged unless it is excellent in its kind, that it is an art in which inferior execution is not to be tolerated, a luxury, and must therefore be rejected unless it is of the very best—such reasoning may be addressed with success to cockered and sickly intellects, but it will never impose upon a healthy understanding, a generous spirit, or a good heart.

"Bad poetry (if it be harmless in its intent and tendency) can do no harm, unless it passes for good, becomes fashionable, and so tends to deprave still further a vitiated public taste, and still further to debase a corrupted language. Bad criticism is a much worse thing, because a much more injurious one, both to the self-satisfied writer and the assentient reader; not to mention that without the assistance of bad criticism, bad poetry would but seldom make its way.

"The mediocres have long been a numerous and an increasing race, and they must necessarily multiply with the progress of civilisation. But it would be difficult to say wherefore it should be treated as an offence against the public to publish verses which no one is obliged either to purchase or to read. Booksellers are not likely to speculate at their own cost in such wares; there is a direct gain to other branches of trade; employment is given where it is wanted; and if pecuniary loss be a matter of indifference to the author, there is then no injury to himself, and he could not have indulged himself in a more innocent folly, if folly it should deserve to be called. But if he is a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and the happier for writing verses.

"If, indeed, a poet feels in himself a constant craving for

reputation, and a desire of depreciating for reputation, those who have been more successful than himself—if he looks upon them as his competitors and rivals, not as his brethren in the art—then verily it is unfortunate for such a man that he possesses the talent of versifying. And in that case he will soon betake himself to criticism as a more congenial calling; for bad poets become malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar."

THE INDIVIDUALIST AND THE ANTHOLOGIST

THE poems in *Selworthy*, by E. W. Hendy (Ernest Blake), have the fresh beauty belonging to vivid sensations which have been cherished in the author's mind and in the fullness of time turned into musical and often memorable verse. Each of the thirty odd pieces in the book is individual. Each makes its own impression. The author is happiest in his pictures of Nature, which he observes with subtle appreciation. The contrast between the town with its "regulated boredom of routine" and the "freedom of the countryside" is the inspiration of many of his poems; and thus is a theme hard to exhaust. Even in the city, the author finds his imagination flying to the scenes he loves:—

> "Strange that a creaking door should bring
> Swift memories of woodland spring,
> Bring thoughts of beeches, silver boled,
> With leafy canopies of gold,
> To this fog-ridden city. . . ."

Mr. Hendy's poem is none the worse for having been anticipated by *The Reverie of Poor Susan*. Much, indeed, in the volume recalls Wordsworth; though never for one moment can it be doubted that Mr. Hendy's impressions are first-hand. The spontaneity of his best poems makes them very pleasant.

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Wilfrid Thorley's *Bouquet from France, a Hundred French Poems with English Translations and Brief Notes* (Harrap), makes a double appeal. It is at once a useful anthology of representative French lyrics, from an anonymous Aubade of the thirteenth century to a modern experiment in "prose-stanzas," by Paul Fort, and a volume of delightful English poems which faithfully mirror the thought of the French masters without over-closely reproducing their idiom. The author is wise enough not to attempt to imitate the archaic diction of Froissart's *Ballade* or the super-subtle melodies of

Verlaine. He is content in each case to give us poems which are of real merit in themselves, and bear the stamp of his own individuality rather than any other. Perhaps he is at his best in work of a highly-cultured and richly pictorial style, such as the *Sculpteur, Cherche avec Soin* of Theodore de Vanville, but he also seems to be entirely at his ease in the crisp, common-sense manner of La Fontaine. When it suits his purpose he can follow the French stanza-form with extreme precision, as in his rendering of Villon's rondeau addressed to Death, but he is never a slave to the original metres, and sometimes alters the length and arrangement of the lines. In the case of Durant's lyric *The Sunflower*, he has added a line in italics, forming a kind of refrain, to every stanza. The use of a trisyllabic metre—a metre unassimilable to French prosody—for de Lisle's famous *Midi* is remarkably effective. Mr. Thorley's accuracy is seldom at fault, but surely Arthur Rimbaud's

> "... rides
> Que *l'alchimie* imprime aux grands fronts studieux"

should hardly be interpreted "aged brows *in alchemy* grown wise." The French phrase would seem to refer to the alchemy of time, whereas the English certainly suggests the actual study of the pseudo-science. The aim of this author, as he states in his preface, is to help in overcoming the old-time "British belittling of all things French," so far as poetry is concerned, and he lends to this cause a fine scholarship and discriminating sympathy with French artistry in verse.

* * *

Inspired by very much the same purpose, Mr. Richard Cloudesley Savage had selected fifty poems by fifty French poets and done them into English verse in a volume which he calls *Casements* (Dent), explaining the apt title by a Keatsean quotation. One interesting and rather curious fact about these two anthologies, so far as we can see, is that they contain no single poem in common—a tribute to the fruitfulness of the French Muse, especially in modern days. Considering that Mr. Savage deals with modern writers only, he is to be congratulated on having avoided freaks and extremists of every kind. In addition to examples by old favourites such as de Banville and Baudelaire, he includes the work of Victor Kinon, the Comtesse de Noailles and other poets yet living. Verses by Rostand, Coppée and Daudet will be welcome to the British public as a new phase in the work of celebrities whom they know as novelists and playwrights. Incidentally *The Plums*, translated from Daudet, is one of the

most skilful and spirited pieces in the book, being a series of triolets making a connected story. Mr. Savage has a special gift for poems with a "swing." The rapid, slightly irregular metre of *The Elves* conjures up the exact feeling of de Lisle's well-known ballad—though a reader unacquainted with French would never guess that this was a translation. It might be said that Mr. Savage has achieved greater simplicity, and possibly just a little more spontaneity, than Mr. Thorley, but their qualities are distinct and they do not challenge invidious comparison.

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"Yet another translation of Heine's songs" is offered by Sir Robert Garran (Edward A. Vidler, Melbourne). He is well aware of his difficulties, but accepts in a sportsmanlike spirit the rather thankless task to which he feels himself challenged by Heine's own words, "I am anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English." The nature of his material does not lend itself to that brilliant, polished workmanship which enables a translator to produce something "showy." Most purely romantic poetry is untranslatable because its power lies solely in some inner charm—in gushes of simple emotion which often gain rather than lose by the rough-edged verse in which they were first conceived, but which tend to vanish and leave only the edges (and Heine's are particularly rough) in another language. Thus the sentimental outpourings of *Youthful Sorrows* inevitably lose much in the English. However, Sir Robert's versions are never dull or banal, and whenever he is given a chance to reproduce the sardonic humour of his original, as in the story of the ghost lovers in *Dream Pictures*, he does so with notable success. To the popular lyric *On Wings of Song* he gives a hint of playfulness which is missed by its numerous other translators. His lightness of touch also serves well in the long narrative ballads *Almansor* and *Don Ramiro*. His highest level of pure poetry is perhaps reached in the sea-verses of *The Home-Coming* and *The North Sea*.

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We received the *Book of Bodley Head Verse* with pleasant anticipations, but the delight derived from these examples of the work of many friends and contemporaries who formed a rare galaxy concentrated round a famous publishing house has been mingled with some disappointment. The selection made by Mr. J. B. Priestley, who is, we believe, a newcomer to the Bodley Head, is a personal thing and may stand by itself. Our irritation is due to the preface by Mr. J. C. Squire, who has turned what is meant to be an appreciation of

Mr. John Lane and his distinctive firm into something like depreciation, which must be painful to those who have pleasant memories of Mr. Lane, who regard the Bodley Head as unique among publishing houses and cherish very agreeable recollections of a gentlemanly firm—a quality not altogether common to publishing houses—and its treatment of an irritable and suspicious tribe. Mr. Squire tells us that John Lane "had no passion for any kind of *belles-lettres*," but that few publishers, if any, of his time published less sheer rubbish, a concession that we do not regard as a compliment. He tells us that Mr. Priestly "has obviously been very thoroughly through the 'file copies' in Vigo Street, and has found something worth printing in a very large number of authors," and also that "since some of his greater authors did not exclusively publish with Lane," he "has even been able to make an unusual selection from the well-known." These phrases sound ambiguous to us, and we like them as little as the references to "Beardsley the Consumptive," "Dowson the Degenerate," "Beeching the Canon," "Thompson the Catholic." Mr. Squire's position might have saved him, too, from claiming or implying what John Lane never did—that John Lane alone published Benson, Davidson, Watson, Thompson, Stephen Phillips, Norman Gale, Richard le Gallienne and others represented in the anthology as Bodley Head poets, who came to the Bodley Head when John Lane was in partnership with Elkin Matthews. In fact, it was the latter who originated the title of the Bodley Head, although he is quite ignored in this preface to the Bodley Head Verse. The anthology is full of interesting memories. Not only are the prolific 'Nineties represented, but it is shown how the Bodley Head to-day maintains its reputation for good poetry, newcomers like Kenneth Ashley, Frank Kendon and F. R. Higgins continuing the best traditions in the best manner.

* * *

Mr. Lewis Hind's courage has failed him in compiling 100 *Best Poems*, a companion to the altogether delightful and individual *Second Best Poems* (Philpot, 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Hind has confined his selection to what he terms "dead poets"—dead only in the physical sense, however, the oldest of them being very much alive, otherwise they would not have found inclusion in this anthology, and he has further limited himself by making his selection from twelve representative anthologies, beginning with Palgrave. Hence his present collection is a condensed edition of well-known anthology poems, leaving little scope for Mr. Hind's individual taste and vagaries, which delight us and are the chief justification for his

anthologising. He has resisted the temptation to make an anthology of quotations rather than of poems, but here and there he has succumbed and given us extracts we cannot accept as being the absolute kernel of a fine poem, which should have been included if at all in its entirety. He omits every other verse from the *Blessed Damozel*, and cuts *Annabel Lee* down to three verses and the refrain. The *Ode to a Nightingale* is reduced to three stanzas, and similar liberties are taken with Gray's *Elegy* and Smart's *Song of David*. Only a few poets are represented by more than one piece, and the only one who exceeds two is Shakespeare, with three.

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In contemporary verse there are many precious volumes that are despised by the preciosity but which are more widely appreciated than more pretentious work, because they express directly, simply—sometimes tritely—the feelings and aspirations of the general reader, possessing a quality that is greater than mere literary value. In this category may be placed *An Ulsterman's Rhymes* (Erskine Macdonald, 6s. net), in which Mr. William Kelly, with exuberant fervour and metrical fluency, expresses the sentiments, the loves and hates, the passion and the pathos of the Loyal Province, and in lively ballads describes gallant episodes in its eventful history. In the same category may be placed *God's Cheer*, by Charles Wellington Goodin (Christopher Publishing House)—a collection of the occasional verse that was the recreation of a pioneer business man in the Western States. Coloured by long experience and knowledge of human nature, they express the creed of his thoughts and his activities, and like so much verse of this kind the poems reveal and deepen appreciation of the homely, essential virtues of honesty, thrift, duty, honour, belief in God and Man, carried out in the everyday affairs of life and developed into a gospel of faith, courage and cheer. But what has all this to do with poetry? My friend, to many whom you, with your higher criticism should not despise, it is the whole of it.

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We have occupied ourselves lately with another type of verse which cannot be honoured by the name of Poetry, but we return unashamed to nonsense verse. It remains in fashion, and *Bats in the Belfry*, the collected nonsense poems of L. de Giberne Sieveking (Routledge, 10s. 6d.), will increase its popularity. Mr. John Nash's illustrations, introduced by Mr. Max Beerbohm, are all very much in the same manner, but Mr. Sieveking has many styles and each of them would satisfy Mr. Langford Reed's definition of nonsense

verse. He is hilarious, grotesque, absurd. We quote one of his "examples of blatant naughtiness," although one of the least extravagant and most common-sensical, because it is short:

There was once a charwoman of Amsterdam,
Who went sailing away to sea,
On the top of a powerful electric tram,
That she stole from the L.C.C.
With a bee in her bonnet,
A cuckoo clock on it,
And ninety-nine packets of tea.
In a fit of contrition
She cut the ignition,
And flew away home on the back of a bee,
Shouting, "Hey-Ho! Fiddle-de-dee!
What's the use of work?"

THE NEW KIPLING AND OTHER AUTUMN BOOKS

At the head of the comparatively few notable books of the season within our particular scope must be placed the new Kipling volume *Debits and Credits* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). Its vigorous, vivid prose does not concern us here, its verse—one, frequently two, poems to each prose item—has received its meed of appreciation from every critic of distinction in every paper that matters throughout the English-speaking world. As we have no desire to join the undistinguished minority movement in letters, we have nothing left to do but to take this earliest opportunity of recognising the ancient power, the unerring aim, the arresting grip of this giant of our days, who remains so thoroughly English and aloof from alien literary influences. Here is still the wide range of subject, phrase and metaphor within the English sphere, with perhaps a mellower concern for immediately homely affairs:

"On peaceful postless Sabbaths I consider Weighty Things,
Such as Sussex cattle feeding in the dew."

But he forgets himself when he asserts

"The miracle of our land's speech—so known
And long received, none marvel when 'tis shown!"

We continue to marvel at Kipling's own wizardry of words, more potent than the magic so often ascribed to poetry, and up and down the country this autumn we have found our land's speech,

especially when used by Shakespeare, is guarded and garnered and used as a very precious heritage.

Messrs. Macmillan are also responsible for the *Collected Poems of Wilfrid Gibson* (8s. 6d.)—a bulky volume of 790 small type pages, containing all the work published during the last twenty years—we remember Mr. Gibson as a serious poet earlier than 1905—that the author cares to reprint—it would be an interesting literary exercise to ascertain what Mr. Gibson has left out, especially from his later volumes ; and the *Collected Poems of James Stephens* (10s. 6d.) containing not a quarter of the matter included in Mr. Gibson's collection, introduced by a provocative preface in which Mr. Stephens defends the predominance of the lyric and speculates on the probability of a prose renaissance, in defiance of " the lack of fundamental brain work, so evident in our novelists and essayists." We cannot do more at the moment than record, as a literary event, the publication of these two important collected editions, leaving Mr. Arthur Hood to discuss their significance and influence in a later review.

Very welcome and timely is a new edition of W. S. Gilbert's *Songs of a Savoyard* (3s. 6d.), and the complete text of the always delightful and fascinating *Savoy Operas* (8s. 6d.), for which Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts, who have participated in the recent revival and more particularly perhaps the greater multitude of admirers of the unique combination who have enjoyed no recent opportunity of " assisting " at Princes, have to thank Messrs. Macmillan.

The autumn has added *The Oxford Book of French Verse* (8s. 6d.) to a famous series that no poetry library should be without. Mr. St. John Lucas presents 371 pieces, ranging from the beginning of French lyric poetry in the twelfth century to the present day, and he concludes a lengthy, lucid survey of the work of these eight centuries with a judgment which we hope may be as truly and authoritatively applied to the present and future of English poetry. " The passion for order once again obsesses French verse ; no matter how exotic or commonplace his ideas, this phantom bestrides Pegasus behind the poet. . . . We may view the future of poetry in France without foreboding, conscious that, in spite of the amusing revolts of transient eccentricity, the love of symmetry, the desire for comely order, will never wholly forsake the art of a nation so justly famous for her traditions of harmony in construction and clearness in idea."

From the Oxford University Press also comes a translation into English verse of *The Minor Poems of Dante* (7s. 6d.), which has been done by our contributor, Lorna di Lucchi, whose *Anthology of Italian Poems*—the best book of its kind—was reviewed some little

time ago in THE POETRY REVIEW by Prof. Olivero. Dante had no great tenderness for the translators of his day, but we venture to think he would have been benign to Mme. Lucchi, who has not only adhered to the master's metrical forms but also, by what he would have called long and devoted love—"the appplication of the mind to that of which it is enamoured"—she has acquired and been able to present a sense of the beauty dwelling in the Canzoniere. A book to ponder over: it will not yield the full measure of its essence at one reading.

* * *

Any demand that may exist for original Christmas plays of fine literary and dramatic quality is adequately met by *Christmas Plays*, by B. Dennis Jones, Precentor of Trinity College, Cambridge (Heffer, paper, 44 pp., 2s.), and *Three Christmas Plays*, by Grace Calvert Holland (Erskine MacDonald, boards, 96 pp., 3s. 6d.). The former playlets are the simpler and briefer; Mrs. Calvert Holland is more ambitious, especially in the homely mystery play, *The Coming of the Child*, which has already charmed both learned and simple. Both playwrights, who bring to their work "a simple devotion, a lofty imagination, a tempered judgment, a harmony of thought and language" as well as considerable technical knowledge and a wise understanding of what is needed by the players and audiences for whom they have written, have made a feature of suitable music which assists to make each little play a harmonious festival.

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Those who discuss poetry and attempt to interpret it by way of lectures or recitals should steep themselves in the essays on *The Art of Poetry* by six great English poets—Philip Sidney, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Matthew Arnold, which Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has brought together into one volume and introduced in a sagacious and all-too-short preface (Faber and Gwyer), 7s. 6d.), a workmanlike volume and a piece of book-making much better worth doing than the expensive reprinting of old books that have never become classics or which we possess in handier, more useful editions. We hope readers will digest these significant essays and abstract therefrom a constructive theory of the art of poetry, supplemented by two or three later books recently noticed in these pages.

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Our reference to superfluous and expensive reprints has no application to *The Bodley Head Quartos*, which for 2s. 6d. offer an exact reprint of the original text of the less accessible Elizabethan and Jacobean pamphlets and plays. No. XIV should be added to and

read in conjunction with Mr. Brimley Johnson's collection of essays on poetry, for it gives us Samuel Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme* and Thomas Campion's *Observations on the Art of English Poetrie* in a delightful and exact format. We may be ungrateful, but we are less enamoured of the same publishers' handsome new edition of *Don Juan* (one guinea), although it is better worth doing than many of these imposing illustrated gift books. Mr. John Austen's full-page drawings to each of the sixteen cantos and numerous smaller illustrations are bold but wooden in the modern fashion we do not associate with Byron. The text, however, is complete, and this beautifully printed edition is likely to become the standard one of a great, prodigal achievement in English poetry.

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The poignant quality of Mrs. Ratcliffe's work is endorsed by *The Shoe-ing of Jerry-go-Nimble* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)—lyrical fragments in dialect of familiar episodes of life in the Dales. She has a sensitive ear for the naming of things also, yet it is not the mere occurrence of words and phrases like " chance bairn," " cock leet " (dawn), and " the new born moon " lying in " a creddle of trees," so much as her tender use of them that gives these poems all their charm.

In the story of *Dymer*, by Clive Hamilton (Dent, 6s.), from his escape from a Eutopian town to his fall in combat with a dragon of his own begetting, one is little impressed by the allegory that is hard to understand, amazed at the alternate flashes of brilliance and dullness in the style of writing, and wholly delighted by the lyrical quality of many of the lines.

Prometheus, by Clarence Whittesley Mendell (Yale University Press), contains a metrical version of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus and an original *Prometheus Unbound*, the latter adhering very closely in form and style to the translation in the first part of the book. There is, of course, greater scope in it for the use of the author's own imagination and language. In the *Prometheus Bound* one sometimes feels that his wish to translate faithfully has cramped his style and shorn his imagery of some of its native poetry. It is an old war—that between literalness and license, and even the critics are divided into two camps.

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The Lady Maud Warrender, President-General of the Poetry Society, will visit the United States in December and hopes to stimulate the extension of the Society in America and to arrange for the application there of the Shakespeare Recitals.

THE POETS' FELLOWSHIP:

PREMIUMS AND CRITICISM

The results of the usual premium competition are as follows :—

COMMENDED : Helen B. G. Sutherland, Mrs. W. L. Kenly, Madefrey Odhner, (Miss) M. B. Foote, Daniel McGhie Cory, Evelyn D. Bangay, (Miss) M. W. Fairlie, " C. L.," Mildred Mesereau, G. F. Buck, Wilfrid Merrifield, I. Marion Soper, Helen Crawford Scott, Nan Roads Hamilton, Walter Owen, M. Lithgow, Alfred H. Mendes, Elizabeth Toldridge, (Miss) L. Gunter, A. L. Morton, Doris E. Rymer, Dorothy Ewens, Anna Frada, A. P. Rossiter, George Lapidus, Ada Davenport Kendall, J. M. Stuart-Young, Hugh B. Cott, (Mrs.) F. V. Godwin, Marguerite Pollard, Bertha Annakin, Marion F. Cartwright, Noël Allport, Helena Derezinska, G. E. Merrick, S. Marguerite Goode.

HIGHLY COMMENDED : Frederick Kemp, Bessie Pryor Palmer, M. Forbes Myers, Letitia Legge, Margery H. Wills, Margaret Ormiston, Minna Rosa Dowson.

PREMIUM STANDARD : A. Doris L. Wilson, Victor Ballan (these tie for the highest place, and are both disqualified as recent winners).

Hardly less felicitous, however, and of equal distinction, is the fine poem, " Bonchurch," of W. Handley Jones, Handsworth, Birmingham, to whom we award the monthly premium, undivided. J. J. Vakil, Rosa Waugh Hobhouse, Dennis R. Smith, Henry Martin, E. Joyce Harrison, Morwyth Rees, D. F. Radford, Nancy Pollok, W. Marie Davidson, P. Joshua—all these, among whom other premium winners' names will be noted, we can only thank and congratulate, awarding the six available books to Brian Bruce, Lewisham, S. E.13 ; Judith Brundrett-Tweedale, Wilmslow ; Ronald P. Bell, Maidenhead ; Charles A. Turner, Barnes, S.W.13 ; M. J. Hamilton ; J. L. Fielding, Liverpool College, Huyton.

It is fair to the numerous entrants whose names do not appear in these lists to say that there was hardly an entry lacking real literary merit. In very many cases, a slight alteration would make the entry printable in any reputable literary magazine (*i.e.*, our Commended standard), in the absence of more talented competition. We are glad, too, to notice that the supply of verse which booksellers describe in a whisper as " rather advanced," has dropped to zero. It is pleasant, too, that prize-winners continue to enter their verses, and we wish them to understand that they are only disqualified from further wins when the standard is reached by other competitors. It must be admitted that this, so far, has always happened. We asked on p. 300 for a parody of " Cartography " by "e. Clark."

The following is easily the best, and does not disappoint us. It is by Victor Ballan.

IN THE CART

Me? Sittin' on the kerb?
Yah! Shift yer old bull's-eye, or I'll flatten yer bloomin' dial!
I'm all ri'. I ain't fed up; 'aven't 'ad a 'ot dinner since my dear old mother . . . Gord bless 'er . . .
Nah then! No bally snifflin', you 'obnailed son of a 'earse!

Got me on the carpet, 'ave yer?
Looks like a map o' Billingsgate on a rahnd-abaht to me.—No, not that one! That there with the purple spots, ascootling dahn this 'ere blinkin' Amazon like old Nick escapin' from 'eaven out o' the back door.
Look 'ere, guvnor; tell yer strite, I'm blanketty hemperor of this 'ere show. Yew buzz!
Gutter?—Strewth! That ain't no gutter, you——That's the Thames. —Smell it!

You're a nice cup o' tea, yew are! Leave go o' my 'and, will yer! Caunt yer see as 'ow I'm adrorin' rivers? Peel yer optic and shove a sock in yer gullet.
Thumbs is fat rivers—Ganges and Amazons and sech;
Call 'em wot yer bloomin' well like, so long as yer don't call a 'alt on beer shiftin'.
Gosh! Look at this 'ere finger! Proper lavender, ain't it?
Try it up yer snout, marquis. That's river Thames—low tide at Wapping.
Runs inter middle finger. That there's the Nile and sech.
Nah then, chuck it! 'Aven't finished adrorin' of my persessions yet.
Don't seem over 'andy in the feet with these 'ere eye scratchers;
Twiddles stands for Yanghoes and Hwangtsees—
Sorter go-as-yer-please drinks.—See?

Shift yer plates o' meat, and let me get at some o' that there muck and I'll show yer mountains as yer own mother wouldn't know from last year's dust-bin.
Wollop! Pore old Snowdon! Been and slushed inter old 'Imalay!
Bananas is monkeys; orange peel is lions and canaries asayin' of their prayers; cherry stones is choir boys aplayin' at pitch and torss.
None o' yer new-fangled stunts for me! I'm fly. I knows a ship's tender from a brewer's cart, and don't go arstin' my way to the "Red Lion"!

Lumme, sergeant! You've been and slooshed the Rockies on top o' the Andes . . .

That's 'ow I *draws maps! Don't need ter travel like you, mister, ter know wot the world's like. I sees more sarpints and spotted fry in the bottom of a dry mug than ever drove Petticoat Lane barmy of a Sunday night.*

'Oo said I couldn't dror a map?—
Not their *sort, not 'arf!*
Their maps is lemonade. Take a pull at mine, matey, and yer'll wear it in yer beak and gills till yer go ter church.

Nah then, guvnor; don't be 'ard on a pore bloke as makes 'is palace tidy. My *palace, mark yer; not yourn.*
Mebbe it's a bit crooked and fidgety—there it goes, rahnd and rahnd!—
But it's all I've got, dearie, and I wasn't learned to dror like Mikel Hangeler, as was learned at Hoxford.
Promise yer wen I've got hangels' wings I'll dror better.

Stow that "Pore Chap"! No sob stuff for me!
I'm orl ri'. I'm 'arf a hangel already.
My name, guvnor?—Brahn, if yer wants ter click with a pal.

Sergeant Blake, if yer wants a drink come along o' me.

'Ere's the "Blue Moon."

D.T. yer calls it, does yer?
Well. There's many a bloke 'as said as I never leaves the "Blue Moon" without I goes to Colney 'Atch.

'Ome, James!

VICTOR BALLAN.

There are a number of interesting letters. Miss Barbara Smythe tells me that "Huntingtower" was not written by Robbie Burns, and Miss M. W. Fairlie lets me off none too lightly for forgetting Rudyard Kipling in my reference to Poetry and Engineering. She says:

Ezekiel's wheels and cherubs are well known to me; but within quite modern times Rudyard Kipling, to the joy of many, wrote and published "McAndrew's Hymn." I hardly think it likely that the Premium Editor is unacquainted with it. If he is, I would suggest reading it

soon. The hymn is, in essence, the portrait of a man's soul; but McAndrew is an Engineer (this is Miss Fairlie's capital), trained on the Clyde. Naturally, while "the eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves" and he communes with God, he talks of his Engines, their making, their learning

"Law, Order, Discipline.

"Mill, Forge and Trypit taught them that as roaring they arose;

"And whiles I think a kind o' Soul was gien them wi' the blows"

till now "The tailrods mark the time" as they stand beside him in the presence of the Creator "Singing like the Morning Stars for joy that they are made." If this is not a poem on engineering, will the Premium Editor say what he thinks it is?

So I must twice apologise, looking north on both occasions.

Some Fellowship Publications

It is uneconomic, and quite foreign to the English genius, to use two words with exactly the same meaning. Recalcitrant readers who still insist on confusing the terms "Verse" and "Poetry" should read the newly issued Pamphlet No. 64 of the English Association. Broadcasting is helping us to convey a truer idea of the real meaning of poetry, when, as happened last Sunday afternoon, a really satisfying programme on the human poem, St. Francis, was organised by our ex-president, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. No, the programme on September 3 was *not* similar in any way whatever. That was a demonstration by the Sitwell family that the place in Art occupied *Yesterday* by "After the Ball was Over" and *To-day* by "Ukelele Dream-girl" will *To-morrow* be assigned to the works of this queer trio. We do not think so, but in any event, it is a matter of no importance. The trouble is that broadcasts such as "The Wheel of Time"—for that was the cliché employed as a label—lead to a misconception of poetry as deep as, shall we say, Charles Inge's misconception of his own country or his still more unfortunate misapprehension of his own job, which is presumably the propagation of Christianity.

An anthology prepared by Alberta Vickridge, in many respects the finest of the three woman-poets of Yorkshire, raises high hopes. *Wayfarers* (Beamsley House, Bradford) does not dash these hopes, but it certainly does not make clear its *raison d'être*. Artists, poets, and printer are all members of a small, friendly group, and it is a real triumph that the booklet is worth acquisition by the people without. Some of the best poems are from our own pages. Here, for instance, is Audrey Bell's fine prize-winning sonnet on *Illusion*.

The commonplace is not altogether excluded, however, and we are surprised to find *The Blackbird*, *Two Gifts*, *The Blue Hills*, and one or two other doubtful efforts cheek by jowl with some very fine work.

Some good work, thrutched together in a little brochure, locally printed, is offered by Aidan Clarke at 1s., and entitled *Songs and Poems of Richmond Hill*. There are many poems here which children would love to have read to them. That is to say, that Mr. Clarke has struck a very rare vein. He does not employ the damning sub-title " For Children," which is the usual audacious excuse for inferiority of workmanship. I wish, however, he had pruned more and presented his work more richly. He himself will probably be horrified when he reads at leisure such phrases (p. vii.) as " blend of you and I."

Time and Chance, by Mary Stella Edwards, pleasingly printed, as one would expect, by the Woolfs at the Hogarth Press, is introduced by Dr. Gilbert Murray, whose commendation will be sufficient. It is a book which we can sincerely advise lovers of poetry to buy. It has real originality and freshness of vision. Occasionally it offends my own little fads—I do not like Latinisms such as " Me gone," for instance—but on my own shelves I have placed it with the real modern poets, with Binyon, Blunden, De la Mare and Honor Leeke.

Humbert Wolfe's new book, *News of the Devil* (Ernest Benn, 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.), consists of an epigram, " Fleet Street," an " Invocation " in sonnet form whose sincere and singular beauty is marred by an idiotic mixed construction in the first two lines, a perfect " Epilogue," and—as the main dish—a long narrative in snappily rhymed couplets

> " of men, who, touching pitch,
> are not defiled, but actually defile it."

That is his own description. For myself, having first voided my resentment of such misuses of the language as " what *does* the lover *have* ? " for " what has the lover ? " (p. 27) I should describe it as an enthralling mixture of *Ingoldsby Legends*, New Theology, cynical wisdom, devastating knowledge and superb poetry. Do not miss it on any account.

Egypt and Other Poems, by Major W. Cyprian Bridge (Stockwell), are promising exercises in verse-making, printed, one would guess, from the same fount as the insets of parish magazines.

The Stratford Co., Boston, Mass., know how to produce a book, and *Songs of the Soul*, by Mary Alethea Woodward, is from their list. These poems are the fruit of an informed Christian piety, and the

great stumbling block in such work is usually the preacher's cliché. Miss Woodward avoids this pitfall, and the result is that many of her poems strike home. Moreover, she is herself guilty of that welcome dash of cynicism which the modern age so craves, and she describes the modern followers of vogue, scientific and otherwise, in a deadly pair of lines :

> "Their minds, like sheep, obedient followed him,
> And cropped deductive reasoning by the way."

There is a certain unexpected simplicity in her patriotism. Few of us are optimistic enough to believe that now

> "That war's crimsoned dawn clouds have vanished at length,
> The night of man's tyranny ends in God's day."

The weather forecast wrong again !

Barrington Gates' book, *Poems*, comes also from the Hogarth Press. His first poem is of England ! Is it possible that he is English ? All the poems on England that come to THE POETRY REVIEW are franked by the postage of the United States. Yet here, an Englishman, hesitantly, it is true, a little like a canary finding his voice after a silent summer, at last lifts it up in superbest song, singing of England. Oh, there is no sickly sentimentality, I assure you. He sees England's faults as only an Englishman sees them, and he says :

> "I had not thought again to hear
> This bell unsullied in my ear,"

but the poem ends on a note of comfort and deepest affection, high on the very pinnacle of poetic inspiration, and all who love England will shake hands mentally with Barrington Gates. Strangely enough, this is the poem I read last, and I am not led away by it when I tell you that the book is the work of one of our best moderns ; that it is going on my shelves with Bottomley, Belloc, Chesterton and Honor Leeke.

Mary E. Drinkwater's *Poems* (Simpkin Marshall) is again a book very pleasingly presented. The verses are promising exercises by a writer who should now seek stern discipline.

A manuscript of 1780, *The Ballade of the Bleve Grotto*, has now been printed, the work of Thomas Turner. It is well worth it. Not only does it follow the countryside through the changing year in language of real felicity, but it has a scientific interest. The author proudly trots out the newly coined words of Phlogiston, azote and

ozone, which—I am assuming the genuineness of the thing—were only four years old at the time; but also, as was certainly the case at this period in the villages, he had not yet shaken off the old alchemist theories of the planetary correspondences. There is neither imprint nor covering letter, so, to whom it may concern, I can only say that I am very much obliged.

The Manchester Quarterly (Sherratt and Hughes, 34, Cross Street, Manchester) is an amazing sixpennyworth. Here the serious student of poetry will find studies of Prior by Arthur W. Fox, of Ben Brierley by Walter Butterworth, and of Swinburne by James Brockbank (Is this "Aella" of Manchester University verses?) which are really invaluable. A charming sketch of Stephen Reynolds by W. Crabb and a clever essay in paradox by Herbert Taylor cram down the overflowing measure. The issue also includes my own paper on *How to Write a Poem*. I have some other volumes here which will be dealt with in our next issue.

Poems of Mirth

Lots of little bits of potted wisdom leap to light in the entries for Mr. Lewis's "Mirth" competition (see p. 306). Dorothea Gibson says that mirth is born of purity and leads to sanity. Knight Eaton says that

> "Whatever it is into which we're hurled,
> It is a cosmic play."

Henry L. Dixon finds that "Mirth is private to the mind," and, later, that "Mirth is public to the ear." Several entrants find the idea in the daffodil. Wordsworth felt that, too. Miss B. M. Beard pictures silent sheep "Sighing for their youth with sheepish sigh." What a cartoon! This is indeed getting inside the subject. But the rest of her essay does not reach that level. Vera I. Arlett, whose work is not a disappointment, though we always expect much of her, writes *A Prayer for Joy*. It does not meet, in my view, the requirements of the competition, however. Joy and Mirth are not identical. Josephine Butler sets off with an excellent pun, and keeps up a good literary level. R. W. H. Failand shows insight in writing "Mirth loves a covering cloud Just to break forth anew." In a class by themselves are G. E. Merrick, Doris E. Rymer, Vera I. Arlett, Helena Derezinska, Julia Boynton Green, and—I think—T. E. Casson. I was worried about Mr. Casson's work because when, with aching eyes, I gave up the unequal struggle to decipher him, having been already almost blinded by the minute rotifers of Mr. A. P.

Rossiter, I had an uneasy feeling that his was probably the best entry. My conscience, however, is appeased. There is not the slightest doubt that *A Meditation on Mirth* by Julia Boynton Green, San Bernardino, Cal., U.S.A., must receive Mr. Lewis's prize of three guineas, undivided. She has not given us a ballad, like Mr. Casson, nor a prayer, like Miss Arlett, nor written definitely from within, like Doris E. Rymer, nor definitely from without, like Helena Derezinska. It is a distinguished historical study. In revenge, mirth unconsciously breaks out in her letter, dated August 16th, 1256, in which she says that the International Coupons have not been issued at her local post office " since before last Christmas." From internal evidence, however, there can be no doubt that the letter was actually written this year. Our advice, requested in the matter of the coupons, is simply to create a disturbance about the matter.

Individual Criticisms

Finally, here are the promised criticisms :

GIVE TO ME A HEART OF STONE, by Dolly Scouloudi, W.2.

I would have a heart
Of stone
Unfeeling, hard.
Give to me a heart
Of stone,
Give and take not
Back
Thy
Gift.

I would see and ye
Be blind ;
Unseeing, view.
Sightless vision give
To me
Blindly to gaze on
All
Who
Live

I would feel unmoved
And see
All impartial
Undemonstrative

Here is a definite poetic content, something new, or newly expressed. It has the possibilities of high poetry, because it is common experience in human life. The common experience is the drain of sympathy on the vital energies. The poem is a cry for the protection of callousness.

It is a moot point whether the rejection of rhyme is of any assistance in the atmosphere of hard angularity which the author is anxious to build up. Certainly there can be no escape from reminiscence and echo, which come to the same thing. " Live " in verse 2 recalls " Gift " in Verse 1, and " See " in Verse 3 chimes with itself.

The arrangement of the lines yields no advantage that I can see, and therefore —since it is intrinsically ugly—I should bring them to normal.

The poem is excessively simple in thought, once we have the key-thought. The two last verses do no more than exemplify the general scheme outlined in

All men
And things, know, feel
Hear
And
See.

Verse 1. *On the other hand, this lack of ornament certainly accentuates the effect of starkness.*

SEA-SPRITES, by J. W. G. H.

A beautiful thing, of which I can offer no adverse criticism. You tempt Providence occasionally with Iambic tetrameter couplets. It is most difficult to use this form without degenerating into a jingle. Thus your lines 6 *and* 7 *are the weakest in the poem. It is a danger that can be so easily escaped, too, and you yourself show how to do it in lines* 14 *and* 15 *:*

> *" A band of sea-nymphs gambolled there*
> *With wind-wild hair,"*

the halving of the second line giving the happiest result.

THE PYRE, by J. W. G. H.

This does not get into its stride till the second stanza, but the third is real poetry. Then the fourth lags again. The fifth and sixth regain once more the high level. If I say, like the fool, " Consider it not so deeply," I shall be giving good advice at the risk of a charge of cynicism, so I will say rather that the emotion of which you write is not yet " remembered in tranquillity." To come down to empiricisms, there is really commonplace language in Verses 1 *and* 4, *there is an internal rhyme in the first line of Verse* 4, *there is something mincing in the rhythm scheme in these same verses, so different from the freedom flowing in Verse* 2. *These things are worth attention, for you lead up to a fine climax at the end of the poem, as all poets should.*

*THE LITTLE PRINCESS, by C. B., S.E.*19.

I must greet you as a new reader, and repeat once more that " Just a," used in affectionate deprecation of criticism cannot possibly cohere with poetry. This is a good elementary exercise in rhyme, but it contains nothing new and expresses nothing newly. It is an old-fashioned Sunday School recitation of the very worst type, being sticky with sentimentality. Words are missed out to keep the jingle on the right beat, so that it is not even English—e.g.,

> *" Pale (are) her cheeks for sorrow*
> *Smote (has smitten) her slender form,*
> *And she knows to-morrow*
> *May bring (a) darksome storm."*

THE VISITANTS, by C. B., S.E.19.

This is really promising. To preface each verse with "Oo-ee!" however, gives rise to unseasonable mirth, an atmosphere in which the rest of the poem cannot be appreciated. Here, again, however, you omit words which are grammatically necessary. Where do people get this idea? A detail is that you cannot have "a note in a minor key." There must, of course, be at least two; most people would insist on more. The usual doh-lah call of youth is minor in essence, but it is in a major key, and is a pair of notes.

TO MORPHEUS, by "Cyril Bond," N.B.

This reads very pleasantly indeed, but it means more to the writer than it conveys to the reader. It is an etching of a beloved one. The reader can follow and sympathise with this. But, in peroration, so intensely felt that you throw all your rhymes and rhythms aside, you call her "the purest noblest soul of all modernity," and you do not carry us with you. This is a fundamental fault. There are few mean and petty errors. It is a mistake to repeat a phrase like "golden-tinted atmosphere," which will pass once, but not twice in the same poem. The inversion in line 5 is interestingly successful. In line 10 the idea of "daffodils wreathed in gilded smiles" is somewhat revolting. Three lines later, the internal rhyme in "Tall, pale, white lilies from the vale," is again successful.

But perhaps you will write and tell me what it is all about, and I shall exclaim, "Why, of course!"

O. C. DE C. E.

THE THORN OF MAY

O THE May is out, and it's red and white,
And what smell it's sweet with I can't well say,
And I'd fill the want of my reaching arms,
But a wind whoops by, and it swings away.
'Tis a heathen root, and 'tis ill-luck follows
Under his roof who carries the May.

I've a love all grace and colour and flame,
And a laugh like Spring, but the echo's fey;
And, whiles, I think she's no woman at all,
But a fair lost witch in the world at play;
Strayed out of a dream, and 'tis sorrow follows
Into his heart who carries my May.

FLORENCE H. CLELAND.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A SERIES OF OPEN COMPETITIONS ORGANISED BY THE POETRY SOCIETY

In Aid of the Re-Building and Endowment Fund.

THE Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund being a national affair, it is desirable that general participation should be sought and encouraged, and that all people who are in any way associated with Shakespearean activities should be asked to undertake some work which would give them an intimate personal concern with the fund and help them to realise its national significance.

With the approval of the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, the General Council of the Poetry Society therefore has resolved that such an effort shall be made, and that a series of competitions be organised by the Poetry Society as a contribution to the erection and endowment of a national memorial to Shakespeare in his birthplace.

How Verse Writers May Help.

Poets of all countries are invited to enter a competition for

(1) the best sonnet written on the Shakespearean model,

(2) the best quatrain,

(3) the best poem of any length or form,

Shakespeare being the subject in each case. In each division the Silver Medal of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will be awarded for the best poem received, and a special certificate, the number to be regulated by the number of entries and the merit of the poems deserving this recognition, awarded to all commended entries. *The poem adjudged to be the best in each of the three divisions will be awarded* A GOLD MEDAL.

The most suitable four lines for the purpose will be engraven on the walls of the Memorial Theatre. The honour will not be restricted to the quatrains only. Any four lines from any of the entries will be eligible for this distinguished use.

It is proposed that the medal poems be read at the Shakespeare Festival in London on April 23rd next, and that the hundred best poems received, or any other number that the adjudicators may commend for the purpose, be published in a memorial volume to be sold in aid of the fund. Entries are invited not only in English

but in any other language in which writers may desire to celebrate the genius of Shakespeare, special arrangements having been made for the adjudication by qualified authorities of poems in French, Scandinavian, Japanese, etc. A special recognition will be accorded to meritorious non-English poems.

Each competitor will be expected to enclose with each entry a contribution of not less than ten shillings or three dollars to the Shakespeare Memorial Fund, the money thus received being a direct contribution to the fund. (Towards the expenses of the medals and other awards Sir Charles Wakefield, V.P., already a handsome donor to the fund, has contributed 5 guineas.)

As an expression of appreciation of Shakespeare and of this poets' fund in aid of the Memorial Theatre contributions of not less than ten shillings are invited from any verse writers and others who may not desire to compete but who wish to participate in this effort, and will be suitably acknowledged together with the competitors' contributions. Contributions and entries in this section must be addressed to the Shakespeare Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.1, not later than December 31st next. All entries and contributions will be acknowledged as received, but a stamped (½d.) addressed envelope must be enclosed for this purpose.

THE SHAKESPEARE RECITALS.

In order that the very large number of readers and speakers of Shakespeare may be given an opportunity of being associated with the fund, an extensive series of Shakespeare recitals, constituting a national competition, has been arranged. Certificates and silver and gold medals are offered in competition for the reading or speaking of speeches from the plays of Shakespeare, and also for the presentation of single scenes from the plays.

For the purpose of this competition, a preliminary round will be held in the competitors' own areas, a second round in a convenient centre, *e.g.*, the capital town of the district, and the final in London on Shakespeare's Day next year.

A Shakespeare Guild has been formed, divided into two classes, (*a*) competing members, (*b*) non-competing members. Each class will receive a special certificate of membership. The certificate will be issued to non-competing members who subscribe not less than five shillings to the Poetry Society's Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund. Full details and entry forms may be obtained from the Shakespeare Recitals Secretary, The Poetry Society, Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1, or from the local organiser.

The Shakespeare Recitals have had a very good press. The general newspapers have been most helpful in the notices they have published and the encouragement they have given, particularly to local organisers. Editorial comments, when indulged in, have been highly appreciative of the proposals. *The Manchester Guardian* may be quoted as typical of the commendatory remarks—"The Poetry Society has hit upon an excellent way of helping the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Fund, and it is one which should help also in spreading love of the plays."

We value in particular the recognition and support of such specialised publications as *The Shakespeare Journal*. This important organ of the London Shakespeare League wishing, as it says, "to give as much publicity as possible to the scheme," prints full particulars and also reprints the commendation of *The Nation and Athenæum*, which was good enough to say that "The Poetry Society has hit on a good notion in arranging a competition in the speaking of Shakespeare. The language of the plays is the great obstacle to love of Shakespeare and understanding of the effect he aimed at. On the commercial stage, with some brilliant exceptions, Shakespearean verse is cruelly mangled, its music muted. The Shakespearean play was three parts an affair of beautiful speaking. The Elizabethan audience had an appreciation of broad rhetorical effects that is dying in our anæmic culture. It can be stimulated and trained, however, and the door reopened into a forsaken house of musical beauty. I think, also, that nothing is more wanted as a means of correcting the slovenly pronunciation into which we are falling—I gladly declare myself in agreement with Mr. St. John Ervine here—than the recovery of the faculty of speaking poetry well. I hope the Poetry Society will succeed with its excellent enterprise, which aims at helping to rebuild the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. In the new theatre there certainly ought to be facilities for giving Elizabethan plays on an Elizabethan stage. On that stage the elocutionist could make his intimate appeal, and beautifully spoken poetry had an importance, an independent life neglected in the modern 'picture' theatre."

The Verse Competitions in connection with the Memorial Theatre Fund—sponsored by THE POETRY REVIEW—have been received with interest and acclamation throughout the world. American, French, German and Polish papers in particular giving encouraging publicity to the details, with frequent editorial comment. The Editor-in-Chief of the *Comœdia*—"le grand quotidien des Belles-Lettres et des Beaux-Arts"—makes the excellent

suggestion that players and managers should pay towards the fund an author's royalty on all their representations of Shakespeare for one year, and he calls also upon all the poets of France to take part in the competition arranged by THE POETRY REVIEW :—" Il y aurait là le signe que le génie créateur, quand cela devient nécessaire, ne perd jamais ses droits, et que la gloire enfin n'est pas toujours le vain ' soleil des morts.' "

The Huntley Express contributes a very pertinent quatrain :—

" Poets have now a chance to grave
Their names upon the scroll of fame,
What higher honour could they crave
Than partnership in Shakespeare's name ? "

* * *

Although many devoted and efficient organisers have placed their services at the Poetry Society's disposal, The Lady Maud Warrender appeals for more help in securing contributors to the Fund and arranging local Recitals. It is a national movement of great significance, for although the primary object is to encourage a host of contributions to the Memorial Theatre Fund the object is very much wider and more impressive. As one of the district organisers writes :—

" We have to face the fact that before creating an interest in Shakespeare's Theatre we have to create one in Shakespeare himself, and before a national spirit of that kind is produced it seems to me that we must make it possible for the majority to share in it."

Members of the Society are urged to take an active part in this work as well as to contribute their quota.

Recitals have begun in various parts of the country, but a good deal more vigour must be displayed before regional competitions can take place.

* * *

The first school to enter as a self-contained group is Lawnside, Malvern, which is providing above fifty competitors.

Several small dramatic societies have arranged their own eliminating competitions, pooling the fees and the proceeds from the sale to tickets for use as an S.R. contribution on behalf of one or more groups. A similar plan has been adoped in some country districts, school children being invited to enter an internal competition with an entrance fee of 3d. or 6d. each, the money thus obtained being used to pay the Memorial Theatre Fund contributions of selected entries from such schools. This plan would enable all the elementary schools in the kingdom to be represented

in the Shakespeare Recitals proper and credit the schools with a very substantial contribution to the Fund.

The first regional organiser in the United States is Miss Ethelwyn Culver of Monroe, Louisiana, who is drawing assistance, especially for the work of adjudication, from the State University. Mr. Henry Meade Bland, of San Jose, who has great influence in Californian educational circles, will represent the Guild on the Pacific Coast, and assistance in promoting the recitals is promised in Texas, Colorado, Georgia and other States.

* * *

"THE LISTENERS."

[*To the Editor of* THE POETRY REVIEW.]

SIR,—I have read with great interest all the various opinions expressed in THE POETRY REVIEW as to the meaning of Mr. De la Mare's *The Listeners*. And I should like to say that, though very cleverly thought-out, I do not think any of the solutions really show the meaning of the poem!

My personal opinion is that Mr. De la Mare had no intention of any particular meaning when he wrote *The Listeners*. Certainly he did not set out to make a parable in verse. I think the poem was written spontaneously, as were, I believe, all the most striking of his verses; he simply wrote down the words that came into his head. Of course I may be holding an almost treasonable theory! But it is one which does not seem to have been expressed so far.—Yours truly, 4718.

Staunton Rectory, Notts.

[Perhaps our correspondent more closely fulfils the terms of reference defined by Mr. H. B. Fowler than the earlier contributors who (anticipating Mr. Walter de la Mare himself) expressed their own opinion of the significance of the poem.—EDITOR.]

* * *

Our Sind Centre has been exercising itself over the discovery in its midst of many hitherto unknown rubaiyat ascribed to Omar Khayyam, who was not known to have visited the province. A few of the many new quatrains have been translated in the Fitz-Gerald manner, and scores of independent renderings are being made for addition to the inevitable new and extended versions of Omar, who was not exhausted, however, by FitzGerald. Three of the new quatrains, which contain local historical allusions, are:

> And we who sow intentions year by year
> Thick on the soil of grief or love or fear,
> Ah! how the babul thorn of circumstance
> Chokes the young seed or yet it grows to ear.

The fanes of Vishnu yield no revenue,
And only bandits render tribute due,
  How is the force now faded that before
Saw gold in Ghazni falling as the dew ?

Where are Sikander and the Median fled ?
The million vermin from the far side bed,
  Where flows the flotsam on the Sindhus tide,
Ask of the thrice-asked still unanswering dead.

* * *

The Headmaster of Eton has been assessing the reputation of Tennyson, who " dominated the poetic taste of his time, and achieved a consistent popularity given to no other modern poet in his lifetime," and who " has been dead long enough to be most unjustly decried and for a counter reaction to set in " ; and he comes to the conclusion that " it is impossible for any sane critic not to regard Tennyson as one of those who maintained the great tradition of English poetry : he had the power, seldom and fitfully possessed by those who have succeeded him, of giving to the great commonplaces of life ' that baptismal new birth of imagination ' which makes them a fit subject for great poetry."

* * *

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Hood, in the course of a review of my *Selected Poems* in your last issue, appeared to think my reference to the Indian native's eating pork rather unusual, and so it may have been ; but it is quite true. India is a strange place, and certain of its customs are as rigid as steel in the observance ; but no matter what one should observe of the people of India generally, it is certain that someone or other might be in a position to challenge it, or to prove that another practice prevailed elsewhere. The farmers of the Punjaub, round about Roorkee, certainly eat roast pork in the winter season. I have been present at a Hindu wedding feast and have seen the food prepared ; and I was even invited to partake of the pork, but I confess that I had too fond a regard for my health and safety to indulge in the delicacy. I leave it to your readers to decide for themselves whether the Buddha died through eating roast pork or truffles ; but we see that some people ate pork in India at that very early period.—Yours faithfully,

ALFRED WILLIAMS.

South Marston, Swindon.

CHILDREN AND POETRY.

IN the course of a leading article under this heading, the *Clifton Chronicle* of July 22 stated: "The general appreciation of poetry has survived in some measure the Poetic Revival that came into being during the period of the War and people who used to read poetry because some knowledge of it added to the number of their accomplishments are succeeded by people who read poetry because it has become a necessity to their spiritual and mental happiness.

"This change in the attitude of poetry-reading people may, perhaps, be accounted for in some measure by the fact that the poetry which is written to-day is filled with the throbbing reality of the times in which we live. Modern poetry (excluding the cult whose work suggests that the Corporation 'dump' is the nightly source of inspiration!) is distinctly colourful and there is a more general awakening to the fact that poetry, if it is to be appreciated at its true value, must be seen and heard as well as mentally digested. An appreciation of 'the sound values' of poetry is essential to the appreciation of poetry itself and the 'village concert' type of version of immortal conceptions has probably worked more harm to the cause of poetry than has any other alien force.

"This week we publish a reference to the notable work that is being carried on in Clifton, at Felixstowe School, where the Misses Nott for many years have been rendering to Poetry notable services, and at Felixstowe there has just been held a verse-speaking audition as the result of which many Clifton children have gained distinction. Fortunately, these services are rendered under the national auspices of the Poetry Society, which possesses a flourishing Clifton centre and whose achievements include the encouragement of the writing and reading of poetry, and, conspicuously, the sane and convincing recital of it. Verse-speaking contests should teach our children to express themselves eloquently and pleasingly and easily though not carelessly. Moreover, their insistence upon the importance of the 'sound values' of poetry should add considerably to the children's love and understanding of their successor to the nursery rhyme. They will go forth into the world equipped with treasures from a storehouse of beautiful things; treasures that awaken dormant powers of thought and imagination, magic potions that keep alive the spirit of romance when 'the shades of the prison house' close round their growing youth. From the lips of little children we shall have learned as a nation to love poetry, and the Movement which Clifton is so carefully fostering will prove to have been the avenue to a wider appreciation of our national heritage."

VERSE SPEAKING EXAMINATIONS PASS LISTS.

LONDON, JULY 17TH, 1926.

CERTIFICATE CLASS.—Junior (Special Distinction): John Charles Davies. (Honours): Walter Edouard Junghanno, Joan Browne, Olive Henley, Ruby Dowden, Marjory Griggs, Cynthia Crawford, Cassandra Thresher. (Commended): Arthur Lawrence John Peel Massy, Sylvia Casimir, Gladys Todd, Winnie Feistel, Lily Pruskin, Betty Springer, Sarah Frum, Joyce Campana, Renee Diamond, Renee Cohen, Annie Lipman, Janet Penwarden, May Wheeler, Marjory Earmaker, Evelyn Back. (Pass): Jean M. Donaldson, Derek Napier Lawford, Enid Dorothy Mac Adam, Marjorie Mitchell, Rene Rowland, Peggy Hancock, Joan Lee, Christine Taylor, Marjorie Braybrooks, Evelyn Gray, Marjorie Eddy, Winnie Hunt, Minnie Gardner, Louise Little, Annie Anvoner, Queenie Poole, Milly Singer, Isabel Silver, Hetty Cohen, Eileen McCarthy, Dorothy Streat, Rita Cohen, Irene Wiesenthal, Hettie Hall, Anne Ruth Purnell-Edwards, Ida Lester, Gladys Archer, Ethel Snell.

Senior (Special Distinction): Janet Fletcher Porter, Eluned Griffiths, Cynthia Streatfeild. (Honours): Maureen Gorton, Joan M. Ellis, Irene Ouston, Grace Thomas, Joyce Hazlehurst, Alison Bateman, Joan Aikman. (Commended): Winifred Fanshawe, Clara Smocleare, Winnie Gardner, Sadie Shavelson, Dorothy Duck, Betty Roll, Irene Lovell. (Pass): Alice Bush, Raie Rottersman, Eileen Mumford, Molly Byrne, Betty Margaret Roberts, Maud Bix, Eileen Whitbread.

Adult (Special Distinction): Ela Capek, Magdalene Ericksen. (Honours): Emily E. Holmes, E. Smith-Bellingham, Rita Salaman, Olwen Thomas. (Commended): Violet Van Houten. (Pass): Arthur F. Smethurst.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS.—Junior (Honours): Tilly Yager. (Commended): Brenda Bolding, Elsie Sutherland. (Pass): Milly Brown, Elsie White, Doris Skilton, Harriet Savelsky, Lorna Roberts, Hetty Rees, Marjorie Akeroyd, Hilda Joyce Hobson, Lorna Hanscomb.

Senior (Honours): Roma Thrift, Marjorie Hodson. (Commended): Mary Buckman.

Adult (Honours): Peggie Hodge, Eileen A. M. Ely, Mildred Hooper.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS.—Junior (Honours): J. Eastman, Marjorie Roncoroni. (Commended): Dora Hughes. (Pass): Dorothy Kenright, Nora Bryon.

Senior (Honours): Nancye Holdsworth, Monica Brett, Paggy Thornborough, Hilda Williams. (Commended): Katreen Lack, Sylvia Green.

Adult (Honours): Golda Casimir, Nancy Blackwood. (Commended): Irene Palmer, Elsie Standen. (Pass): K. Phillips.